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See page 451.

"THERE STOOD OLD BRUIN, HALF BURIED IN THE DEEP GRASS."

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 3. AUGUST, 1903. NO 1.

HUNTING BEARS IN THE SISKIYOU MOUNTAINS

By ELESA GRAEMKE.

CALIFORNIA can boast not alone of its sublime scenery with its azure lakes, giant trees and mild climate, but also of having a great deal of both large and small game within its borders. Especially in the northern part of the State in the region of Shasta the bear and dear are yet plentiful. In fact all along in the high Sierras dwells game in abundance.

During the spring when the air is laden with the sweet scent of the berry blossoms, old Bruin lives principally on clover. But as the days grow warmer and the berries slowly ripen in the open patches on the mountain sides, he climbs higher along the sunny slopes and feasts greedily on the luxuriant fruit.

He also shows a decided taste for manzanita berries and grubs. Any one having traveled through a growth of this brush will notice the upheaval of its tender roots, and broken branches denuded of the bark where Bruin has been in quest of both berries and bugs. But when the rich tints of autumn are flaming with gold and brown he turns his attention to the fast ripening nuts.

It was when the berry bushes were putting forth their rich purple fruit that "Doc" Patterson started with "Charley" (an Indian guide), on a bear hunt in the Siskiyou Mountains. On the second day of August, with a pack and two saddle horses and a trio of dogs, they left the little mining town of Oro Fino and headed for Marble Mountain by way of Scott's River. They started just at daybreak as the stars were creeping away one by one and the faint glimmer of light began to break on the horizon. The faithful dogs kept well up to the trot of the horses as they followed the road through the outskirts of the town, leaving a dusty trail behind them. Slowly they began their climb up the mountain in the cool,crisp air. Soon they entered a dense forest where the tall trees shut out the first glimmer of sunrise, leaving them again in the twilight till they reached the summit. The glorious sun had now overtopped the mountain peaks beyond and its golden shafts illuminated the darkest recesses of the forest gloom, awaking the song birds from their slumbers.

Spurring their horses they continued their travel till almost sundown when, on reaching an open flat on the verge of a creek, they made camp. After arranging their affairs Charley took his rod and fished along the stream with bait, Indian fashion. It was not long before he returned with a good mess of trout which appeased their keen appetites to the fullest extent. Tired from the day's travel they were glad to roll in their blankets near the blazing fire for a good night's rest. Before sunrise the next morning camp utensils were packed, the animals saddled, and they were soon headed for Marble Mountain, passing through magnificent forest and verdant meadows through which the horses waded up to the knee in tall, luxuriant grass and mountain flowers.

Along in the afternoon they detected the first evidences of their quarry in numerous big foot-prints. They followed the tracks for several hours without success, finally making a cañon with a fresh running stream, where they camped for the night. For two days they beat hither and thither about the mountain, up its ridges and down its cañons, but not a trace of a footprint was anywhere visible.

On the fourth day they started from camp on horseback about 2 P. M., struck out over the ridge and followed the saddle of the mountain till 6:30 P. M. when suddenly Charley's keen eye located the dark forms of two bears feeding in a patch of berries at a distance of about a quarter of a mile away. Jumping to the ground they hitched their horses to the trees and dropped down the side of the mountain a few paces, so as to be out of sight of the brutes, taking every precaution to secure as noiseless an advance as possible. Soon the distance shortened and they were within a hundred yards of the quarry. The Indian pointed silently to "Doc" and then to the brown bear, indicating that "Doc" shoud claim it for his trophy while he would bring down the black one. "Doc" assented; they both grasped their rifles firmly, took aim and fired. The brown bear dropped, but the black one bounded uninjured into the thicket. As he occasionally wobbled into view they both opened fire on him; shot after shot pierced the air in quick succession but to no avail, and he escaped untouched. On going up to dress the brown bear he suddenly revived and started on a run, leaving a bloody track; the dogs followed in close pursuit, the hunters firing again and again, but without perceptible effect. The dogs carried the chase far into the dense forest where a fierce battle ensued; when they finally returned one of them had his ribs broken and all were covered with gore.

"TWO BEARS FEEDING IN A PATCH OF BERRIES."

The next day they shouldered their guns and started on foot through a thick forest till they reached Marble Mountain. There they followed a winding trail to the top and on reaching the summit were resting in the cool shade of a tall pine, discussing their previous day's encounter with the bears, when they were suddenly startled by a shrill call. Pausing to locate the sound they spied two large bucks just beyond the timber that had not detected them.

"Down, quick, Doctor!" cried Charley and in an instant they were both on the ground and taking a deliberate aim fired together. This time fortune favored them and the two magnificent bucks lay stretched on the ground.

The next day Charley took a short trip to Sulphur Springs, but the Doctor remained the greater part of the day in camp curing the hides. About three o'clock he took his rifle, whistled for the dogs and started up the mountain with no particular point in view, reaching eventually a cañon down which he followed a broken trail for about a mile. Here he discovered a bear across the ravine sauntering leisurely along in his cumbersome gait and making his way toward a patch of berries. Doc hurried as rapidly as possible along the side of the mountain until he was far enough out of his quarry's sight, scent and hearing. For one hour he tacked away till he got within a hundred yards. On looking up there stood old Bruin half buried in the deep grass, feeding on berries. A slight breeze fanned the Doctor's cheek and almost instantly the bear rose on his haunches and with a grunt sniffed the air; he had scented his enemy and as Doc with a quick motion threw up his rifle the bear started to run. A report rang out over the meadows waking the echoes with its vibrating whip. There was an instant's silence as the smoke drifted away and then the echoes shrieked again—for the great hulk lay without a quiver and the Doctor jubilated vociferously.

NATURALLY!

SHE couldn't row, she didn't golf,
She played no basket ball;
She couldn't play lawn tennis
And she ping-ponged not at all.
She didn't drive an auto,
And she'd never chalked a cue;
She didn't play croquet because
She wore too large a shoe.

She wouldn't play, she didn't sing,
She couldn't dance nor flirt;
She wouldn't ride a bicycle
In ugly, narrow skirt.
She didn't do all these, and yet—
So strange the heart of man—
She hooked the matrimonal prize
Ere oyster-tide began.

And know you how this summer girl
Who couldn't do a thing,
Won out o'er all the others,
In the matrimonial ring?
Because she went a fishing
Without smelling-salts or book,
And without a scream or wriggle
Put worms on her own hook.

—*Maude E. Smith Hymers.*

A CRUCIAL MOMENT

BY J. PETER DUNNE

IN THE summer of '97 Ned Craven, Harry Newton and myself, after no little planning found ourselves ready on one hot August morning for a few days off on the North Yallo Ballo Mountain.

Our first day out was uneventful save for one exception. One of our pack mules absolutely refused to climb a pretty steep incline and it was only after considerable coaxing on our part that he was led to believe that the grass was just as good on the North Yallo Ballo as it was in his present location.

After nearly two days and a half of hard climbing we reached our destination, tired but supremely happy, and our camp was pitched in an ideal spot. We had hardly settled down for the evening when the loud barking of a dog drew all eyes to the trail, up which we saw clambering a figure which soon resolved itself into an old acquaintance, "Shorty" Wright, an old-time hunter with a reputation for camp-fire yarns out of the ordinary. He good naturedly consented to take a bite with us, and after supper we lounged around the fire talking glibly in our vain endeavors to draw "Shorty" into telling us one of his yarns.

He finally volunteered to tell us about the old "big bear which was seen betwix Low Gap and that thar high point 'crost the creek." We listened with open mouths to how he had found him and just how he had got away, and as the vision of the old monarch passed before his mind he would bring his fist down on his knee with a vigor that was surprising. "Shorty" soon took his departure and hurridly arranging our beds we retired. After a restless night we awoke and prepared a very hasty breakfast. Ned and myself were armed with Winchester .30-30's, while Harry proudly exhibited a new Savage of like caliber which he had purchased for this occasion and as per our agreement the night before we each started out in different directions. For brevity's sake I will say that this day's hunt was fruitless; and it was not until four days of steady hunting that anything was accomplished.

I started out the morning of the fifth day toward the cliffs and after hunting till about ten o'clock without as much as even seeing a deer I returned to camp somewhat discouraged. On reaching there I found that Ned had taken undue advantage of a grouse and was preparing what he termed "a way-up dinner." I had my own suspicion in regard to his ability as a chef but laid down on my bed to watch developments, learning anon that Harry had gone to catch what few trout might be in Bee Gum Creek and would not return till late in the afternoon. While idling there my attention was attracted to a small object in the bottom of the cañon which the field glass soon determined to be

BEE GUM CREEK.

a deer, and one of no small stature at that. I now openly expressed my contempt of Ned's culinary attainments and declared that I also was particular luminous when it came to catching trout.

Snatching up an old fly book with one hand and taking my rifle in the other, I started for the creek and as soon as I was well out of Ned's sight hit a pace that was startling. Reaching the bottom of the creek I commenced a systematic search for my deer, soon finding where his trail crossed the stream and was following a line parallel to it. On coming to the edge of a small glade which was thickly covered with brush and fallen timbers I halted, undecided which way to proceed, when as if by magic the deer raised up not sixty yards distant and without noticing me started to walk leisurely toward the opposite side. He made a few steps then suddenly stopped and looked up the mountain as if he winded danger.

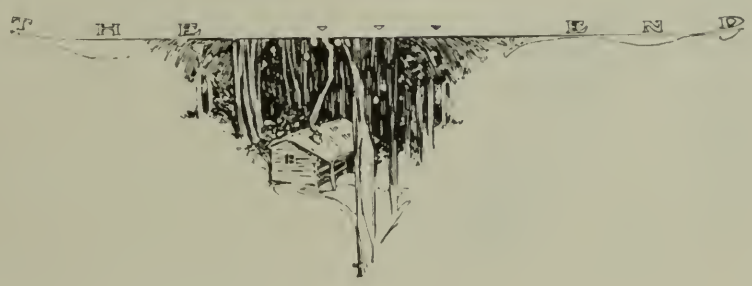
I stood spellbound drinking in a sight that still abides with me, for he was surely a magnificent picture as he stood there in his regalia of russet velvet. For one fatal moment I hesitated—for my hand was shaking as if with ague—then, recalling my composure, I raised my rifle and started to aim carefully—(but, I will say not without some apprehensions as to how accurately) when suddenly the cañon rang out with the clear, sharp report of a rifle from across the creek and the old deer gave one mighty leap and fell heavily to the ground. Harry, tired of fishing, had started up the opposite bank for home just as the deer started to walk across the glade!

I gazed, mechanically, first at Harry who was making rapid strides down the bank from the opposite side, then at the deer which had dropped across a small log and was lying in full view of my bewildered gaze. As the truth finally dawned upon me I recognized that the golden opportunity had escaped and it was some little time before my rebellious envy could be conquered sufficiently to help Harry drag the deer to a more desirable position.

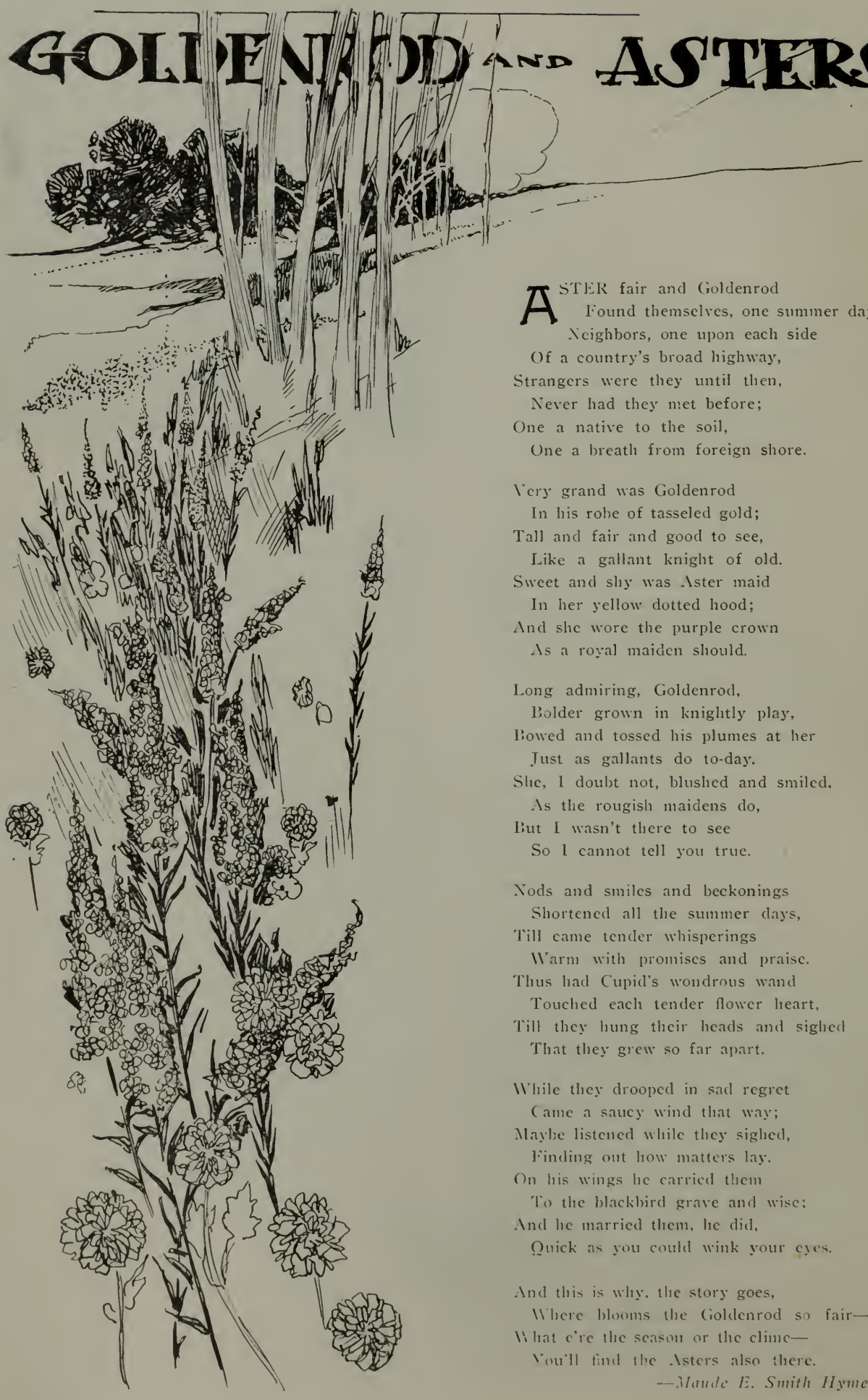
Dr. E. G. McConnell, Photo.

ON THE PACK MULE.

We hurried to camp and catching a pack mule soon had the deer strung up. After listening to Harry's account of just where he aimed to get him, etc., which took until about midnight, we turned in, Harry still in a state of vibrant exultation and I in but half concealed chagrin and self-abasement over having foolishly permitted my first and best opportunity at deer to go unimproved through sheer "buck fever." The healthful sleep of the woods restored my equanimity, however, and the next morning I was able even while looking at that magnificent head to say sincerely and cordially: "I'm glad you got him, old boy! May your next one be even bigger." But all the same I've never quit kicking myself for that foolish moment of indecision which cost me the best deer I have ever seen in an extended hunting experience.



GOLDENROD AND ASTERS



ASTER fair and Goldenrod
Found themselves, one summer day,
Neighbors, one upon each side
Of a country's broad highway,
Strangers were they until then,
Never had they met before;
One a native to the soil,
One a breath from foreign shore.

Very grand was Goldenrod
In his robe of tasseled gold;
Tall and fair and good to see,
Like a gallant knight of old.
Sweet and shy was Aster maid
In her yellow dotted hood;
And she wore the purple crown
As a royal maiden should.

Long admiring, Goldenrod,
Bolder grown in knightly play,
Bowed and tossed his plumes at her
Just as gallants do to-day.
She, I doubt not, blushed and smiled,
As the rougish maidens do,
But I wasn't there to see
So I cannot tell you true.

Nods and smiles and beckonings
Shortened all the summer days,
Till came tender whisperings
Warm with promises and praise.
Thus had Cupid's wondrous wand
Touched each tender flower heart,
Till they hung their heads and sighed
That they grew so far apart.

While they drooped in sad regret
Came a saucy wind that way;
Maybe listened while they sighed,
Finding out how matters lay.
On his wings he carried them
To the blackbird grave and wise;
And he married them, he did,
Quick as you could wink your eyes.

And this is why, the story goes,
Where blooms the Goldenrod so fair—
What e're the season or the clime—
You'll find the Asters also there.

—*Maude E. Smith Hymers.*

THE ASCENT OF MT. TYNDALL.

By J. Hunter Harrison.

ET us pass over the railroad journey from San Francisco to Sanger through the hot, dusty valley of the San Joaquin, for I do not think that there is one so fervid of imagination who could honestly find, in all that long day's trip, one single spot that could rest the eye or vary the monotony.

The stage ride from Sanger to "Sequoia Mills" is forty miles over a poor and dusty road, but as I am not writing this to discourage prospective travelers, I will not dilate upon that portion of the trip. We arrived at the mill about sundown, and after a hearty meal and a short walk we selected a soft spot, curled up in our blankets and dropped off to sleep. The next morning the burros were leased and (with the kind assistance of the assembled multitude) were securely and scientifically packed, and with a "Heigh, there! Rebecca!" and a "Houp la! Jennie!" we were fairly started on one of the grandest trips that it has ever been my good fortune to take.

The altitude of the mill is 5,500 feet, and the first one and a half miles of the ascent from the mill is over a typical dusty lumber road; but after that short stretch dust becomes a thing of the past. Continuing the ascent we entered the U. S. Grant National Reservation, a tract two miles square, guarded by a detachment of United States cavalry against the ravages of the lumber men, the ever-fire-spreading camper, and that destroyer of everything green, the bleating sheep. Following the winding trail through this garden of sequoia trees, prehistoric in their birth, through wild flowers of gorgeous coloring and an undergrowth of wild berries innumerable, we reached the very summit. Leaving this paradise, we commenced our downward career into the valley below. The descent is so gradual and so deceptive that more than once our belief that we had reached the bottom was rudely shattered by a sudden turn in the trail. But as everything comes to those who keep on walking, we eventually arrived at the bottom of the valley, called, why I know not, "Bearskin Meadow." The esquestrian department as two members of the party were called, soon had the burros unpacked. the culinary department was at work and shortly the bacon was sizzling in the frying pan, the water was bubbling ready for the coffee and at last the rice was boiled and dinner was ready—a dinner that needed no "relish" as an appetizer—it needed no wine to make it palatable—not, perhaps, a dinner fit for kings, but just such a dinner as four hungry, tired men could enjoy and lose no sleep over. Dinner over and dishes washed, we gathered round a huge camp fire and smoked and sang till sleep claimed us for her own.

By four the next morning breakfast was served, the burros were repacked and before five we were off. Our line of march took us up about 8,000 feet to "Horse Corral Meadow" where we lunched. At the usual noon-day discussion we concluded that we could reach the valley by at least six o'clock if we did not tarry too long, so lunch was cut short and rushed through. When we reached Point Lookout (just beyond the summit) we found that we were then over an hour out in our calculations, still, with good luck we would arrive before dark—but good luck was not with us. First, the pack on one of the burros slipped and that wasted a full half hour; then the other burro lay down to rest and with all our united efforts we could not persuade her to get up, so we had to unpack her, raise her to her feet and re-pack. Meanwhile, the shades of evening were enveloping us rapidly. Before we had fairly started on the ascent it was pitch dark, but we staggered along, sometimes on the trail, sometimes not, but leaving a good deal to the sagacity of the burros we arrived in the valley about ten o'clock.

Hardly a word was spoken, each of us seeming to realize that one unfortunate word might precipitate a quarrel, as we were tired, hungry and cross. Dinner was prepared and eaten in silence, no one daring to ask any one else to do anything, but if an idea struck any one that person carried it out himself. We arranged our blankets by the feeble light of a candle and slept.

Kings River Cañon is an ideal camping place—the very air provokes laziness and the varying grandeur of the cliffs which surround the valley "lends enchantment to the scene." The King's River with its swiftly running waters would make glad the heart of any fisherman, and he who cares for game could throw his gun over his shoulder, climb the mountains on either side, work his way along the ridge and have no excuse for coming home empty-handed. We bathed, loafed and fished the entire day in the cañon and toward evening prepared for the hardest portion of the trip. The burros were to be loaded as lightly as possible, so everything but the bare necessities of life was hidden away in the cabin at the further end of the valley.

We left the valley rather later than was scheduled the next morning. We crossed the King's River on a sheep bridge—that is, all of us but one burro. She, as we afterward discovered, having a peculiar dislike for crossing any bridge, planted her feet in front of her, and the combined power of the entire party could not move her. We lifted her bodily from the ground and placed her forefeet on the bridge, but on account of its extreme narrowness we could not carry her across; so all pushed together, but not an inch would she budge. Kicking on all parts of her body, cuffs over the head, coaxing, wringing her tail, etc., had no effect. We had to bow to her superiority, unpack her, and ford her over the river. We followed the bank of the river for about three miles and then struck off to the left and crossed Bubbs Creek, where we decided, on account of the lateness of our start and the victory of "Rebecca," to camp and have another day's fishing. We then took up our course, following the south fork of Bubbs Creek to Tamarack Lake. This lake is about one mile long and half a mile wide, clear as crystal and in some places over fifty feet

IN THE KING'S RIVER CANON.

EARLY MORNING ON TAMARACK LAKE.

deep. We skirted the border of the lake until we reached an immense grove of tamarack trees, where we lunched. We then continued the ascent, still following Bubbs Creek until darkness overtook us, when we pitched camp for the night. We were up early the next morning, but the animals had vanished—to the right of us or to the left of us we knew not, so the equestrian department departed on the search and after two hours' search returned with the brutes.

Our tramp was still upwards and led us through a natural ampitheatre fully a mile in diameter, the floor of which was a huge body of melted snow. This body of water is the source of Bubbs Creek. Passing around this we arrived at the base of "Madery's Pass," formerly known as Harrison Pass, the summit of which is the summit of the Kern and King's River divide. This pass, 1,600 feet from the base to the summit, is covered perpetually with snow. We zigzagged our way up with the greatest difficulty; every now and again one of the burros would find a particularly soft spot in the snow, and down she would sink right up to her stomach, then would come a tug of war. We would hardly get one firmly on her feet when, with a grunt, down would go the other. After four hours of this sort of work we were within fifty feet of the top. So steep had the ascent become that we had to cut a zig-zag path in the snow, using an axe to cut and our hands and heels to harden it sufficiently for the burros to walk on. "Rebecca" came through nicely until we were about five feet from the top, then suddenly she slipped, rolled and before we fully realized what had happened she was at the bottom of the pass. At every roll on her downward path she left portions of the pack, first the camera, then the demijohn of whisky, then an onion or two, then a half dozen crackers, then a knife and fork, a bag of flour and so on all the way down. Whether she was dead we knew not; that she was mortally wounded we were sure, and the pistol was prepared for action—but to our astonishment, not to say joy, she was entirely uninjured. We led her back over the course, a fairly easy job as we then had a beaten path; we gathered together all our possessions and found that though the box which had held the camera was smashed to pieces the camera itself was little injured; but the demijohn was cracked wide open and the contents licked up by the cold snow! A carefully prepared can of maccaroni and cheese was also scattered hither and thither.

"A HUGE BODY OF MELTED SNOW."

CRAG ON KING'S-KERN DIVIDE—CRAG ERICSON.

We at last reached the summit, 13,500 feet above the sea, the time being five o'clock. We then began to realize our position. We had no water to warm and if we had we had no wood to warm it, so we each ate a slice of chocolate and a piece of

hard tack, took in a couple of inches in our belts and decided to try and reach the timber belt. We walked and walked until the walk became a stagger, and still we kept on, hoping the longed-for trees would come to view. At last, coming to a snowbank which the burros declined to cross we poor, tired mortals, who even in the fullness of our strength had bowed to their superiority, could do nothing but stop just where they decided we should. We tried to laugh, even to be merry, but it was a sad failure; we tried to sing, but it ended in a wail. Oh, how we longed for that whisky! Another slice of chocolate, another piece of cracker, and we gathered our blankets around us and waited for morning.

At five we were up, and without even the formality of a breakfast started for that haven of refuge, the still far distant pines. We arrived there at eight o'clock, having had practically nothing to eat since five o'clock the morning before. Breakfast was prepared in rapid style, a large portion of everything we had contributing to the feast; then we each selected a cozy, shady spot, and slept until the sun had well-nigh reached its zenith, when we took a cold sponge bath in the stream of melted snow and prepared our lunch.

On examining our charts and looking up the points of the compass, we found we were camped on Tyndall Creek, a very few miles from the base of Tyndall. The next question was which of the numerous peaks which surrounded us was Tyndall? This was soon decided upon from the data we had on hand, and we were all impatient for the morning to come to start the ascent. So impatient were we that it was not long after three A. M. when we arose. We hurried through breakfast and were soon started. Two hours walk brought us to the base of Tyndall.

"Take it easy, boys," was the advice of the Director General, and so accustomed had we become to taking his advice, whether against our reasoning or not, we agreed without protest, and it was advice well given, for the ascent tells heavily on the lungs, both on account of the steepness of the mountain and the lightness of the air. The first portion of the ascent is over loose chippings of granite boulders, but as the ascent becomes steeper the particles are supplanted by the granite boulders themselves. The heavy hobnails in our boots gave us a good purchase on the rough granite and for a while we made good time, but the heart soon protested against the unwonted action and rests were in order every hundred yards or so.

We struck the ridge about three hundred yards from the actual summit. But that three hundred yards was work, hard, slow work, as on account of the extreme sharpness of the ridge we found it necessary to make our way along the sides. Every boulder had to be examined and tested, for some of them held their positions so lightly that apparently the slightest touch would send them crashing to the valley, thousands of feet below, and rocks that looked perfectly secure and substantial would crumble away at the first pressure of the foot. Crawling on hands and knees over ledges only to find that they ended where a precipice began, and then crawling back to find some more practicable way; climbing around unclimbable boulders, where to look down might mean total collapse of the nervous system, where looking up might mean that awful sensation of dizziness, were but a few incidents in those few hundred yards.

There was no noisy, wild hurrah of delight when we reached the summit; our eyes, our faces alone told the tale, a tale of pleasure, a tale of gratified ambition, for the scene of absolute grandeur which met our eyes would stop the babbling tongue of any mortal. Looking first toward the land of the setting sun, your eye rests on that peculiarly constructed and appropriately named "Table Mountain." Letting your eyes wander slightly north, you will see "Brewer" in all her rugged beauty, and far over her summit stands "Goddard," that mountain whose summit forms a perfect pyramid; turning still further towards the north, the great Kern and King's River water-shed presents itself to view. Then turning abruptly toward the east, "Williamson" and "Barnard" loom up in stately grandeur, and still looking east, but looking down, twice five thousand feet, is seen Owen's Valley; as your eyes wander over this spot, slightly north is found the little town of Independence, and about the same distance toward the south is Owen's Lake, while far distant, over all this, is White Mountain and the hardly visible arid wasts of Nevada.

OWEN'S LAKE.

In the sunny south, towering above all else, stands that giant of the world Mount Whitney, and slightly west of south the Kern River follows its sluggish course. It is not possible to adequately describe the little bits of scenery—the odd-shaped crests, the peculiarly and wonderfully formed cliffs, the snow-covered banks, that make this view a perfect picture.

We feasted our eyes on the view until the inner man began to crave to be admitted to the feast, then we bade farewell to Tyndall's summit and, with lagging, unwilling steps commenced the descent. We were particularly fortunate in finding an easy way down, in fact about half way we struck a snow bank which extended right to the base just hard enough to make a good slide, and we landed at the bottom just fifty-five minutes after leaving the summit.

The next morning the return trip was commenced and as food was becoming a scarce commodity, a forced march to the cañon was in order. We crossed over the pass, down through the ampitheatre and reached Tamarack Grove by night. Three of us commenced to unpack and prepare for supper, the fourth member of the party not having arrived. We were just beginning to wonder what had become of him, when a long, animated streak was seen coming rapidly through the darkness. As it came nearer, it was seen to be the missing fourth; he was evidently much excited as each of his brown locks stood on end. His story, which the writer does not vouch for, ran as follows: He, alone and unarmed, had met a bear; he had given combat to the bear, and the bear had turned tail and sneaked away. In lieu of firearms he had hurled a huge boulder with that strength which only excitement gives, and had just missed the bear by an inch or so; the bear, having no love for flying boulders, had turned and gone his own way, and the proud victor, knowing that it was getting late and that he was behind the rest of the party, did not follow up his advantage but in his hour of strength was merciful and straightway hastened his footsteps toward camp.

We started the next morning with the firm intention of reaching the valley before sundown but again the burros won the day. We skirted the lake on the opposite side from that which we had taken on the inward trip and found it necessary to send the animals into the water in order to circumvent a huge boulder. They both started after a little "physical coaxing," but just as soon as they got out of reach of the "coaxer" they both stopped. And, though all the words and combination of words in the English language were hurled at them, loudly and angrily, jointly and severally, they moved not a step; when words became inadequate, small-sized boulders, rocks and stumps of trees were hurled at them, but they were as apparently unconscious of our efforts as if they were made of stone. It fell to my lot to go in the icy cold water to drag them out. I grabbed one and started to pull; she found the bottom of the lake too slippery to offer much resistance and so consented to come, but, probably feeling she was losing prestige, suddenly stopped and with a calm, placid look, squatted down. It was useless to try and get her on her feet again, so I commenced the cold, wet task of unpacking her as she was. Kneeling down in the icy water, fumbling with stiffened fingers to untie an obstinate knot, was not pleasant work, nor was tramping to and fro between the burro and dry land, carrying out blankets made manifold in weight by the water, but when I sat in the hot, glorious sun to dry, and watched the others in their almost ludicrous attempts at wringing out those pounds of cotton, wool and water, I almost thought that my lot was the better of the two. The other burro, probably concluding that she was tempting pneumonia, had meanwhile arrived on dry land, and the first, relieved of her pack, joined her companion. A council was held and we decided to repack and journey to a suitable camping place and make an attempt to dry the various wet articles. On arriving, we

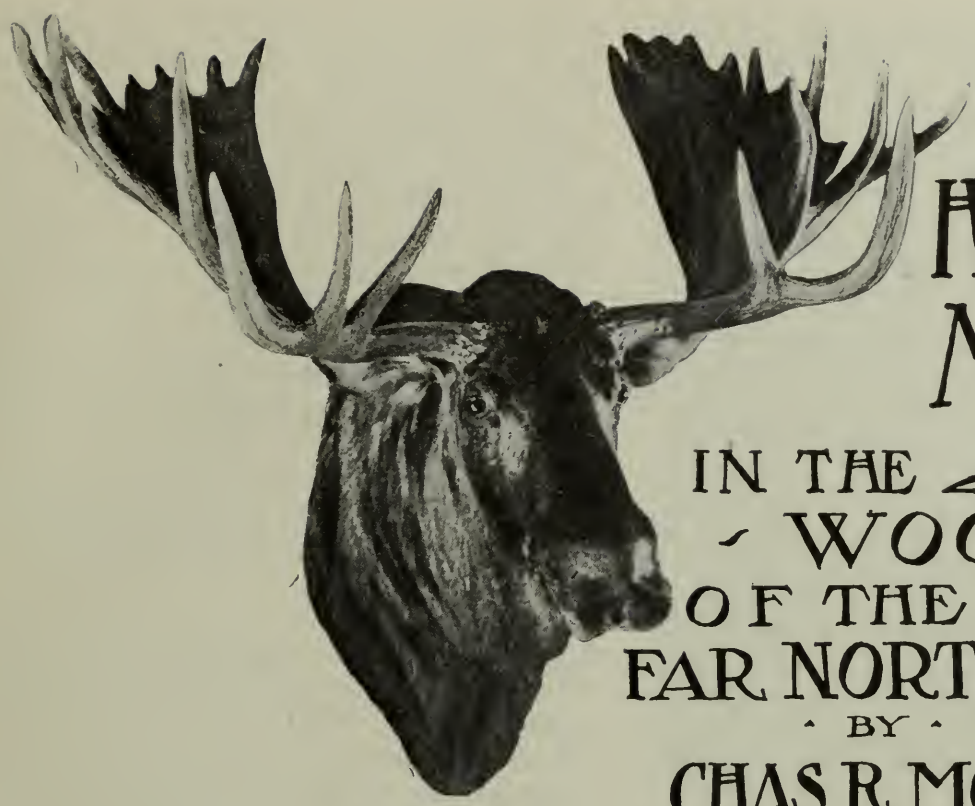
tied ropes, thirty feet long and about ten feet apart, to convenient trees, and started a fire the entire length of the ropes; the blankets, coats, sweaters, socks, shirts, etc., were spread on this impromptu clothes line and a hot, blazing fire was kept up for four hours before everything was perfectly dry.

The following day about three o'clock we were in shouting distance of the cabin where our things had been left. We were again in the land of plenty, again the waters of the King's could be used to wash the dust of days from our bodies; again we could cloth our bodies with underwear of spotless cleanliness; again we could fill up the empty tobacco pouches with the luscious weed. But, alas! for our dreams, alas! for our hopes. The land of plenty was still afar off; we could wash, but we could not remain clean—we could fill up the pouches with the weed, but it would have to be tarweed. In our absence we had been robbed! The realization of this fact was slow in its birth but rapid in its growth, and as the examination of the remnants proceeded, we saw how completely the deed was done. Soiled socks the vandals cared not for, but clean underwear was a prize. A shirt with stains of travel was beneath them but not so the gold studs it contained; a pair of ready made trousers, slightly frayed at the bottom and bagging at the knees, were passed unnoticed, but the absence of a pair from a fashionable tailor, showing little or no wear, proved the taste of our visitors. Almost empty coffee, rice and flour bags—bags with a well remembered inscription on them—lay on the shelf; a familiar looking tobacco box was on the mantel with only enough tobacco in it for one short smoke; a loaf of bread not long baked was on the table, apparently the cabin was still occupied, but by whom—that was the question.

A court of inquiry was immediately ordered, information was gathered from neighboring camps, clues followed up with the intention that, when we arrived home, the matter would be placed in the hands of the proper authorities and an attempt made to ferret out and bring to justice the guilty parties.

Bright and early in the morning we started on the last twenty-five miles of the return, and of so much benefit had the trip been that we arrived at the mill about two o'clock with but little feeling of fatigue, thus ending a jaunt that will always be thought of with pleasure and pride.

PINACLES LEADING UP TO UNIVERSITY PEAK.



HUNTING MOOSE IN THE WOODS OF THE FAR NORTHWEST

BY

CHAS. R. MOFFATT

(*Concluded from July issue.*)

PRESENTLY I heard Nelson coming around the end of the lake and I was glad; when he came up to me with his face looking ghastly in the pale green light then prevailing, he said:

"You look like I feel, and I feel like I want company. Did ever landsman or sailor see more strange signals in the sky than we have seen to-night? The interpretations are not in my code."

I answered: "You are certainly welcome! It looks like the hunt is off for to-night, anyway, and besides would it not seem sacrilege to attempt to slay any living creature in this grand cathedral with all of the alter lights turned on?"

"Do you then think it wrong for man to kill the beasts of the field? Not wantonly, but to supply such urgent needs as we now have?" he asked.

"O, you ask an old question and a hard one," I replied, "and if we had it answered, we could still ask ourselves other old and hard ones—for instance: 'Are we not trespassers in this land?' and, in equity, 'If there are any owners of the fishes in the streams and the game in these hills, are they not the Indians whose forefathers dwelt in the land for centuries before the tales of gold brought here you and me and all of the other 'hot heads,' as the Indians call us? But we will, no doubt, answer the question as it always has been answered by, men in need—by killing something if we get the opportunity."

We sat down together by the dead tree and until about midnight watched the evolutions of the spectral figures of light in the sky, listening intently for some sound of an approaching moose, hoping that one would come to the lake but having little faith that our hopes would be realized. Nelson had taken a nap the night before while I watched, so I now took my turn and had been sleeping about two hours when he put his hand over my mouth, shook my head roughly and whispered:

"They are coming!"

I was wide awake in an instant. The northern lights had died away but there was still a glow in the heavens, probably from some electrical display that was below our horizon but which was reflected on the cloud curtain of the sky. Around the margin of the lake objects could be indistinctly seen but back in the forest all was an even blackness. We could hear some large animal

coming through the trail in the willows—heard a breaking branch, the snapping of a dry stick trodden upon, and the grinding of gravel when the beast stepped in the small stream.

"That is a moose!" I whispered, "the soft pad of a bear's foot would not craunch gravel like that."

With rifles ready we waited in trembling expectation but the sounds ceased.

"I wonder if he has winded us?" whispered Nelson. "Let us fire into the brush! We may hit him."

"Not unless we hear him moving away. He may come in sight yet," I whispered back.

Then we heard him coming on again and soon could see the shadowy form of a great moose at the margin of the lake by the clump of birches.

With my back against the tree and the rifle barrel in the hollow of my left hand, resting on my knee I pressed my cheek against the stock and strained my eyes to the utmost to see the sights without avail, but I felt quite sure I was holding on the moose.

"I am ready!" I whispered to Nelson, "When you are, say 'now'!"

"Now!" he said out loud and the rifle reports were as one; we both fired again as quickly as we could work the levers of our guns.

There was a splash in the margin of the lake as the great beast wheeled and in company with others that had been behind him went crashing through the thicket of willows like stampeded wild cattle; we jumped to our feet and fired volley after volley into the woods in the direction of the sounds.

"Give it to them!" I shouted, "Bullets have no eyes and are as liable to hit a moose as a tree."

Then we heard a louder crash, as though one of the moose had run blindly into a brush heap or a fallen tree top, and after that but slight sounds, which soon ceased.

"I believe one of them has fallen," said Nelson.

"I doubt it," I replied, "and am afraid we missed him. I have been told that wounded moose will nearly always charge the enemy and not turn and run as that fellow did. But come on! We will try and find out if we did have such good luck as to get that big one down."

We went to the clump of birches near which the moose had stood when we shot at him and gathered a lot of the dry bark for torches. With the light from these the trail was easy to follow, for the great beasts had smashed through the willows breaking branches to right and left, and had dug through the moss with their hoofs, turning up the wet, black soil.

"We did hit him! We did hit him! See there!" and Nelson held his torch close to a white willow branch on which there was blood.

"Yes, and he is shot through! See there, and there!" I answered excitedly, pointing to blood on the other side of the trail.

"Shake!"

We dropped our torches and there in the depths of the almost limitless forest, in the cold, black night, clasped hands in congratulation.

We lighted fresh torches and followed on the trail, but it soon led out of the little thicket of willows into comparatively open forest and on to much firmer ground and our supply of bark gave out before we got far, so we decided to wait until daylight.

We went back to the dead tree where we had left our sleeping-bags and little camp outfit, built a good fire, made a pot of coffee and with a few cold biscuits and a cold roast grouse made a good meal, then we filled our pipes again and again to smoke out the short remainder of the night.

Just as soon as it was daylight we went back to the trail. We soon found the place where the stampeded fellow had run into the fallen tree top which showed the freshly-broken dry branches; there was a little blood on one of the stubs but no moose was there, and beyond that place we could find only occasional drops of blood.

I remember but few times in my life when I have felt keener disappointment, and Nelson said:

"Hard luck! hard luck! Our last cartridges in the magazines; our food nearly gone and a storm coming on. Let us follow a little farther, and then if we can't find him we must give up the hunt, go back to the boat and go down the river. Last night was the coldest of all, and you noticed the margin of ice around the lake?"

We followed the trail for half a mile more, the most careful inspection showing only pin-head drops of blood; after a time we

came to where the moose had slowed down to a walk and there were so many other tracks that it was only by the most careful work that we could keep on the right trail, so we decided to separate and make a circuit of about a mile to meet at a designated point.

I had gone only over the first little ridge, not three hundred yards from the parting place, when I saw the head of a big moose that was standing in a little thicket of underbrush about a hundred and fifty yards away.

My rifle leaped to my shoulder but I was quivering with excitement and nervous from the effects of the cold and the long night of watching; water came into my eyes and the rifle bead would not stay on that moose's head.

I lowered the gun for an instant, dashed the tears from my eyes with a coat sleeve, then with set teeth raised the rifle again and fired the instant the moose's head darkened the sights. Tears came into my eyes again for an instant obstructing sight; I did not see the moose fall nor see nor hear it go away, but when I looked again it was gone.

"If I missed that moose—!" I began, as I threw in another cartridge, but did not finish the threat, for there was a moose head again in about the same place and position.

That time I held steady and true and at the crack of the rifle saw the big fellow go down as though he had been hit in the head with a sledge hammer.

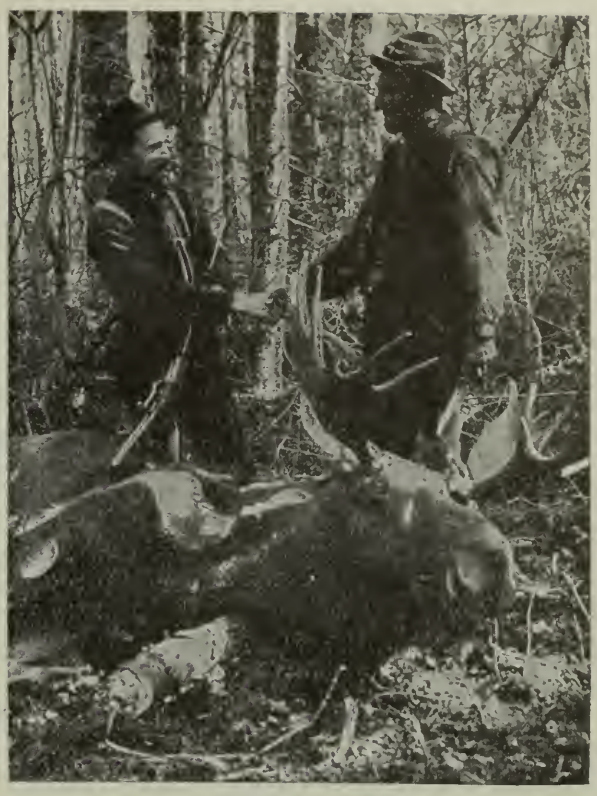
My blood leaped in exultation through my veins and I started on a run for the downed beast, throwing in another cartridge as I ran and calling for Nelson.

I entered the little thicket and saw there to my astonishment and delight, not one only but two great moose, one lying across the other. The first was hit right under tne butt of the ear and the other fair in the center of the forehead.

Nelson was soon there and then we did "Shake!"

"Are they the moose we shot at last night? or others that you just stumbled onto?" he asked.

We examined and dressed them and found that one of my bullets, fired when the moose stood in the margin of the lake, had drilled a hole through one ear of the big fellow and one of Nelson's .30-caliber, full-jacketed bullets had passed directly through its body,



"THEN WE DID SHAKE!"

perforating the liver, yet that moose had been on its feet more than three hours afterward.

"That shows what your 'pea-shooter' is good for!" I said, pointing to the little round hole, about the size of a lead pencil, through the liver. "If one of the big, soft-nose bullets from my old gun had passed right through there, it would have torn a hole you could have put your fist through, and the moose wouldn't have gone two hundred yards."

"Well, why didn't you put one right through there?" he asked, with some heat. "You had the same opportunity that I had."

I quit.

From the place where the moose fell, to our camp which was on the nearest point of the river bank, was about one mile and a half, and we were compelled to make six round trips, carrying nearly back-breaking loads to get the meat to our boat. From our long night vigil and the heavy packing we were exhausted almost to the point of complete physical collapse when we laid down our last burden, but the heavens were filled with menace of storm and we knew that our hunt, though at last crowned with success, had delayed us too long and that any morning now we might find the river filled with floating ice that would soon grind through the

thin, soft-wood sides of our boat, so we decided to try and reach that afternoon the little settlement on the Yukon a short way below the mouth of the Stewart.

We quickly rekindled our camp fire, drew from the nearly empty coffee can sufficient for extra strong cups, divided the three remaining biscuits—made from our last flour—and helped ourselves again and again to tenderloin moose steaks. Then quickly getting all of our belongings into the boat we stepped in to find that with the twelve hundred weight or more of moose meat our narrow and frail craft had but perilously little free-board.

I took the oars and Nelson sat in the stern with his paddle. As we pushed off from the bank, the old raven, still perched on the dead tree on the opposite bluff, gave us a parting croak.

"Confound a croaker, anyway!" said Nelson as he dropped his paddle and grabbed his rifle. "Take that! and that!" and he fired twice rapidly, but the boat had gained considerable headway in the current, making his aim untrue, and the bird of ill-omen lived to croak again.

"Foolish! foolish!" acknowledged Nelson. "Those were almost my last cartridges, but you noticed the tracks of the thief in the mud by the boat, where he had been trying to steal some of this hard-earned meat every time we were away after another load—and would have stolen it, too, if we hadn't put those heavy boughs over it. I have developed an intense personal hatred for that uncanny bird or devil!"

With the help of the oars and the rapid current we made good progress and just as the day was done came to the head of the big island, around which the main part of the river sweeps to the left in a bend of about four miles, while the lesser stream follows straight down the right bluff through a "cut-off" of a few hundred yards, racing like wild horses.

With our boat just on the dividing line between the two currents, where the waters seem to hesitate as though undecided which channel to follow, I stopped rowing and looked inquiringly at Nelson; that sturdy descendant of a long line of Norsemen, at home in any sort of craft in still water or in rough, hesitated not at all but by a few strokes of his paddle turned the boat into the pull of the current of the "cut-off."

"We can make it!" he said, "and will save nearly a half hour." Almost in an instant we were dashing down the chute in a wild race against time.

About midway of the "cut-off," in the very center of the channel, is the dangerous rock well-known by all voyagers on the Stewart. The waters frothed white and snarled angrily away from it and for a moment it looked like we could not miss it and that disaster was certain, but Norseman blood told and with a deft turn of his paddle, just at the right time and place, Nelson guided the boat down the narrow streak of safe water to the right of the rock, instantly turning sharply to the left again to keep us off the drift-piled point on which the current drove.

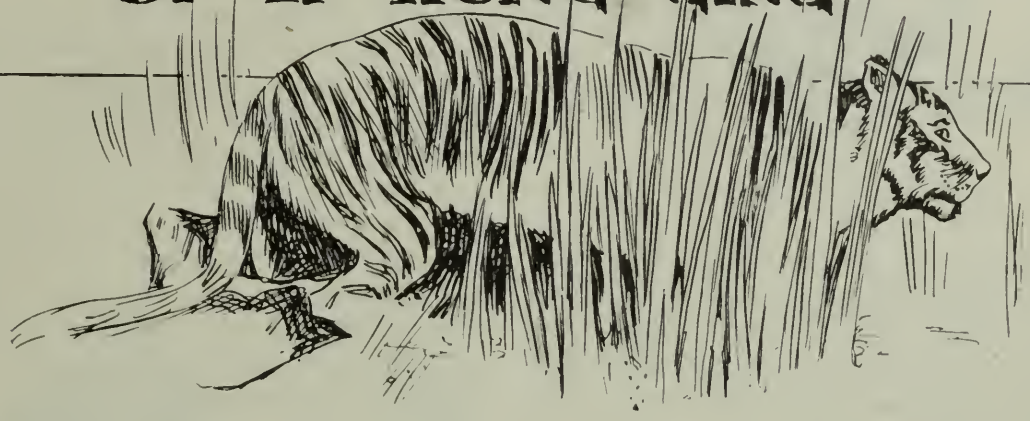
"Didn't ship enough for a drink!" he said, as we glided out into the main stream at the lower end of the island.

Hurrying on, we soon passed the great sentinel cliff that guards the point where the most northerly of the streams of the deltoid mouth of the Stewart leaves the main channel. Then on in the gathering gloom, past our former camp on the upper end of the last island, now all deserted—no welcome ray of light from cabin door, no hail of cheery voice from the landing place.

Then on down the last reach of the river and as we rounded the lower curve of the island a low moaning sound came through the forest; the tall, slender spruce trees, indistinctly seen on the banks bowed their black tops to the first blast of the wind. Feathery flakes of snow came down and we were born out upon the black waters of the mighty flood of the Yukon, and turned the bow of our boat to the north, passing on into the dread uncertainties of the thickening storm and the deepening night.

SPORT IN THE ORIENT

BY LI HUNG GING



EVERY country has its own way of killing birds and animals, but that of the Caucasian race is the most effective. Its improved and long-range firearms are being introduced into Oriental countries, superseding the "long-bow," and into the half-civilized lands of Australia where the boomerang is still in use. But all nations, civilized and semi-civilized as well as the savage, are at war with bird and animal life, and implements of death are being constantly invented and improved to make their destruction more complete. As the devastation becomes greater the terror increases and game becomes wilder. Animals are learning more and more to fear the man behind the gun—they take flight at the second sight of his form, for it is at once singled out from that of any other animal. Animals can outwit those of their own kindred and are willing to try conclusions with each other, but man is the only animal that they cannot outwit or escape from. No flight, it seems, can be too swift to escape his range, and no retreat secure from his prying eyes and scenting coursers. He is their unseen enemy whose presence is heralded with a shot and death!

Improved firearms are fast taking the place of the "long-bow" made of bamboo, used for centuries in China and Japan, but these peoples, however, have not yet become sufficiently civilized to kill game for amusement. With them it is a business—a case of "must have meat." The only animal the Chinese kill for sport is the tiger and that is more for protection, really, because the tiger eats the small game, thus taking the bread out of their mouths, and even raids their houses and carries off their children. The skin of the tiger commands a good price and the Chinese eat the flesh with the idea that it will make them cunning and brave. Recently tiger shooting has become a popular sport with Europeans who visit China. These beasts are found in the small hills throughout the Empire, most numerously in the provinces of Kwongtung, Kiangsi, Kwangsi and Fukien; they even approach the mainland opposite to Hongkong. They are also found, but not so numerously, in the vicinity of Amoy, Swatow and Foochow, and in the province of Manchuria now within the grasp of the Russian bear. Foreign sportsmen relate the usual tall stories about killing tigers, much to the discredit of those animals.

The Chinese tiger is not so aggressive as his Indian brother who is fortified in his jungle, but he is sufficiently combative and will attack the hunter at short notice, and the stories of tigers carrying away children have been fully verified. The favorite Chinese plan of catching the tiger is digging a pit and covering it with poles and branches. The cat walks very lightly but he falls through and is dispatched with knives and swords, sometimes vengeance on

"THE CAT FALLS THROUGH."

a particularly murderous beast being appeased by running a red-hot bar of iron down his throat. The average length of the male tiger is about nine feet, and some sportsmen say they have heard others say that they saw tigers twelve feet long and even longer. They not only prey upon deer, hogs and birds, but eat cattle which they kill by seizing by the back of the neck and breaking it at one bite. The old toothless tigers prefer the more tender diet of human flesh. Europeans hunt the tiger at night, by firelight. When the light attracts the animal the pupil of his eye seems to contract into a round spot and the hunter knows what he has in sight.

The natives fear the tiger more than they do the lion for he is more stealthy and has a peculiar relish for human flesh. Nevertheless they sometimes hunt the tiger with spears, displaying considerable courage therein. They select the time that the tiger is hunting for deer and the tiger instinctively hunts for the hunter at the same time. The tiger conceals himself by the roadside and springs upon his victim before he can bring his spear in action, but the others soon dispatch him. Deer hunting is thus made hazardous for the hunter generally encounters what he is not looking for. This is especially the case with the European hunter who frequently is not posted. In some portions of China the natives use camels in hunting the tiger. These camels are specially trained to stand the fire of the matchlocks ordinarily employed and are highly valued by the sporting Celestials.

The natives likewise hunt lions which they go in search of only when the beasts have ceased roaring, for then they know their quarry is asleep and easily approached. The hunters start out on horseback for the edge of the forests or the water courses where the animals are most sure to be found as they never go far from water, knowing that the streams are good places to catch other animals. If the lion still roars the hunters wait. Next day, perhaps, he is silent. He then has "dined heavily," perhaps on an antelope which he catches by affecting to be asleep. The hunters track him to his cave and shoot him when he comes out to fight. Another plan is to hunt the lion while he is after other game. They form a circle around him and as a man shoots he wheels into another position to avoid attack. When the lion is hunted by a small party a dead animal is placed across his path and the hunters are concealed in the brush with their guns pointing over the bait and the lion meets a surprise upon his approach. European hunters say they have seen the lion jumping and exercising himself as if gauging his powers for future prey.

Bears are hunted by Asiatics mostly with pike-blades and dogs. The blades are about a foot long and attached to a pike about twenty feet in length so as to give the hunter plenty elbow room. When the dogs have brought the animal to a standstill the natives surround him and begin shouting. The dogs continue barking and the excited bear rises up on his hind feet and reaches out for a dog or a man. His favorite way of catching a man is to place one paw on the top of his head and the other under his chin and then crush the life out of him. But perhaps before he has done this one of the daring hunters approaches near enough to give him a lance thrust. While the bear is occupied in fighting the dogs several other hunters thrust lances into him until he yields up the ghost.

Another form of sport in the darkest regions among the aborigines is hunting wild horses. Armed with spears the hunters form a crescent and drive the animals in the direction of a ravine or pass. Other hunters are stationed so as to secure the outlet, when the surrounded animals are lanced to death. They are killed for their flesh, which is said to be tender and toothsome and is highly prized by the natives.

The descendants of the aborigines in Southern China, who occupied that country

before the Chinese invasion, still use the "long-bow" in killing game and hunt deer at night, using a "fire-pan" similar to that formerly employed in America's southern States. The fire-proof vessel is carried on a man's head and over his shoulders is the hide of a deer. When the eye of the animal is attracted by this light he is hoodwinked by the hide and stands dazed while the hunter lets fly his arrow. The deer is then dispatched with a knife.

On the Chinese coast the bird hunter takes a Chinese guide along to show him the places where game is the thickest. The guide, who is a professional, has a boat something like a canoe but more easily upset. He guides the hunter to the mud flats where the birds are feeding, either in the morning or in the evening about sundown. The hunter takes his position behind some object while the guide, stripped to the waist, wades into the water and flushes the game by throwing stones into the lagoons and spots where the birds are feeding. As they arise the sportsman tries his marksmanship.

"THE LION MEETS A SURPRISE."

Geese and ducks are caught in nets stretched on bamboo poles. The nets are spread out in marshy places where the men are concealed in a small arbor of green branches. In front are decoys of stuffed geese or ducks in various positions as in life—swimming, standing, singly and in pairs. Sometimes the decoys are made of rushes and are not so realistic as the stuffed skin. When a flock is seen wheeling over the position the hunter imitates the "quack" or "honk" and the deluded birds wheel round and round and finally light into the net which is drawn close upon them. The Chinese hunter wades into the streams and marshes for the birds and his costume is that originally worn in Paradise.

The mandarin duck is highly relished, being a distinctively favorite dish with the higher classes. It is especially toothsome because it feeds almost exclusively upon a small, sweet acorn. It is more numerously found in the southern provinces of China and its plumage is brilliant and beautiful like that of the parrot.

Turtles are caught in a curious manner: The hook is sharp and is not baited. Two leaden pellets are attached as "sinkers." The fisherman sits on a one-legged stool watching the surface of the water and when he sees a turtle swimming along he throws out his hook, landing it within striking distance of the turtle. If the turtle snaps it the fisherman hauls him in by winding his line around a wheel attached to the rod. Women engage in this business and it is said that some of them finally learn to throw a line straight. Some of the men are so expert that they can land their hook directly upon a turtle when the hook penetrates his shell owing to the force of the leaden "sinkers." Boats are used for spearing the water turtle. The boat is round and is a cross be-

tween a washing-tub and a catamaran. A three-pronged spear is generally used. The flesh of the turtle is eaten, particularly in soups, which are considered nearly divine in flavor.

In the southern and southwestern parts of China, among the aborigines the stork is regarded as sacred and the superstitious believe that ill-luck and bad health will be visited upon any one who kills this bird. The stork is held in such superstitious reverence that the protecting law is scarcely necessary. The stork eats frogs and fishes or eels. He catches the slippery eel by the tail and beats it against the ground until he knocks the life out of it. Hunters state that sometimes the eel winds himself around the neck of the stork and chokes him to death, but such stories no doubt need verification. In most Asiatic countries there are laws protecting the stork and he walks the streets of the villages doing scavenger work.

Chinese, particularly those in the province of Kwong-tung, use the cormorant in fishing. It is a rather mean advantage to take of the bird and the shrewd Chinaman is the only individual who gets the best of the cormorant, whether bird or human. The cormorant has an immense pouch under his beak where he stows food for future use as required, and he swallows his fish whole. The Chinese fisherman anchors his catamaran or raft in the middle of the stream and lets the cormorant do his fishing. He usually has three or four of these birds which he has trained for the business. They are natural divers after fish, but he has trained them to give up what they catch by placing a ring of bamboo wood around the bird's neck, partly closing that avenue. He then puts the birds into the water and they swim around and dive until they catch a fish. The bird returns to the raft, the fisherman holds out a small net, and with the other hand takes the fish from the mouth of the fowl. It is again thrown into the water and if the disappointed fowl shows no signs of striving for another fish, the Chinaman frightens it into renewed action by beating the water with a long bamboo pole. The cormorant is a swift swimmer and expert diver and generally catches his fish by the head so as to avoid the fins. If he catches it otherwise when he rises to the surface he tosses the fish upward and catches it by the

LI HUNG GING.

head as it falls, something on the style of a juggler. They are great eaters, but the Chinamen starve them to make them the more industrious. Finally, when the fowl shows signs of weariness, and a consuming desire for a division of his catch, the Chinaman lifts him out by means of a pole and puts him on a perch. The ring is then removed and the fowl is permitted to swallow a few fish while resting. This style of fishing is carried on in many parts of China, especially on the North River above Canton, near Foochow, in the district of Hongchow and at the southern end of the Grand Canal. The cormorant is trained to answer the calls of a whistle, each fisher having a different signal. Hundreds of rafts are seen within a few miles. Each fisherman knows his own birds by their peculiar or general appearance in about the same way that one knows his own dog from all others. European fishermen state that cormorants have so far become civilized as to fight and rob each other when one has secured as unusually large fish.

The black eagle, numerous in China and

of a domestic nature, is trained by the natives to hunt foxes, deer and wolves. When they have found the game they wheel in a circle, descend and attack their prey. The hunters are soon on the ground and dispatch the animal. The eagle drops like a stone when attacking and strikes one talon in the back of his prey, the other in the upper part of its neck and tears out the liver with his beak.

Fishing has not advanced beyond the primitive stage with the natives of China. In some of the southern districts they do not use the rod but skillfully throw their lines by hand. On the northern branch of the Canton River they use a rod about five feet long with a wheel attached, and around this is a line about fifty feet in length. The hook is baited with worms or a blue-bottle fly, and thrown out. When a fish is caught on the hook the angler winds in his long line. On the Yang-Tsze River and on the Grand Canal the angler attaches a number of hooks on a line, each end of which is secured in boats. The hooks are neither baited nor barbed. They are as sharp as a razor, and the sharp side is turned in the direction from which the fish are expected. When they swim along they impale themselves on the hooks. On the Grand Canal, Canton and Pearl Rivers some fishermen use neither hook nor line—they dive for them and remain under water an unusually long time. Eels are caught in the same way. On the smaller streams the natives spear the fish.

The Chinese fishing craft is a primitive affair. Usually two vessels sail out together at night with a net stretched from one to the other, a distance of about three hundred feet. This net scoops up a large number of fish. In the bow of each is a large pair of shears made of bamboo, to which is attached the dip net. The net is drawn out by raising the shears, and the fish are taken out and thrown into the "well" of fresh water in the center of the boat.

Another kind of boat is used at night: They are long and narrow, and run swiftly. On one side, extending the length of the boat and reaching the water, is a white board, near the center is a stone, made fast to the boat by a cord, and lowered into the water. As the boat glides along it makes a peculiar noise. This, together with the reflection of the white board, scares the fishes and they leap out of the water. In the majority of instances they land in the boat.

Another curious way is for the fishers to form a circle and cast their nets. Two men are in the bows, who keep up a blaze by burning bundles of rattans. The men beat the water with bamboo poles and shout with all their might. This scares the fish and they leap toward the bright blaze and are caught in the net. This is described as a strange and lurid scene, the lights glaring over the surface of the water and the half-clad fishermen shouting and belaboring the waters as if exorcising spirits.

Shrimps are caught in the Canton and Pearl Rivers in baskets. One of the boatmen handles the oars, and the other lowers several small baskets, which are secured by a rope. The bait used is the sediment of wine. It seems that shrimp like this kind of bait. They are a toothsome dish with the high livers, and are served alive in a vessel containing vinegar, oil and wine. The shrimps soon feel the effects of the wine, and stagger, or rather leap about the table, and in this condition are eaten.

Women engage in fishing, and form part of the crews of the boats. They also assist in dredging for oysters and muscles, are taught to spear fish, and are sometimes taken along to carry ducks and geese.

In some of the provinces there is a close season for the protection of game, somewhat similar to that in the United States—and about as much attention is paid to it. In the fishing districts the law is openly permitted to be violated provided the fishermen will pay the official who has command of the fishery district, whose principal duty is to collect the license on each boat. In the far interior there are no close seasons under the law, and hunting and fishing are regulated by custom and the want of food by the natives.

In Japan modern firearms are taking the place of the "long-bow" as well as in China, and the pop of the gun is heard in all the districts where there is game. The best hunting is, of course, to be had far away from the treaty ports, particularly in the low hills and swampy valleys in the district of Yezo; also, in the hills of distant Kiota, where the game is reached by a one or two day's journey in a native wagon. The wagon

is made of rough hewn timbers, triangular-shaped, has three wheels and no springs. If the hunter survives the trip to these picturesque mountains, he will find them alive with deer, antelope, bear and the voracious wild boar in his most advanced stage of savagery. The bears travel in families—that is, when the head of the family starts out on a maurauding expedition the rest of the family go along and the hunter thus has an embarrassment of riches.

The "long-bow" used by the Japanese is similar to that used by the Chinese, from whom they received their civilization, and whose arts and inventions they have copied. The "long-bow" is about three feet high, and the arrow is twenty inches long, tipped with a hard, spoon-shaped bone or iron. In shooting bears or tigers, the point is sometimes poisoned and immediately after the animal has been secured the flesh where the arrow struck is cut away.

Deer are found throughout the island, but are very scarce in the districts where foreigners reside. They vary in size according to the herbage upon which they feed and are from 150 to 250 pounds in weight. The skins are used for garments and sandals in the poorer districts, and the horns are exported to China where they are pulverized into what the Chinese doctors think a valuable medicine. The Japanese hunter starts early in the morning and reaches a point where the herds are intercepted on the way to the feeding ground. The head hunter sends ahead a number of beaters who know the haunts of the deer and beat about the bushes and undergrowth and drive the deer to the place where the hunters are concealed. The beaters are accompanied by a pack of lean, hungry and wolfish-looking dogs of very keen scent. When the animals have been started the chase is through swamps, over hills covered with fallen trees, through spaces of heavy undergrowth, swampy valleys covered with rushes and through pretty scenery, green foliage and a landscape as wild as the game. And at last the deer takes to the water and the sport is ended.

Salmon fishing is carried on something similar to the methods used in Oregon. It is the most profitable of the fishing industries of Japan and one of the most remarkable sights in that land. At Yezo, the principal point, hundreds of boats with their lights are seen on the waters at nights. The seines are 3,000 and 4,000 feet in length, and each requires fifty or sixty men to handle it. There are three hauls within twenty-four hours and a seine brings up 10,000 or 15,000 fish. This fishing is mostly carried on by the Ainos or aborigines.

JAPANESE WOODCOCK.

GOOSE SHOOTING IN COLORADO

BY WM COLLIER.

IT RAINED geese for a few minutes. The air was filled with feathers and the rattle of the guns was followed by many a requiem "yahonk" as the game tumbled to the feet of the hunters.

California may boast of the finest goose shooting in the land, but then there are other places as well. In Colorado a few miles from the Nebraska line near the Platte are certain cornfields much beloved by the wary wild geese. They first satisfy themselves that there is no danger, and then settle down to feed. This fact is known to the farmers of the surrounding country who make it a point to lay in wait for the flights. They say that thousands of the wary and sharp-sighted birds visit the fields every spring. Now Denver, a city of 175,000 inhabitants, is located at no great distance from these happy hunting grounds. A few hours' ride on an elegantly equipped flyer will convey the hunters, guns and baggage to a spot within a few hours' wagon ride from the fields.

Last season a party of six cleaned and oiled their guns, supplied themselves with plenty of ammunition and went forth in search of the clever goose. There was snow on the ground—not enough, however, to interfere with walking. The air was clear and bracing. In the high altitudes the hunter can see farther and breathe deeper than down around the misty sea coast.

The hunters were in high spirits but they did not anticipate any such good luck as had been ordained for them. Preparations were made early in the evening of April 11 for the next day's shooting. Each of the six men dug a pit for himself. They located in different parts of the field and were very cautious lest some old feathered spy should report them to his companions. In digging the pits the hunters did their best to conceal the earth thrown up. In a white expanse of field a flying goose will observe a black spot and never come near it. But it happened that after the pits had been prepared there was a slight fall of snow, sufficient to cover up every black speck of earth. The decoys then were brought out and carefully placed. There were about eighteen of them and they must have looked like the real thing.

The leader of our party was a veteran goose hunter. He has executed the wily bird in Michigan and in California. He has become so thoroughly acquainted with their habits that it is seldom he returns from a hunt without a big fat bag of the feathered game. He possesses a goose call which his friends say is a treasure, and this, combined with the decoys, did not fail on the morning of the 12th. The shooting lasted several hours. The flights came about as fast as the hunters could attend to them, and when the count was made after the day's sport it was found that the party was seventy-eight geese to the good. They engaged a big farmer's wagon to carry their birds to the railway station, and for several days after this eventful hunt the friends of the sportsmen enjoyed wild goose fresh and of dainty flavor.

Photo by S. N. Leek. WYOMING COULD AFFORD A GOOD DAY, TOO.

THE RESULT OF A DAY'S GOOSE SHOOTING IN COLORADO.

See preceding page.

A FEW WORDS ON ECONOMIC ORNITHOLOGY

By F. E. L. Beal, Biological Survey.
U. S. Department of Agriculture.

PART II.

(*Concluded from July issue.*)

THE wren family, with which are now classed the thrashers, is a widely distributed group, having many representatives in the United States, of which California has quite a number. The wrens proper are small-sized, active, nervous birds, seldom still for a moment during daylight. They are prolific breeders, usually rearing from six to eight young at a brood and, except in the far north, raising more than one brood in a season. Their food consists of insects almost exclusively and when one notes the fact that they are feeding themselves or their young through every hour of daylight some idea may be gained of the immense number of these creatures that a pair of wrens and their young will destroy in a year. The house wren in the older States has become so domestic that it prefers to nest in the vicinity of the farm buildings, taking up its abode in any cranny about the buildings or in a box or stray tomato can that may be put up for its accommodation. Whoever will so encourage this bird will get the benefit of its good work as an insect destroyer and will not have to pay anything as toll from the fruit garden or orchard as the wren is not a fruit eater. The thrashers, the larger cousins of the wrens, are shyer birds and prefer the woods and thickets for their abodes. Something more than half their daily food is made up of insects and the rest consists of seeds and such small fruits as are found in their native haunts. There is not a single member of the family against whom any serious complaint has been lodged.

The flycatchers, better known as kingbirds, phoebes, pewees, etc., are a numerous and useful family of birds of considerable diversity in size and plumage, but who agree in one peculiarity, that is that they capture the most of their prey upon the wing. It follows from this that the greater part of their food consists of flying insects which they show much skill in securing. They do, however, eat a few creatures that do not fly, such as spiders, millipeds, etc., and some of them eat a few berries. The larger species of flycatchers, commonly known as kingbirds, have been accused of eating honey bees to an injurious extent. In the examination of something over 300 stomachs of kingbirds of both the Eastern and Western species there were found, among thousands of other insects, a little more than fifty honey bees of which over four-fifths were drones. This certainly does not indicate that these birds are habitual robbers of the hives or that they do much harm by taking what bees they do eat.

Closely allied to the flycatchers in their food habits are the swallows, a family of birds that needs no advocate for their virtues have been acknowledged from the earliest times. Stomach examination corroborates the facts of common observation and shows that their food consists almost wholly of insects which, with a very few exceptions, are taken upon the wing. These insects are mostly of a noxious or at least annoying character such as the myriads of gnats that sport in the evening air, small grasshoppers and many beetles with an occasional small moth. As far as their food habits are concerned there is no practical difference in the seven species of swallows that are found within the limits of the United States over which they are distributed, several of them being found all across the continent from ocean to ocean. At least four species of swallows are to some extent domestic in their habits and prefer the abodes of man in choosing nesting sites, though this trait is not so strongly marked in the more newly set-

tled parts of the country as in the older States.

The birds of the sparrow family are noted for their seed-eating habits, and in countries where weeds abound, like the States of the Mississippi Valley, they do a good work by devouring enormous numbers of the seeds of those worse than useless plants. During the winter when insects are not available this work is especially noticeable. There are some species, however, that eat quite a number of insects when they can be obtained and the young of all the species are reared principally upon insects. And right here it may be observed that this is an almost universal law among birds: that whatever the adults may feed upon, the young must have more or less of animal food, which in the case of our song birds means insects. Birds that as adults live upon a mixed diet give their young animal food exclusively, while birds that subsist upon a strictly vegetable diet in most cases give their young animal food at first and only begin to introduce vegetable food when the young have attained some size. Still further, birds that subsist usually upon a mixed diet are found to eat animal food, that is insects, almost exclusively during the breeding season, the acts of procreation seeming to demand a more stimulating diet.

There is one group of birds that has attracted so much notice by their value as food for man and from the sport which they afford that very little attention has been paid to their diet. These are the so-called game birds, restricting that term to the various species of partridges, quail, grouse and pheasants of the country. Of these the bobwhite of the East has been the most thoroughly investigated and has been shown to be one of the most valuable birds that live upon the farm. As an insect eater it has few superiors and numbers in its dietary such destructive pests as the chinch bug and the Colorado potato beetle. The various species of quail of the Pacific Coast have not as yet been so thoroughly studied as their Eastern cousins, but from the general resemblance of their habits and as a result of an examination of a number of their stomachs, it may safely be asserted that after the present transitory conditions of this part of the country have passed away they will be found to be doing much more good than harm and will be rightly protected. Cases have been reported where the quail has destroyed grapes by the ton or where it has eaten the seed grain from large areas. Such cases, as has been shown elsewhere, are liable to occur in the early settlement of any country and should not stand as a permanent indictment against the bird. They are caused by unusual and transitory conditions which time is sure to correct.

Probably no family of birds has been so misunderstood as the birds of prey; that is, the hawks and owls. It was formerly the custom to destroy every specimen of these birds that was unfortunate enough to place itself within reach, and it is a lamentable fact that there are many persons who still adhere to that practice. The excellent work of Dr. A. K. Fisher of the United States Department of Agriculture has demonstrated beyond the possibility of criticism that, with the exception of three or four species, the hawks and owls of America are among the most useful birds to the farmer. The examination of nearly 3,000 stomachs of these birds has shown that the greater part of their food consists of rats, mice, ground squirrels, gophers, rabbits and other creatures of similar habits, all of which are pests upon the farm or ranch. It cannot be denied that hawks do catch some poultry and game, but the poultry can be protected and the amount of game which is killed by hawks is but a trifle compared with the numbers of noxious mammals which they devour.

A good object lesson can be obtained by visiting a place inhabited by a colony of owls and examining the pellets of indigestible matter which they reject after the digestible parts have been separated and passed on. These pellets will be found to consist of skulls and other bones of mice and similar animals, enclosed in the hair which these creatures formerly wore. Very rarely will any portion of a bird be found. In 625 pellets of the barn owl examined by Dr. Fisher, the bones of 1,800 small mammals were found with the bones of less than a dozen small birds. And yet the sportsmen when out for their annual hunt in the open season never let pass a chance to kill a hawk or owl because, as they say, these birds kill the quail, while on the other hand the fruitgrowers and grain raisers are clamoring for

the extermination of the quail because they eat the grapes and wheat. Where in such a medley of cross purposes shall we look for common sense?

That birds often do serious harm to crops no sensible person will deny, but this fact no more argues that birds are generally harmful and should be exterminated than does the occurrence of tornadoes and floods prove that air and water are harmful elements and should be done away with. Birds act like other blind forces of nature, working solely for their own good and with no intention or wish to benefit man. It is for us to carefully examine the work which they do and ascertain whether we receive from them more good than harm or the reverse. That we shall receive a share of both is to be expected. We can hope, however, by a careful consideration of all the attendant circumstances, to find out how we may avoid a portion at least of the harm and retain the good.

When a country is first settled great disturbances follow among the birds and other animals that inhabit it. Forests are cut down, prairies are plowed up and the native grasses and weeds destroyed, while grain fields and orchards appear in their places. For many species the nesting sites and the plants which afforded them food are destroyed. For others new nesting places are furnished and new food supplied. Where grain replaces the native grasses the seed-eating birds find a new and abundant supply of appetizing food, to which they at once help themselves at the expense of the farmer. Where orchards and vineyards are planted, another bountiful supply of food is offered, and as this is coincident with the clearing off of the forest and chaparral with their abundance of wild fruit, it is not surprising that the birds take freely what is offered in place of their natural food. Most of the singing birds eat more or less fruit in the warmest portion of the year. It is probably a necessity for health. When the supply of wild fruit has been cut off it is perfectly natural that the birds should attack the cultivated species. In most cases birds do not eat the cultivated varieties because they like them better than they do the wild ones. As already shown, the examination of the stomachs of several hundred robins (one of our greatest fruit-eaters) resulted in finding forty-two species of wild fruits and only about half a dozen of the cultivated varieties. Similar results have been noted in the investigation of the food of other birds. In view of this it has been suggested to plant waste places near the cultivated grounds with native fruit-bearing shrubs to attract the birds from the cultivated ones. This remedy has been applied in many places with considerable success. There are numerous shrubs which bear fruit and upon which birds feed freely though they are not agreeable to human taste, and many of these shrubs are highly ornamental when in flower.

In the region east of the Mississippi Valley, where wild fruit-bearing shrubs and vines abound, complaints of the depredations on fruit by birds are but rarely heard. In the prairie States of the Middle West, a naturally treeless and shrubless country where few if any wild berries were ever found, farmers and fruit growers complain bitterly of the inroads made by birds upon their berries and small fruits. Here the birds find a new and bountiful supply of wholesome food such as they have never known before, and which no doubt fills a long-felt want, and they are not slow to avail themselves of the unwonted luxury. The remedy for this state of affairs is the one mentioned above—to plant out wild fruits as a protection to the cultivated ones.

The amount of harm done by birds will in many cases depend upon the local surroundings. Cultivated grounds near a wooded cañon or chaparral covered hills will be more liable to attacks from many species than will places situated far from such bird-harboring coverts. Under such circumstances hawks and owls may be expected to prey upon the poultry, and the jay will not be backward to claim his share of the eggs and young chicks. When the fruit is ripe, the jays—and also many other species having a secure retreat close at hand—will sally forth and capture a portion, and as their name is legion this may often amount to the best part of the crop.

While these conditions will pass away when the hills and cañons are cleared and brought under cultivation, the farmer in the meantime must protect himself as best he can, even if it does involve the destruction

of some of the thieves. It is a fact that a hawk which has once caught a chicken is usually so impressed with the flavor of its prey that it is likely to try to get more of the same kind, so that it often happens that it will come to the poultry yard, day after day, and carry off a chicken at each visit. If it is possible to protect the chickens against the hawk that of course is the best thing that can be done, but if not then the hawk should be killed, and in such a case no sentimental ideas regarding the good which the hawk has done or may do by catching vermin at some other time should be allowed to stand in the way of a summary execution of the offender. But this case should not be allowed to serve as a death warrant for the whole of the species to which the hawk belongs. The culprit in this instance is the individual and not the race. While this one has been stealing chickens thousands of others of his species have been preying upon ground-squirrels and gophers and other pests of agriculture. In the same way, if a king-bird forms the habit of visiting a hive of bees every day there is nothing to do but shoot the individual, but do not carry the slaughter to all king-birds for the sins of this one. Nor should any wholesale methods of killing be tolerated for they destroy the good and bad alike. Placing poisoned food or water where the birds will partake of them cannot be too strongly condemned, for aside from the danger to domestic animals or even human beings this method sweeps away the innocent as well as the guilty.

As the result of years of observation and study of the circumstances attending many cases of great damage to crops caused by birds, it may be laid down as a general rule that such disasters are brought about by an abnormal and improper distribution of species. That is, a single species or a few allied species, are superabundant within a limited territory. This gives rise to a great demand for one kind of food with the result that the natural supply is entirely insufficient and the birds are forced to attack some product of agriculture such as grain or fruit. As instances of this kind may be adduced the case of the bobolinks upon the rice fields of the South, the blackbirds upon the grain fields of the Middle-West and the linnets upon the fruit in California. It is probable that the most desirable condition of distribution of bird population is that which obtains where no one species greatly exceeds in number of individuals the average of the other species living in the same territory. In the three cases mentioned above it is probable that most of the harm would cease if the number of individuals of the species in question were very much reduced and their places filled by other and more insectivorous ones now living in smaller numbers in the same locality. Of the three cases the first is probably hopeless; the other two may yield to time and judicious treatment.

WESTERN ZOOLOGY—A COMPARATIVE STUDY

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

PART I.

IF FOR the sake of comparison we omit the fauna of the Mississippi Valley region in its broadest sense, it seems to me I have never as yet met with an article that has had for its object the contrasting of the fauna of the land areas constituting, on the one hand the Pacific tier of States, with the corresponding region on the Atlantic seaboard on the other. Yet from a variety of standpoints a comparison of this character is by no means lacking in interest, much less in importance.

In the first place we may consider the relative richness of the two faunæ in the matter of the number of families, species and sub-species of the forms represented on the two sides of our great republic, that is so far as the mammals, birds, reptiles and other groups are concerned. Of course in some instances it is hardly practicable to make such a comparison in a brief article like the present one. For example, I refer especially to the invertebrata, such as insects, the mollusks, crustaceans and the like. As a rule the sportsman naturalist is not familiar with the hosts of forms representing these great groups, so for very obvious reasons such researches, important and to many interesting as they are, must be left to the consideration of the specialist.

Again, our comparison may enter into the question of the relative beauty of some of the species thus compared or, upon an entirely different line, we may collate their importance from an economical standpoint; uniqueness in some instances enters into such a subject; their relative merits in the chase; the matter of song in birds, and not a few similar points.

Little can be gained or learned, however, by instituting a comparison of the relative value of the game laws as affecting the preservation in the East and the West of certain mammals and birds that are hunted, either to supply the markets or for individual pleasure and sport. For in the first place the conditions are entirely different, the game is different, there are far more hunters in the Eastern States than there are in the Western, and the former region has been hunted over for a much longer period of time than the latter, so this will not be especially touched upon, though it will be as well to remember that the constant hunting and killing of many species in the two compared sections has in time powerfully influenced the relative number of a great variety of birds and mammals.

With respect to the latter two groups there are a few forms which, at one time, were common both to the Atlantic and to the Pacific States, but man has succeeded in exterminating them in the former region. Then there are species found in the East that in so far as history can inform us have never been found upon the Pacific Coast, and vice versa.

Turning first to the marine and fishes of the inland waters of the two regions under consideration, it is pretty safe to say that the honors are about evenly divided. From an economical point of view the most important family of fishes in existence is the cod family, and they occur on both coasts in northern waters. Perhaps upon the whole there may be more brilliantly colored fishes and a greater number of them in the sea on the Floridan coasts, where so many highly colored forms exist, than there are in the ocean off the Lower Californian coasts, but that would be largely a matter of opinion and what any particular person would designate as a handsome fish. There are beau-

ties from both sides. Masses of brilliant and gorgeous colors do not invariably constitute great beauty in a fish, although there are exceptions to this rule, and on the other hand a great many people are of the opinion that no handsomer fish swim than the various species of American trout.

Eels stand high among the food fishes of importance and are widely known in the world. They do not occur in Western waters anywhere—that is the true eel. But then for big fish taken with rod and reel the East has no rival that can in any way compare with the tuna or tunny, the largest of all the mackerel family, a splendid food fish, often exceeding ten feet in length and weighing over 1,500 pounds. In the East, the only fish that in any manner or particular approaches the tuna is the tarpon, but tarpons are not good eating, they rarely exceed six feet in length or weigh more than 115 pounds—mere babies alongside the tunnies. On the other hand the common mackerel is only found in the Atlantic, and by all odds is one of the best known food fishes in the world. It does not occur on the Pacific Coast. In fact on the whole the mackerel family is better represented in the East than in the West.

In the case of the shad it was introduced by the United States Fish Commission on the Pacific Coast, where according to Dr. Jordan it is now abundant from Monterey northward. Of the world-renowned salmon family including the salmon-trout and their allies all of which hold such a high place as game fishes, it seems that both sides of the country are amply supplied. Various species of trout are very abundant in the Western waters, but in the matter of beauty I can only say that in my eyes all trout are beautiful, and I think some of the Western forms are quite as handsome, gamey and as good eating as our common Eastern brook trout. In the East they have the two species of black bass, and as game fishes these are unexcelled in any part of the world; their place is not filled by any Western fish known to me.

We might thus compare the immense number of species and sub-species of fishes that occur in the Eastern and Western waters of the United States, but unless very exhaustively done on the lines above indicated, a definite opinion in this group of vertebrates could not be attained at the present time. Fishermen and anglers in the East would say that they would rather catch one black bass than three game fish of any other species that the Pacific waters could yield, while a Western sportsman would, perhaps, rather have the fun of landing a single tuna or tunny than forty bass—and so it goes. It would be hard for any one to decide preference between the fish of the two coasts.

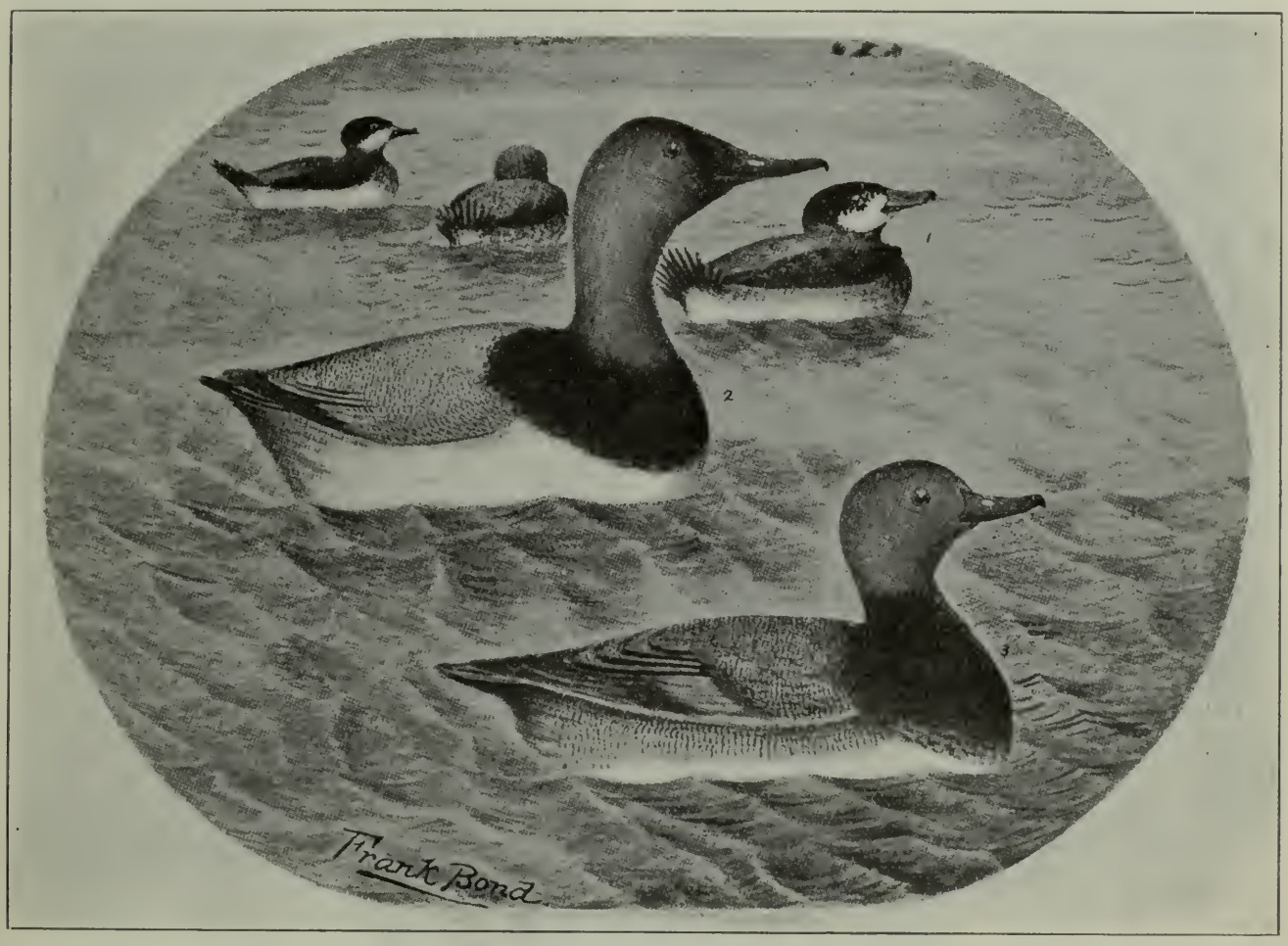
Passing next to the great world of reptiles, batrachians and their allies, the Western side of the country, I believe, offers to the collecting naturalist and the natural historian far more interesting material and in greater variety than does the East. The latter region, however, stands ahead in one group at least—the alligators and crocodiles of Florida waters. Formerly they formed a profitable and important industry in that State. Between 1880 and 1894 no less than 2,500,000 alligators were killed in Florida, their teeth and skins fetching a large sum. It goes without the saying that alligators and crocodiles are by all odds the largest of the reptila in this country. The group is not represented at all upon the Pacific Coast. But on the other hand when we come to study and compare all the smaller lizards, the Gila monster, the so-called horned toads (really horned lizards), the snakes, the turtles, frogs, toads and the like, to be found in the various parts of the region west of the Mississippi Valley and especially in the Californias and Arizona and throughout the territory to the northward, there is no question as to whether the East or the West has the most interesting fauna, for the West outranks the East in these groups in all particulars. The species and sub-species outnumber their Eastern representatives in the proportion of at least three or four or maybe more, to one. In California where the naturalist can easily collect a dozen different species of lizards, he could not find more than one or two in the Middle or Atlantic States or New England. Many of them are of considerable size and sometimes brilliantly colored. The Gila monster has a reputation throughout the world among general readers. No reptile in the East, aside from the alligator and crocodile, is at all famous, and the fame of the latter is much diluted through the fact that those big reptiles occur in so many other

parts of the world. As for snakes, the Western fauna is one of the richest in North America north of the Mexican boundary. When the old scenes of by-gone collecting days come up before me, when I recall the varied incidents of my long sojourn in the wide West, with all its novelty and all its freedom, the old desire comes over me very strongly again to be off for the wilderness, once more with gun, traps and camera, ready for field work and study.

The West is far ahead of the East in its reptilian and batrachian faunæ and that fact no well-informed naturalist will for a moment deny. I only wish that my space admitted of describing some of the more striking species here but we may do that some time later on. I have already touched upon the heloderma and the California snakes in WESTERN FIELD.

Coming next to birds—a class of vertebrates of the widest interest—we find that in such families and genera as the grebes, loons, puffins, auks, gulls and their allies, the albatrosses, fulmars, shearwaters, petrels, tropic birds, gannets, anhingas, cormorants, pelicans and the man-o'-war bird, among these as I say, where the species is not cosmopolitan and occurs in both the East and the West that the greatest number of species are to be found in the Western fauna. With respect to the mergansers, or "fish-ducks" as they are called by many, we have but three species in the United States, and they are all cosmopolitan in their ranges in so far as this country is concerned. Not including a few exceptions and stragglers from the Old World our ducks are cosmopolitan in their ranges, but in the West we find the cinnamon teal and Steller's duck, both very beautiful species, not occuring in the East. Such famous species as the canvas-back, the redhead and ruddy duck occur throughout the East and the West. (See figure.) Geese are not only better represented but far more abundant throughout the West than they are upon the Atlantic sea-board.

Then in Alaska they have that unusually handsome goose, the Emperor, that is confined to certain parts of that region, but has



CANVAS BACK (MIDDLE FIGURE), RED-HEAD (LOWER FIG URE), AND RUDDY DUCKS. ALL FOUND THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES. (BY THE AUTHOR, AFTER FRANK BOND.)

also been casually taken in California. The tree-ducks are Western, and of the three swans the West has the greatest claim upon them. Our flamingo and spoon-bill are restricted to the extreme southeast coast region, and a small majority of the big waders are likewise Eastern forms. Still the Western ibises and many of the herons, egrets, and bitterns are found in suitable localities all over the West and very abundantly in some places where they have not been exterminated, as they have nearly been in Florida by lawless and greedy feather dealers or their agents. It is to be hoped that the history of these waders will be an object-lesson to our friends in the West and that they will early make an attempt to spare the heronies in many places as they have in England and many parts of the Old World, where they are a feature of great interest.

(To be Concluded.)

Photo by A. D. Lockwood.
WIDGEON.

Photo by A. D. Lockwood.
SPRIG.

Photo by A. D. Lockwood.
WOOD DUCK.
SPECIES COMMON TO BOTH SECTIONS.

THE SOLDIER WHO FOUGHT IN THE RANKS...

YOU may sing of the generals who conquered the foe
Or defended the fort with great skill;
Of gallant commanders, despising all show,
Who performed each task with good will;
I admire the whole bunch, but tell you quite plain:
While the Nation returns them her thanks
All their efforts to win would have been but in vain,
If not helped by the man in the ranks.

Wher'er duty called him he strode with a will,
Disdaining grim danger and death,
His broad chest the Nation's firm bulwark 'gainst ill,
Fighting manfully to his last breath.
And then when his life-blood was poured on the sward—
A libation of liberty blest—
In a pit long forgotten by all save his God,
We laid our brave comrade to rest.

Then here's to the soldier who fought a good fight,
And flinched not because of slight wound,
Who slept on the field thro' the long dreary night,
In spite of the cannon's hoarse sound.
Who returned after long years of toil to his home,
To be slandered and cheated by cranks;
All true men respect him wherever he's known,
The soldier who fought in the ranks.

—*L. E. Grennan.*

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

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FRANK H. MAYER : : : : Managing Editor

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THE SALE OF GAME.

NOTWITHSTANDING the strong opposition of a certain mercenary class who look upon the present suicidial game-selling privilege as their own peculiar personal graft upon the public assets, the time will surely come when California will, by statute, prohibit this foolish drain upon the commonwealth's resources.

For the time will come when there will not be game enough for the market shooter's and the sportsman's joint requirements, and once that condition obtains the outcome is easily forecasted. There are a thousand sportsmen to every market shooter in California, and when the former—who pay all the taxes—see that the latter, who pay practically none, are destroying the common source of enjoyment, its needs no inspired seer to foresee how quickly the prohibitive handwriting will appear on the wall, and certainly no one doubts which of the two elements, sportsman or game hog, will be found wanting when weighed in the balances of communal equity.

STATE GAME PRESERVES.

A VERY gratifying step in the right direction will shortly be taken by the State of Indiana, which proposes to establish within its borders a State game preserve of generous acreage, the State Board of Forestry proposing to buy 2,000 acres outright, and stock same with fauna and flora native to Indiana.

We trust this wise example will be speedily followed by every State and Territory in the Union, and urge that California be among the first to follow Indiana's intelligent lead. The providing of a number of absolute sanctuaries for our game would go far toward solving the problem of efficient game protection. Given a liberal scope of territory, wherein it would always be close season, and our game beasts, fowls and fishes could enjoy a permanent emancipation from the constant harrassment which presently oppresses them both in and out of season, their reproduction would be more natural and bounteous, more in conformity with original conditions, and the overflow of such places of plenty would go farther toward the general conservation of both sport and species than would all the inefficient restocking shifts now employed by our authorities.

Were a meagre dozen such preserves established at proper places thoughout this State, and absolute sanctuary regulations rigidly enforced, the natural overflow would soon restock the public domain to an extent not hoped for even in the most enthusiastic game protectionist's wildest dreams. Complemented by a strict non-sale clause in our laws, covering all species of game, California would, in ten years, become a veritable sportsman's paradise, and that, too, without any prejudice to any class or any except a nominal expense to the commonwealth. It is a proposition well worth exploiting, and we hope to see it given full consideration by the people

THE OBLIGATION OF CAMPERS.

THERE is an altogether too great tendency on the part of campers to either ignorantly or wantonly disregard certain very vital obligations which devolve upon every man who goes into our forests for recreation and rest. This is all the more regrettable for that these obligations are both legal and moral, and their observance is tantamount to simple duty, while their disregard brings often calamity.

Chiefest among them is the proper care and control of fires, thousands of which are built daily during the camping season without regard to any other conditions save the

gratification of personal whim, or criminal prodigality. Conflagrations are the rule, rather than sensibly sized fires which serve all camping purposes much better, and the result is that the powerful element frequently gets beyond the control of the irresponsible weakling who loosed it and spreads devastation and desolation all over the land. At the present writing some of the most beautiful parts of our State are being ravaged by forest fires, kindled by careless campers, and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of valuable timber, to say nought of houses, fences, barns and other real and personal property of the people, has been, and is being destroyed through the folly of a few irresponsible idiots, who should never have been allowed at large without a guardian.

It should be the first duty of campers to see that all fires are kept under absolute control, and that they should invariably be totally extinguished during the absence, or at the departure of the builders. Fires should never be built where there is the remotest possibility of their spreading, and the volume should be judiciously proportioned to one's needs. It does not require a log-heap to fry a pan full of fish, broil a steak or make a pot of coffee; neither is it requisite that a magnificent standing tree should be incremated for the purpose of only seeing how high the flames can leap into the starlit sky. Reason and horse sense can be as profitably employed in the building of camp fires as in any other human divertisement, and their lack of employment should be made to constitute a penal offense; for the damage done by a fire's spreading does not end with the mere present destruction of values; its evil effects go much farther, often extending into years if not, indeed, into perpetuity.

Briefly stated, the destruction of timber and other vegetation by fire is generally so complete that seldom, if ever, is Nature capable of restoring the herbal and arboreal conditions, which alone can avert disastrous inundations by unrestrained precipitation of moisture. Nine-tenths of the calamitous floods of the past two decades resulted directly from the denudation by various causes of our mountains and valleys, of the timber and shrubbery which originally clothed them. This is frankly conceded by all who have intelligently investigated the matter. Denude a mountain range of its timber and undergrowth, and the rainfall, instead of being retained in the myriads of vegetable cells and otherwise retarded until evaporation has eliminated the danger, will be poured down in unchecked floods instead of the beneficent trickles and seepages which are so essential to the conservation of all natural growth. The moisture which should have been so stored and gradually expended to the best advantage is spontaneously wasted, with all the frightful results which we have lately been compelled to chronicle. Enormous tracts of low lying lands dependent upon mountain sources for their irrigating moisture have been rendered practically worthless and barren in consequence of the destruction of the higher vegetation, and life itself has been sacrificed through this lamentable cause. Campers should bear this in mind when they are tempted to play familiarly with an element that is mankind's best servant when held under subjection, but which developes into a merciless tyrant, once it attains control, besides whom the legendary Frankenstein's creation was as gentle as a sucking dove.

Another obligation of the camper is the avoidance of all unnecessary desecration of God's fairest temple. Don't litter up all the landscape with unsightly tin cans and other vile refuse that offends the eye, simply because you have done with that particular bit of the sanctuary. There are others who will come after you to enjoy the blessed pleasant places by forest, field and stream, and you have no right to force these signs of your personal abomination and uncleanliness upon them. Bury your offal, or at least concentrate it in one remote spot where pitying Nature can grow a vail over it—don't scatter the evidence of your disorder broadcast to invite the contempt of decent men; that much you owe to yourself. Don't catch all the fish in the waters, kill all the game in the forests, or deface all the natural beauties of the landscape; there will still be other days and other campers. In communion with broad old Nature be cleanly broad yourself. Leave your petty littleness with civilization. Here in the sanctuary sink your selfishness and be as pure and simple-hearted as your nature will admit.

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FROM THE UPPER SANTA ANA.

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: The fishing has been fairly good in the mountain streams hereabout, especially so in the creek below the Great Bear Valley dam. Trout measuring fourteen inches in length are reported to have been caught just below the reservoir. I hear that large quantities of dead fish have been seen floating down the river, which would seem to indicate that dynamite or India cockle had been used somewhere about its sources. As to who did this, I have no clue. There is one thing certain, I will not flinch from reporting the names of the guilty parties to the proper authorities once I get hold of them.

There has been so much tampering with the game laws by the Supervisors that no one knows when the dove or deer season will open or close. Doves are numerous, and I have seen and heard of plenty of quail. The shooting last season was fast and furious, and it lasted a long time, but still there were quite a supply of birds left to breed from. Many parties persisted in over-shooting the lawful limit of twenty-five per day. I know personally of several who did this continually, and of some who sold their birds.

You know the old gun club? Well it "went from together" and a new organization sprang up in its place. I think the new club is called the Pastime Gun Club. (Wonder why they didn't call it "the Western Field Gun Club?) But the boys in the new club are shooting a good gait. Percy Dugan has got a new gun, and Kirkpatrick wields his old one with the usual dexterity, but Courtney Whittemore is beating them all, shooting the old Smith gun that his brother Len used to use. Mack Phelps is president and W. C. Whittemore, secretary. The boys have been figuring on an all-day's shoot that will no doubt do the Gem City proud in the near future. At any rate, that is the way it looks to

The American Rambler.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

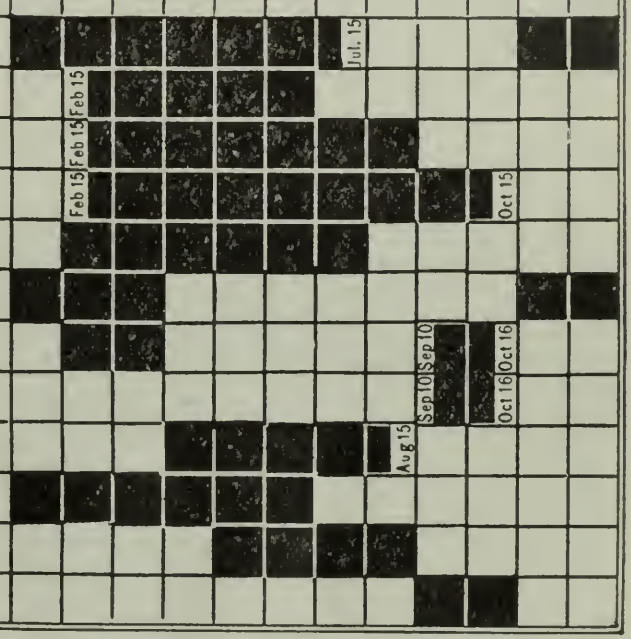
(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.

WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover, 25 in one day.
Doves, Ducks, - - - - - - - 50 in one day.
Rails, - - - - - - - - - 20 in one day.
Deer (male), - - - - - - - 3 in one season.



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants, or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured *written* authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or *without* your name and address.
To *buy* or *sell trout* less than *one-half pound* in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish, in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on enclosed land without permission.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Conducted by A. T. NOE, M. D.

THE WILL AS A FACTOR IN PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

THOSE who read the article in last month's issue, will remember the stress laid upon the fact that mere muscular development was valueless, and that the development of the organs was a vital necessity. I have lately had a strong exemplification of this truth.

Being interested in scientific methods for physical betterment, I went over to the training quarters of James Corbett. I watched his work carefully, and found him training along lines I have long advocated. He is not straining every nerve to increase his muscle, but sytematically developing his breathing power, thereby increasing his "wind" and endurance. He does not keep himself continually on the strain that most boxers indulge in, but has periods in which he rests, and others in which he gives himself to breathing alone.

To look at "Jim" to-day, you will find a very different man from the average pugilist. He is not a great big animal, whose only power is brute strength, but the keen eye full of alert activity, the quick, agile body, all prove him a better man to-day than he was when he won his first fight. His body is trim, displaying a wonderful litheness, and his muscles are wonders of motive power, quick and energetic. Another great point he has learned, that his mind or will power means much to him in the use and control of his body. He now fixes his will and concentrates his mind upon the set of muscles he is developing; the consequence is that he is able to command them far more easily.

Herein lies the secret of perfect physical control. The brain is the main office of activity in the body; having wires (nerves) to every part of the whole system, it operates through these very sensative avenues

"JIM" CORBETT.

of communication. Every movement, every function, every action of the body, is first started in the brain. Your arms and hands, feet and legs, etc., do not move of themselves, but obey the orders of the brain through the nerves. Now, the brain is controlled through the mind just as your hand guides the pen, and if you wish your body to be active and obedient, you must first get control of the instrument with which you operate. Use your will to control your brain.

When you are practicing to obtain physical vigor, fix your mind upon the part of the body you are working with. Do not

WHERE CLEVERNESS COUNTS.

aimlessly punch, run or fence. Don't allow your mind to run on alien thoughts, or worries, but concentrate all your forces, mental and physical, upon the desired development. You will soon see the value of this advice. This is the lesson that Jim Corbett has learned, and to-day he recognizes the immense power he has gained by these new methods. Of course it is not all science that produces the "knockout." That may be the result of accident; but the man who uses the force of his will power and keeps his mind active, stands the best chance to place the "knockout." For his body, obedient to the dictates of his mind, is in the habit of responding, and therefore when the eyes perceive the chance, quick as lighnting the muscles are ready to fulfill the command of the brain. Thus it will be seen how the will power is a factor in physical development.

Last month I gave suggestions as to use of the stomach muscles to strengthen and develop them. These movements will also generate vital force which you should use to every advantage.

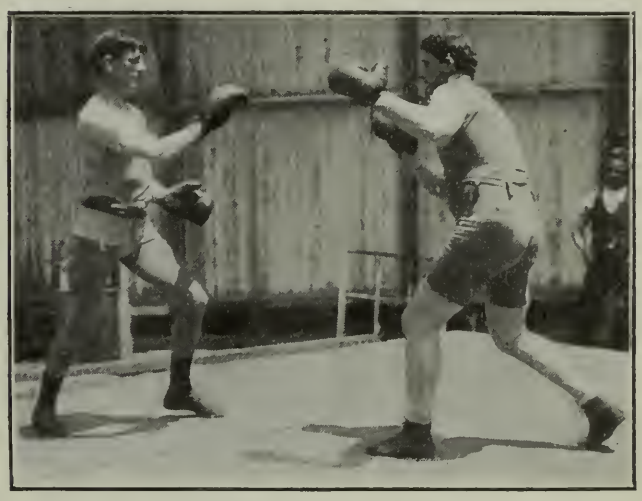
The stomach being the great producer of blood must necessarily be strong, but if the force and vitality generated in this vital center is not used and applied of what avail is it to you? This month I will suggest a few movements to show how you can make the energy you possess very useful and beneficial. You will find these exercises strengthening and developing the muscles of the upper back and chest, also the arms.

You will find in contracting these muscles upon themselves you are keeping all the force and strength within yourself; but when you lift artificial weights, etcetera, you are throwing off your vital energy, exhausting and tearing down instead of building up and retaining your strength.

EXERCISE.

Stand as in figure 13. Right foot forward, body erect, chest well up, every muscle rigid and tense. Extend arms at right angles to body, palms up. Slowly bend arms at the elbows till tips of fingers touch in hollows of shoulders. Keep muscles rigid as if lifting a very heavy weight. Now push arms out to first position keeping muscles rigid. Drop arms and relax. Repeat six times, being careful to relax after each movement.

(b) Stand erect as in figure 14. Body carefully poised. Extend arms as in drawing, palms forward. Slowly, with very rigid muscles, draw hands together till palms of hands meet. Then with all your might push arms back, as far as you can. Keep muscles tense till you finish movement, then relax. Repeat five times.



CORBETT AND KENNY.

(c) Stand erect as in figure 15. Extend arms at right angles to shoulder level. Make muscles rigid, then draw hands together in a downward curve till tips of fingers meet just below waist line. Keep muscles as tense as possible and return to first position. Relax. Repeat six times.

These movements are far more deep-reaching than appears on the surface, and should be very carefully practiced. Be careful to relax after each and every one of them, and do not overdo. Remember you are using your own, not an artificial or alien force. You should feel stronger and better for them, not exhausted or weakened.

Fig 13

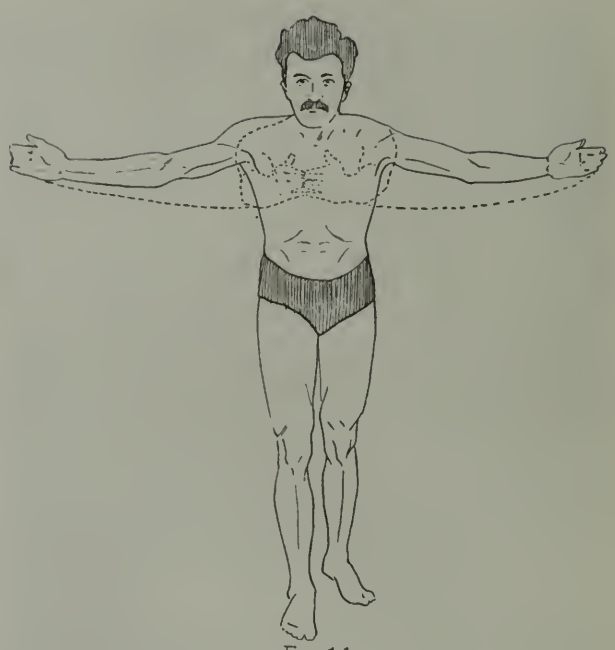


Fig 14

Fig. 15.

[Dr. Noe again desires to say to our readers that it is his great pleasure to answer, by mail or in person, any questions propounded in connection with this course of Physical Culture. Letters should be addressed to him at Starr-King Building, San Francisco.]

DAYTON SHOOTING GROUNDS.

THE BIG DAYTON SHOOT

THE nineteenth annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, held at Dayton, Wash., June 25, 26, 27, was a grand success in every particular. Out of eighty-three entrants no less than fifty-four shot through the whole tournament, and the shooting was much above the average.

G. L. Becker, A. P. Bigelow and W. F. Sheard tied in the Globe Trophy, each breaking forty-five targets; the three then shot off the tie, Becker and Bigelow again tieing with forty-seven each and, Sheard getting forty-six; in the shoot-off between Becker and Bigelow they both tied again with forty-six, and they will settle the event in Utah during the next six months. Becker won the Individual Championship Medal and also the High Average Medal; Bigelow won the Multnomah Medal; C. D. Ellis of Harrington, Wash., won the Walla Walla Brownlee Medal; E. F. Confarr of Livingston, Mont., won the Brownlee Trophy; M. McMillan of Idaho Falls, Ida., won the Dayton Medal with fifty broken targets out of a possible fifty, making a straight run through the whole event; I. Dornberg of Spokane, Wash., won the Anaconda Cup. In the three team event E. E. Ellis, P. A. Purdy and D. Cooper of the Seattle team, won the team trophy.

A special event was given for "Expert, and Manufacturers' Agents Only." In this event there was added money of $50.00, the following named gentlemen participated. In this event the Dayton Rod and Gun Club waived the entrance fee of $5.00 for each person, and those participating then agreed to send the added money of $50.00 to the Zeppner, Or. sufferers:

Mr. J. S. Fanning, 99 Cedar street, N. Y., with the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., N. Y.

Mr. W. H. Seaver, with the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. R. C. Reed, with the Selby Smelting & Lead Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. Frank Howe, 869 Corbett street, Portland, with Union Metalic Cartridge Co., San Francisco, Cal.

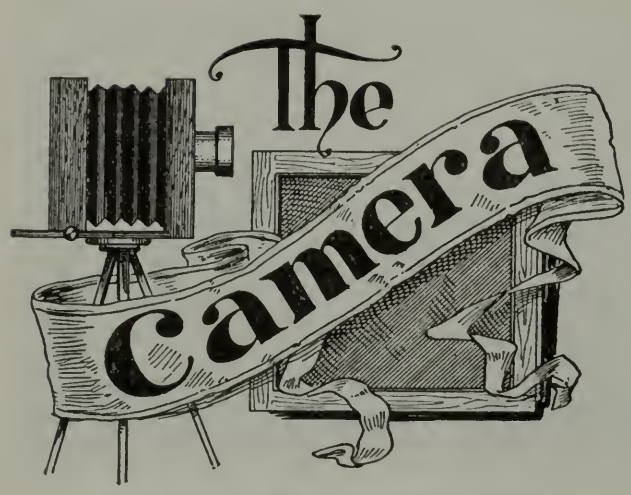
Mr. C. A. Haight, 226 Market street, San Francisco, with E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Co., 226 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

All of the above gentlemen are experts or manufacturers' agents.

Lack of space forbids the publication here of the individual scores in detail and we will be enabled only to give the tabulated percentages of those who shot throughout the entire tournament, as follows:

NORTHWEST TOURNAMENT, 1903, HIGH AVERAGES, TOTAL 600 SHOTS.

NO.	NAME.		AVERAGE.	PERCENT.	NO.	NAME.		AVERAGE.	PERCENT.
1.	Becker	1	555	92.5	28.	Hindle	22	497	83.1
2.	Sheard	2	545	90.8	29.	Jent	22	497	83.1
3.	E. E. Ellis	3	540	90.0	30.	Reed	23	496	82.6
4.	Seaver	4	539	89.5	31.	S. O. Tanahill	24	492	82.0
5.	Fanning	5	535	89.1	32.	Flohr	25	490	81.6
6.	Bigelow	6	534	89.0	33.	P. N. Thompson	26	489	81.5
7.	Stephens	7	530	88.2	34.	Smails	27	488	81.3
8.	Confarr	7	530	88.2	35.	Wm. Hillis	28	487	81.1
9.	McBroom	8	526	87.6	36.	Shields	29	479	79.8
10.	Harry Ellis	9	524	87.3	37.	Howe	30	477	79.5
11.	McClure	10	523	87.1	38.	Kershaw	30	477	79.5
12.	Holohan	11	522	87.0	39.	Lougee	31	476	79.3
13.	Baker	12	518	86.3	40.	Forbes	32	475	79.1
14.	C. D. Ellis	12	518	86.3	41.	Whitlaw	33	473	78.8
15.	Ware	12	518	86.3	42.	J. T. Hillis	33	473	78.8
16.	Cooper	13	517	86.1	43.	Dorn	34	471	78.5
17.	McMillan	14	515	85.8	44.	Dunn	35	466	77.7
18.	Haight	14	515	85.8	45.	Steel	36	463	77.1
19.	Peck	15	513	85.5	46.	Wood	37	462	77.0
20.	L. A. Smith	15	513	85.5	47.	Story	38	450	75.0
21.	Guist	16	511	85.1	48.	Mocine	39	444	74.0
22.	S. McDonald	17	507	84.5	49.	Garrett	39	444	74.0
23.	Beck	17	507	84.5	50.	Dr. T. F. Smith	40	441	73.5
24.	Abraham	18	506	84.3	51.	Murphy	41	428	71.1
25.	Dryden	19	505	84.1	52.	Stewart	42	425	70.8
26.	Pierce	20	501	83.5	53.	Mrs. Sheard	43	372	62.1
27.	Knettle	21	500	83.3	54.	Brownlee	44	367	61.1



A CHAT WITH THE AMATEUR.

By "CHIPPENDALE.

THE non-success of many beginners in photography is due to their not understanding the materials they are working with. You would not feel competent to compete with the others in the business world, unless you were a master of your trade, or had at least a good elementary knowledge of its principles. This should, and does hold good with your recreation, as well as with your business, and to thoroughly enjoy you must understand.

Many amateur photographers who would feel offended if you termed them beginners, only know that if you expose a plate in the camera, and then put it into two solutions, you will obtain a negative, and that you can obtain a print from this negative by placing it in a printing frame in contact with a sheet of paper coated with "something or other." They have given absolutely no thought whatever to the action of light upon the sensitive film, or the chemical action during development, or printing. These are the people who blame the camera and the manufacturer for their non-success, and usually give up photography in disgust because they cannot produce results equal to those of the photographer who knows what he is doing. You, of course, know that a camera is simply a light tight box in which the sensitive plate may be placed to receive the image passed through the lens located at one end of the light tight box. The sensitive plate, that is the ordinary dry plate, is a sheet of clear glass, upon which has been spread an emulsion sensitive to the action of light. This emulsion consists of bromide of silver in gelatine. During the working of the emulsion the tiny particles of silver bromide are imbeded in little sacs of the gelatine, to be liberated later by the action of a portion of the developer.

When the exposure is made, a change takes place in the composition of the bromide of silver film, due to the action of the light. This action varies in extent according to the intensity of the light in any one portion of the image, and the duration of exposure. The resulting action of the light is an invisible image on the sensitive film. This image may be made to appear by immersing in what we term the developer. When the plate is immersed in the developer the image will gradually appear, and observation will show that it is built up in varying black tones. these corresponding in depth to the varying intensities of light in the object photographed. The invisible image on the exposed film is known as the latent image. We have no exact knowledge of the nature of the latent image, or of the nature of the change effected by the light in the bromide. We do know, however, that when this image is treated with the chemical compound, called the developer, the light-acted-upon portions of the film are further changed to metallic silver. As the process of development consists in changing the acted-upon bromide of silver to metallic silver, the principal constituent must be some substance capable of effecting this reduction. There are a number of substances having this power, among the best known being pyrogalic acid or pyrogallol, commonly called "pyro," metol, hydrochinon, amidol, ortol, etc.

Aside from the developing or reducing agent, the developer must also contain what is termed an accelerator. This is an alkali, which increases the property of the reducer to absorb oxygen, and so make it work more energetically, carbonate of soda or potash being the alkalies most commonly employed. As before stated, the particles of silver bromide are enclosed in infinitesimal sacs of the gelatine, like an egg in its shell, and the action of the alkali is to open these small sacs and allow the reducing agent to act upon the particles of bromide of silver.

The developer also contains a preservative

to keep the developer from discoloring, and thereby staining the film, and also to keep the developing agent from oxidizing when made up for future use. Sodium sulphite is the agent most commonly employed, and only the best quality of transparent crystals should be used. The remaining agent is, of course, the solvent—water, and whenever possible, distilled water should be used, as the ordinary water contains so many impurities, often detrimental to the proper working of the developer.

The foregoing will give us a correct knowledge of the consituents of the developer; and now we know that the contrast in the negative will be increased by increasing the developing agent, or reducer; by reducing the developing agent the contrasts are lessened, and the development proceeds more slowly. An increased amount of the alkali accelerator will make the development proceed more rapidly; this, however, tends to produce fog and reduces contrasts. By reducing the amount of the accelerator we reduce the tendency to fog, and the development proceeds more slowly, but with increased contrasts. It will be well to remember that all developing agents are not alike in

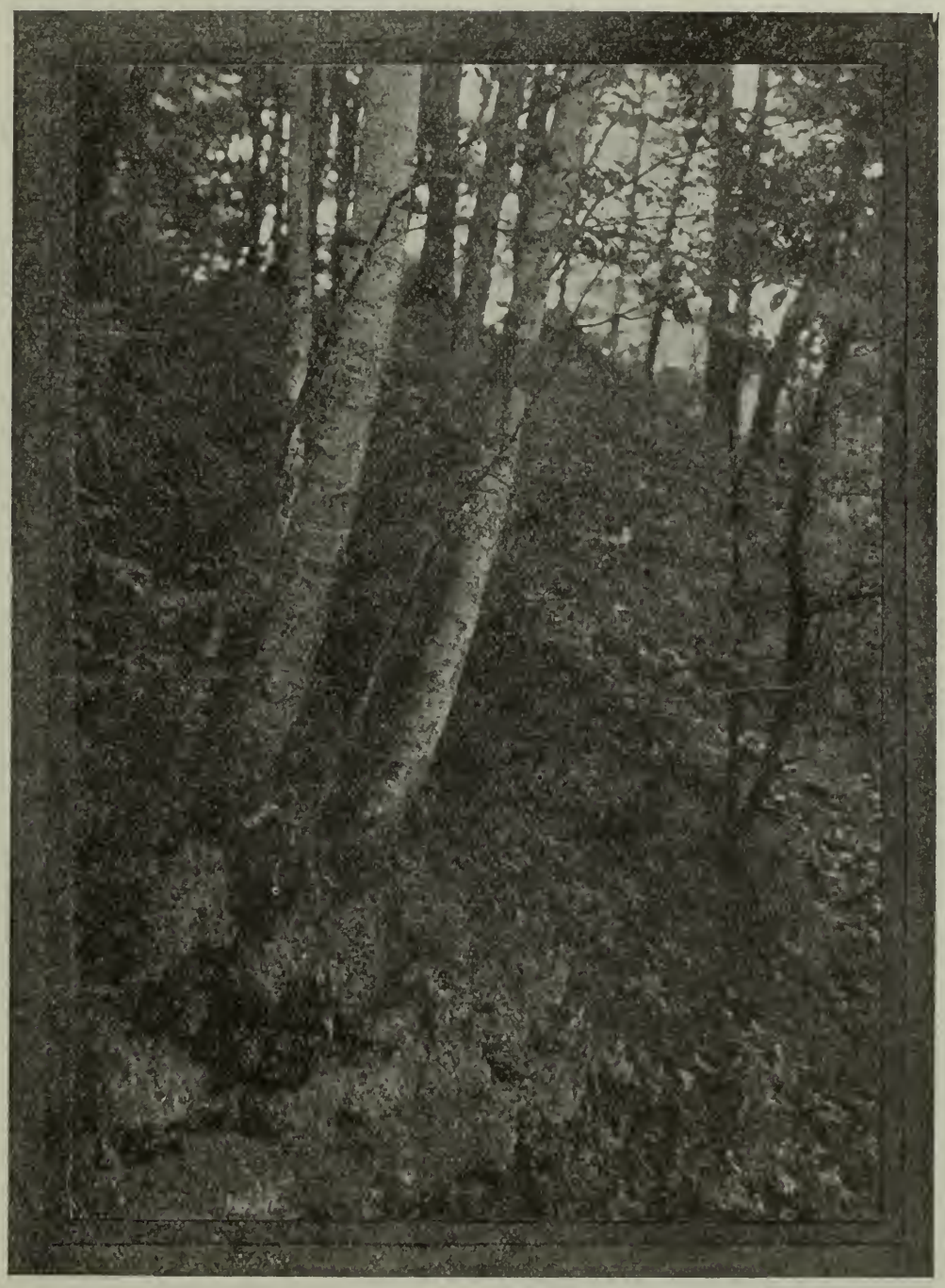


Photo by Frank K. Lawrence.

BEACH WOODS—EVENING.

their actions, and consequently will not produce the same quality of negative, hydrochinon producing intense blacks with great contrasts, valuable in reproducing drawings, etc., where density and contrast are required; metol produces thinner and softer negatives with fine gradations, and a combination of metol and hydrochinon will usually produce the best results in the hands of the beginner.

No two makes of plates are exactly the same in component parts, and it is a most excellent plan to stick to one plate and one developer, and to use the formula given by the maker of the plate, who should and does know, the developer best suited to it. There is not a bad plate in the American market to-day, and any of them will produce good results if properly handled.

In our future chats we shall take up the various processes of photography and explain the "whys and wherefores," and shall endeavor to avoid the use of unnecessary technical terms and names, making these chats of practical value to the amateur having no knowledge of the chemistry of photography.

* * *

The simplest and best quick drying negative varnish of our acquaintance is composed of:

Japanners' best gold size	1 part
Benzole	2 parts

Or the following may be used:

Sandarac	1 oz	166 g
Methylated chloroform	6 ozs	1,000 c c

Shake till dissolved, and filter.

* * *

Among all the combined toning and fixing solutions that we have tried, the following is the most satisfactory. It keeps well and deposits no appreciable sediment:

Hpyo	2½ozs	250 c c
Citric acid	30 grs	7 g
Acetate of lead	30 grs	7 g
Ammonium sulphocyanide	120 grs	28 g
Boiling water	10 ozs	1,000 g

Dissolve in the above order and boil for ten minutes, cool, filter, and add:

Chloride of gold	2 grs	4 g

* * *

The best formula for making ferro-prussiate paper for blue prints is said by an eminent authority to be:

Green ammonio-citrate of iron	110 grs	220 g
Distilled water	1 oz	1,000 c. c.
Potassium ferridcyanide	40 grs	80 g
Distilled water	1 oz	1,000 c c

Mix and filter, and apply to paper with a soft brush, that is not bound with metal, and dry quickly.

* * *

Platinotypes may be toned to a sepia tint without the use of mercuric chloride by the following formula:

1—Uranium nitrate	48 grs	100 g
Distilled water	1 oz	1,000 c c
2—Potassium-ferrdcyanide	48 grs	100 g
Distilled water	1 oz	1,000 c c
3—Sodium sulphite	48 grs	100 g
Distilled water	1 oz	1,000 c c

For use mix—

No. 1	60 m	12 c c
No. 2	60 m	12 c c
No. 3	60 m	12 c c
Glacial acetic acid	180 m	36 c c
Water to	10 ozs	1,000 c c

Immerse well-washed print till slightly warmer than required, then wash rapidly and dry.

* * *

A good retouching medium is made as follows:

Gum dummar	150 grs	10 g
Turpentine	2½ ozs	75 c c
Benzene	2½ ozs	75 c c
Oil of lavender	50 m	3 c c

* * *

A bromide developer that will give a rich gray tone to enlargements and not stain is made of:

Sodium sulphite	1 oz	100 g
Potassium bromide	10 grs	2 g
Water	10 ozs	1,000 c c

When required for use add:

Amidol (dry)	40 grs	8 g

Give a fairly full exposure.

By Arthur Inkersley.

DURING the month of June the San Francisco and Corinthian yachtmen enjoyed many good cruises, though but few events of special importance took place. To follow the good old rule of "Seniores priores," the San Francisco Yacht Club's most notable event was the day of aquatic sports at the club house at Sausalito, on Sunday, June 14. The verandas of the club house were crowded with spectators, the many ladies in light summer dresses giving an air of gayety to the scene. A swimming race for members of the Olympic Club, from the float to and around a launch moored to the south of the club house and back, was won by Clarence V. Clough, F. M. Vickie being second. The swimming race for members of the San Francisco Yacht Club brought out four or five competitors, and was won by R. W. Mason by a very small margin from Hillyer Deuprey. "Chasing the Duck" consisted in the pursuit of a man in a small skiff by several rowboats. Hillyer Deuprey was the "duck" and, after eluding his pursuers for some time, was compelled to take to the water, where he was caught.

A race in the treble sculling barges of the club between crews from the flagship Thetis and the sloop Juanita was won by the former, consisting of E. A. Dein, bow; R. D. Noble, No. 2; R. S. Bridgman, stroke; and Louis Le Page, cockswain.

The event entitled a "misfit swimming and dressing race" excited a good deal of laughter as the competitors swam from yacht to yacht, picking up and donning an article of attire on each. A. R. Haskins proved the winner. Both R. W. Mason and Hillyer Deuprey, the former in feminine dress, succeeded in walking out to the end of the greasy pole. In the blindfold yawl race two men, each with a pair of sculls but with bandages over their eyes, pulled according to the directions of a rudderless lady cockswain. As might be supposed, great confusion resulted, boats colliding and the steerswomen finding their task a hard one. F. Clodie and W. W. Farrar, steered by Miss Agnes Urquhart, won. The yawl race for boatkeepers, from the float to and around a steamer anchored off Hurricane Gulch, was won by A. Freeman of the schooner Josephine, M. Lang, boatkeeper of the San Francisco Yacht Club, being second, and B. Benson of the sloop Nixie, third.

A race in skiffs, competitors using their hands as paddles, for a prize hung in the cross-trees of the sloop Ariel, was won by W. W. Farrar. W. B. Goodwin, the old Yale oarsman, and A. H. Bullion of the Olympic Club gave an exhibition race in outrigged skiffs. A trial of speed between the junior and senior barge crews of the Olympic Boat Club was won by the senior four, made up of G. B. Dinsmore, bow; A. H. Bullion, No. 2; J. T. Beales, No. 3; R. H. Varney stroke; and C. Brandenstein, cockswain. A special race in the San Francisco Yacht Club barges was won by a crew made up of H. W. McClure, bow; A. R. Haskins, waist;; A. H. Bullion, stroke; and P. L. Van Tassel, cockswain. W. G .Morrow officiated as starter and judge. A. G. A. Mueller being announcer. Commodore R. S. Bridgeman, W. W. Haley, F. H. Muchmore and Hillyer Deuprey assisted. After the aquatic events many of the spectators were taken out for a cruise. The sports were much enjoyed, and attracted a large number of the yachtsmen, their sisters, their cousins and their aunts.

THE FLAGSHIP.

On Saturday evening, June 20, several of the San Francisco yachts cruised up to Paradise Cove, being joined on Sunday by many craft flying the Corinthian and California burgees. A strong breeze tempted the San Francisco yachtsmen to weigh anchor early for a cruise in the Upper Bay before returning to moorings in Sausalito. The wind off El Campo in the afternoon was strong, and several of the yachts went out under reduced canvas. On Saturday, June 27, there was a dance at the club house.

The Corinthians were busy enough during the month of June cruising to the various well-known anchorages of the Upper Bay, but the only event deserving particular notice was the aquatic carnival at the Tiburon club house, on Sunday, June 28. Many of the yachtsmen arrived by the 9:30 a. m. boat from San Francisco, while others came by the 11 o'clock boat. The water sports were under the management of a committee made up of Dr. E. N. Short, Lester J. Hammersmith, Stanley J. Fay and N. A. Hewson. The fancy diving and swimming by members of the Olympic Club was under the leadership of Sidney Cavill, the noted swimmer and instructor. The rowing and sailing races were arranged by the Regatta Committee. The judges were ex-Commodore H. D. Hawks, Douglas Erskine and W. F. Dixey. The starters were Vice-Commodore Thomas Jennings, Robert Dean, Frank A. Bartlett, with Frank W. Thompson. The great basso, with the aid of a megaphone, succeeded in usurping the functions of starters and judges in addition to that of announcer, but his benevolent despotism seemed to be welcome to those who fell under it.

The first event, called at 11:25 A. M., was the small yacht sailing race, for which three boats entered. At the start they had a good deal of difficulty in getting clear of each other, and round the course the wind was light. They finished in the following order: Sloop, John Norby, sailed by Jack Short, first; the half-rater, Venture, sailed by F. E. Schober, second; the sloop, Flying Fish, sailed by J. C. Brickell and S. Middlemas, third. The race was awarded to the last boat "on time allowance."

The second event was a race for yachts' small boats, each carrying one man with a pair of sculls. The nine competitors became much mixed up, but Carl Tornberg crossed the finishing line first, with J. Wagner second. A swimming race for members of the Olympic Club, with handicaps alloted by Sidney Cavill, was won by E. Scott Leary, the scratch man, H. Duckett being second, and Lester Hammersmith third. A race of about 200 yards in small boats, using a single scull at the stern, was won by C. Grand, Percy Burr being second. A goose hunt created much amusement, though the bewildered bird lessened his chances of escape by diving too frequently. She fell an easy prey to Sidney Cavill, who brought her ashore in a half-drowned state, and proceeded to roll her over a barrel. H. Duckett proved successful in securing the club flag at the end of the greasy pole from half a dozen competitors. A swimming race for heavyweights was won by Douglas Erskine, A. Straus being second, and 'Mike" of the flagship Edna, third.

After the sports the tars and their visitors sat down to a Corinthian luncheon of clam chowder, beans, etc., served under the directions of Acting Port Captain E. N. Short, in the absence of that prince of caterers, John H. Keefe, at Lake Tahoe. After luncheon the prizes were presented in the main hall, where Signor Abramoff, Frank W. Thompson and Sidney Cavill rendered some songs. The whole affair was highly successful, and a similar event will probably find a place each year on the programme of the Corinthian Yacht Club.

The busiest of the local clubs during June was the California Yacht Club. On June 6, several of the yachts cruised to Sheep Island, being joined by others next day. After an al fresco luncheon on the beach and a baseball game, the tars sailed homewards.

On Sunday, June 14, the regatta committee of the California Yacht Club presented a double bill—the Tenth Annual Class Flag Regatta and the race for the Owner's Cup. The yachts were divided into three classes, class A including all having a racing length of more than thirty-six feet; class B, all craft having a racing length of more than thirty feet, but not more than thirty-six feet, and class C, all boats exceeding eighteen feet in racing length, but not exceeding thirty feet. For the class flags each yacht received a time allowance based upon the rules of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association, while for the Owner's Cup the handicaps were based upon the previous performances of the boats. In class A the flagship Idler and the schooner Challenge were the only starters, the former winning the class flag by the narrow margin of three seconds, corrected time. In class B the sloop Thelma, sailed by S. S. Marshall, won the class flag by a margin of five minutes and seventeen seconds from Jessie E., Pactolus not finishing.

In class C there were seven starters, of which two were yawls. The best time was made by R. C. Davis's sloop Espey, which beat C. E. Clark's yawl Gypsie by fifty-one seconds, corrected time. After the race C. E. Clark filed a protest against Espey on the ground that, while on the port tack, she had forced Gypsie, on the starboard tack, to fall off and lose the windward position to avoid a collision. The protest was heard a few evenings later at the club house and it was decided that the race be sailed over. This was done on Sunday, June 28, the start being made by the fire of one gun at 12:05 P. M. Gypsie crossed the line at 12:06:30 and finished at 3:52:37, giving an elapsed and corrected time of three hours, forty-seven minutes, thirty-seven seconds. Espey crossed the starting line at 12:06:34 and finished at 4:10:52, giving an elapsed time of four hours, five minutes, fifty-two seconds, and a corrected time of four hours, four minutes, thirty-seven seconds. The wind was somewhat light and fluky at the start, but in the channel the yachtsmen fell in with a stiff breeze. A strong flood-tide ran during the whole race, rendering the time slow. The details of the Class Flag Regatta and the Owners' Cup race on June 14, are shown in the table:

YACHT—SAILED BY	Sailing Length.	Starting Time.	Finishing Time	Elapsed Time.	Flag Allowance.	Cor'ct'd Time.	Cup Allowance.	Cor'ct'd Time.
		H. M. S	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.	H, M, S,
Class A—Racing Length exceeding 36 feet.								
Sl. Jessie E., J. T. Carrier	30.67	1:10:00	3:34:10	2:24:10	3:33	2:21:17	5:56	2;18;54
Ywl. Idler, Harold Martin	36.92	1:20:00	4:00:38	2:40:38	00:00	2:40:38	23 20	2:17:18
Sch. Challenge, C. P. Doe	—.—	1:20:00	4:04:21	2:44:21	0:32	2:43:49	27:00	2:17:21
Class B—Racing Length exceeding 30 feet, but not exceeding 36 feet.								
Sl. Thelma, S. S. Marshall	33.23	1:10:00	2:26:48	2:16:48	0:48	2:16:00	12:31	2:04:17
Sl. Pactolus, G. L. Wakeman	33.99	1:10:00	*		0:00		11:04	
Class C—Racing Length exceeding 18 feet, but not exceeding 30 feet.								
Ywl. Gypsie, C. E. Clark	29.62	1:00:00	3:35:00	2:35:00	0:00	2:35:00	11:20	2:23:40
Sl. Espy, R. C. Davis	28.64	1:00:00	3:35:24	2:35:24	1:15	2:34:09	12:29	2:22:55
Sl. Secret, Lee Gale	27.58	1:00:00	3:42:16	2:42:16	2:35	2:39:41	29:20	2:12:56
Sl. Catherine, Julius Back	26.24	1:00:00	3:54:26	2:54:26	4:37	2:49:49	26:40	2;27;46
Ywl. Pilgrim, Howard Pratt	24.02	1:00:00	3:59:08	2:59:08	8:02	2:51:06	32:20	2:26:48
Sl. Surf, L. Thomas	21.41	1:00:00	4:51:16	3:51:16	12:48	3:38:28	37:10	3:14:06
Sl. Dixie, A. Kane		1:00:00	*				30:30	

* Did not finish.

CANOE PIRATE, IN BELVEDERE COVE.

Occasionally the yachtsmen of Sausalito and Tiburon talk about a cruise to the Oyster Beds, Dumbarton Point, Redwood City or some other spot in the southern waters of San Francisco Bay. But the shoal waters and almost unknown character of that part of the bay deter the yachtsmen from actually undertaking the trip. The California Club, however, successfully carried out a trip to Redwood City in June. On Saturday, the 20th, Commodore George M. Shaw's yawl Idler, accompanied by Vice-Commodore Charles P. Doe's schooner Challenge, Lee Gale's sloop Secret, A. M. Clay's sloop Pactolus and S. S. Marshall's sloop Thelma started from Oakland Creek in the afternoon. Getting a strong breeze off the hills to the south of San Bruno Point, the fleet made the mouth of Redwood Slough at dusk. At 8:30 P. M., Thelma, Pactolus and Secret dropped anchor at Redwood City. The schooner Challenge ran aground on the top of the high tide and as the tibe ebbed was left hard and fast. At low water the crew dug a channel, floating her off at high water at 11 o'clock on Sunday night. The flagship Idler anchored at the new cut in the slough in readiness to receive the boats of the South Bay Yacht Club. These were towed by launches from Alviso, which they left at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, lying to for the night off Dumbarton Point. A strong head wind made the job of towing the fleet a hard one. Early on Sunday morning the following South Bay yachts came into the slough: Commodore H. A. Spencer's schooner Muriel, Vice-Commodore J. C. McKee's Ketch Camarada, L. Swain's yawl Frolic; the sloops Nereus, Feu Follet, Papoose and Cisne, with three launches. Visits were paid to the various yachts, and Redwood City was viewed. Half an hour after noon the launches towed the yachts for a little distance from the city and a start homeward was made. The sloop Thelma sailed into a blind slough and ran aground, but was floated off at high water on Sunday night. The return trip was made without mishap, the Oakland yachts reaching moorings before 6 P. M.

The ninth annual race for the Wallace Trophy of the California Yacht Club on Independence Day brought only two competitors: Robert Vincent's yawl Iola and S. S. Marshall's sloop Thelma, the latter proving the winner. The starting gun was fired at 12 noon, Thelma crossing the line at 12:01:05 and Iola at 12:01:23. The breeze was moderate, but freshened considerably in about half an hour. In the channel it blew hard, with a heavy sea. Iola repeatedly put her decks under, and would have made better time had her canvas been reduced. A few minutes after rounding Presidio Shoal buoy the spinnaker-boom of Thelma snapped, and she lost the use of the spinnaker for the run home. Thelma finished at 2:24:29 P. M., and Iola at 2:28:28. Iola's skipper had lost time by overstanding the windward mark, and being obliged to ease off sheets to fetch it. Thelma's elapsed time was two hours, twenty-four minutes, twenty-nine seconds, and deducting a time allowance of two minutes, fifty-one seconds, her corrected time was two hours, twenty-one minutes, thirty-eight seconds. Thelma thus won by a margin of six minutes, fifty seconds. The course was a beat from the southerly pierhead of the Oakland Broad Gauge Mole six miles to and round the Presidio Shoal buoy, and a run home to the mole, six miles to each leg. The time was taken from the starting-gun at 12 noon, and was unusually good, as the tide was fair both ways, ebbing out to the buoy and flooding on the return trip.

Many of the Sausalito, Tiburon and Oakland yachts made extended cruises during the Independence Day holidays. The Corinthians sailed to Martinez on Friday evening, July 3, and on the Fourth went through Montezuma Slough, thence to Vallejo. The return trip from Vallejo was made next day. The flagship Thetis of the San Francisco Yacht Club, accompanied by the sloops Surprise, Juanita and Halcyon, made Vallejo on the eve of the Fourth. Surprise, Juanita and Halcyon made Napa City on the morning of the Fourth, and Jaunita remained there. The other two were towed out of Napa Creek by F. A. Robbins' launch Rob Roy, and dropped anchor at Vallejo that night. On Sunday, the 5th, the sloops Thetis, Surprise, Halcyon and Jaunita raced down from Vallejo to Sausalito for the fourth cup which remained unawarded in the race on May 31. Thetis won the prize. On Sunday W. G. Morrow's sloop Challenger left Sausalito at 8:50 A. M., and ran up to Vallejo, reaching the receiving ship Independence at about 11:45. Putting about she started homeward and was making a record for the round trip, until off California City a calm spot was struck, which caused nearly half an hour's delay. After cruising out a little beyond Lime Point, where a very stiff breeze was blowing and a heavy sea running, she slacked out sheets and ran for her moorings at Sausalito. Several yachts of the California fleet started on the Fourth for a week's cruise up the Sacramento River.

START OF SMALL YACHT SAILING RACE, AT CORINTHIAN AQUATIC CARNIVAL.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE event of the month among local automobilists is the tournament at Del Monte, which promises to be highly successful. President F. A. Hyde believes that it will be one of the pleasantest outings yet undertaken by the Automobile Club of California. B. D. Merchant and N. T. Messer, Jr., have been appointed members of a special committee to take charge of the affair. Either of them may be addressed at Room 151, Crocker building, San Francisco.

The motor-cars will leave San Francisco by the 3 P. M. Oakland Creek ferry-boat on Thursday, August 6, and will proceed one by one to San Jose that evening. On Friday morning an early start will be made from San Jose. At San Juan the automobilists will rendezvous to decide which route to Monterey shall be followed—whether over the San Juan hill, or around it. Mr. Hyde says that the San Juan hill is not at all difficult, but, if it is decided to tackle it, it will be well for the automobilists to go over it in a body, sending some one ahead to give warning to any horse-drawn vehicles that may be on the way. If it is decided to go around the San Juan hill, it will be necessary to take the route through Watsonville, which is about eighteen miles longer. It will be an easy matter to reach Del Monte in time for dinner, and the trip either over the San Juan hill, or by way of Watsonville is a pleasant one.

While the automobilists are admonished not to be troubled by anticipations of danger, they may, if they wish to avoid traveling by road, send their machines by rail. A special rate of thirty dollars for a freight car for the round trip has been obtained. Each car will hold three large touring automobiles, or a greater number of runabouts.

Saturday, August 8, is the last day of the Polo tournament at Del Monte, so that the automobilists will have an opportunity to see the final match. The automobile meet will continue through the 9th, 10th, and 11th, and will be crowded with interesting events. The famous seventeen-mile drive along the shores of the Pacific Ocean will be reserved at certain times for the exclusive use of the automobilists, and there will be ample opportunity to arrange contests of speed, endurance, fancy driving, or anything else that maye be desired. The management of the Hotel Del Monte will devote itself to the comfort and pleasure of the automobilists, and is determined to make the meet of this year the first of a series of annual events. The meet will be attended by members of the Automobile Clubs of Oakland and San Jose, as well as of the Automobile Club of California, and owners of horseless carriages who are not members of any of the clubs are also cordially invited.

A quick trip between San Jose and Monterey was made on Sunday, June 23,. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, who were married the day before at Burlingame, brought a touring car to the Hotel Vendome, and commissioned Clarence Letcher, of San Jose to take it to Del Monte, where they intended to spend a part of their honeymoon. Letcher, accompanied by William Corliss, left San Jose early in the morning, and accomplished the journey to Del Monte in three and a half hours, including stops and the time required to climb the San Juan hill.

The automobilists of Marin County have been living a strenuous life lately. On June 24, Mr. F. A. Hyde, on behalf of the Automobile Club of California, sent P. F. Rockett to San Rafael with a machine, giving him instructions to run along some of the roads prohibited by the ordinance recently passed by the Supervisors of Marin County, and also to travel over the public highways after the hour of sunset, which has been officially declared by the County Board to be 5 P. M. P. F. Rockett performed the job con amore, and was arrested by a Constable on a charge of violating County ordinance No. 127. He was taken before a Justice of the Peace, and it cost five double eagles to bail him out. Rockett frankly admitted that he had been sent over to San Rafael by the Automobile Club of California, which desired to make a test of the ordinance, which was passed by the Supervisors on June 4, and became effective (or was meant to do so), on June 19. Next morning the gold coin was drawn down and Rockett was again placed in custody of a Constable. Mr. Joseph K. Hawkins, attorney for the Automobile Club, then petitioned for a writ of habeas corpus on behalf of Rockett, on the ground that the ordinance under which he was arrested is oppressive, discriminating, unreasonable and unconstitutional. The writ was made returnable on Saturday, June 27.

When the case was taken up again on Monday, June 29, the District Attorney of Marin County demanded that Rockett be discharged, while Rockett's attorney urged that his client be tried for violation of the ordinance. The District Attorney having made (through real or feigned incompetency), an obviously defective answer to the petition for the writ, the Judge of the Superior Court was obliged to discharge the prisoner on the ground that he was being detained by the Constable without authority.

Mr. Hawkins thereupon announced in the hearing of an Under-Sheriff and two Constables that Rockett would run his automobile along the Petaluma road after the hour of sunset that very night. As it was believed that no Constable would venture to arrest the automobilist, it was arranged to station P. H. Eckelmann, an employee of the Hotel Rafael, on the road to witness the violation of the county ordinance. Eckelmann did so, and later applied to a Justice of the Peace for a warrant for the arrest of Rockett, but, at the request of the District Attorney, the warrant was not granted. The District Attorney said that he is ready to prosecute a case under the ordinance whenever an offense shall have been committed regularly, and the offender shall have been arrested properly, but that he does not want to have the functions of the District Attorney usurped by what may be termed illegitimate offenders. The authorities of Marin County are evidently bothered, and do not know what to do with people who violate ordinances for the express purpose, and with the deliberate intention of being arrested. Before the votes of their fellow-citizens placed them in office, the county authorities gave a wide berth to "bobbies" and other representatives of the law, and they evidently wish that other people would do the same. The offender is supposed to commit his offence secretly, and to try to evade the law's long arm. This business of announcing that you are going to commit a crime and begging the "peeler" to run you in is a new one on the rustics of Marin County, and they don't

know what to make of it. The law should be violated in the regular, good-old-fashioned, stealthy manner, not in an open, impudent, brazen-faced way like this.

Another attempt to get arrested in Marin County came to an inglorious end. Mr. C. C. Moore, while staying at the Hotel Rafael, instructed his chauffeur, Walter Johnson, to run his Winton touring car along a prohibited part of the boulevard leading to Greenbrae. Johnson did so, and was arrested by a Constable. So far, so good. But on being taken into the august presence of Justice of the Peace Pryor of Sausalito, it was found that there was no authority for detaining the body of the chauffeur. Not being familiar with the country, Johnson had failed to run his automobile over a prohibited part of the road, and so had not violated the sacred clauses of the ordinance. His intention was good, but his performance poor. The spirit had been willing, but weakness of the flesh had defeated the heart's purpose. With the courage of a malefactor, ill-luck had constrained him to remain a law-abiding citizen.

Two years ago there was an automobile club at Los Angeles, named the Automobile Club of Southern California, but it did little or nothing. When the Finance Committee of the City Council began to think of imposing a tax upon the owners of motor-cars, the automobilists revived the club and brought enough influence to bear on the committee to induce it to drop its nefarious scheme. The automobilists, having rediscovered themselves and each other, formed the Los Angeles Automobile Club with thirty-eight charter members. The club intends to look after the interests of motorists, and to secure just treatment, and the free use of the highways in city and county for them. It will endeavor to promote automobile shows, parades, runs, endurance contests and other events under the control of the National Association. The proceeds of the shows will be expended in improving the condition of the roads and in securing fair legislation.

At a meeting held at the Westminster Hotel the following officers were elected: Dr. Millbank Johnson, President; Frank Garbutt, Vice-President; H. C. Turner, Second Vice-President; F. W. Flint, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer; F. O. Johnson, A. P. Fleming, Homer Laughlin and George Ellis, members of the Board of Governors. It was decided to admit no persons connected with the automobile trade to membership.

America was not represented in the motor-boat contest for the Harmsworth Cup, held in Queenstown, Harbor, Ireland, on July 11. No individual owner cared to go to the expense of building and racing a boat for the sake of a chance of winning this trophy. The race, however, possessed some international character, as representatives of Great Britain, Germany, France and Italy entered. The boats were limited to a length of forty feet, but might have an engine of any power permitted by the size of the boat. Each country was allowed to send three boats. It is confidently expected that the American Power Boat Association will send in some craft to try for the trophy next year.

The results of the race for the Gordon Bennett International Cup pere very disappointing to the American and British contestants. Only one of the three British representatives, S. F. Edge, finished, and none of the Americans completed the course. Of the three representatives of the Automobile Club of Germany, only one finished, (Jenatzy), but he captured the trophy. The French did not take the Gordon Bennett Cup, but they won the prize offered by the Hon. Mr. Scott-Montague, a member of the British Parliament, and an enthusiastic motorist, to the team all of whose test for the Harmsworth Cup, held in Queenstown and Gabriel came in second, third and fourth.

The arrangements and precautions for the race were excellent. The course was closed to traffic, and to all persons except those connected with the contests. The vehicles were strictly limited in number, each nation being permitted to send only three. The cars were started at intervals of seven minutes, instead of one minute, as in the mad French race from Paris to Bordeaux. No two vehicles were permitted to leave a control at the same time. This prevented any bunching toward the end of the race or when leaving a control. The intention of the managers was to keep the vehicles separated by nearly the same distance that they were at the start. This permitted each machine to run at its best speed, and diminished greatly the likelihood of accidents. Indeed, the only accidents that did happen were from inherent defects in the cars, such as the breaking of an axle or the failure of the steering gear.

One of the American representatives, Alexander Winton, is a Scotchman, and drove a car of his own design and manufacture, and another of the competitors, Percy Owen, also drove a Winton car. All the English competitors had Napier cars. The Frenchmen had two Panhards and one Mors. Of the German representatives one, Foxhall Keene, is an American. All three drove Mercedes machines. Four nations were represented, each by three men, making a round dozen of competitors. The contestants drove cars of six different makes—Winton, Mooers, Napier, Panhard, Mors and Mercedes. The English representatives were all Englishmen, and the French representatives all Frenchmen, but Germany was represented by only one German (Baron de Caters), Foxhall Keene being an American and Jenatzy a Belgian. Of the American representatives Mooers was born in Massachusetts, Owen at Oswego, N. Y., and Winton, as already stated, in Scotland.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE RECENT STOCKTON FLOODS.
(Mr. Leo. F. Salbach on "White" Auto.)

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE only one of the golf clubs in this region that manifests any great degree of activity during the summer is the San Rafael Golf Club. On Saturday, June 6, the opening match play round of the competition for the Council's Cup for men was played over the Happy Valley course, the participants being the eight who had made the lowest scores in the qualifying round on the preceding Saturday. Carlton Curtis won his match against A. G. Harvey, the latter defaulting as he was obliged to be absent from the city during the later rounds of the competition. R. G. Brown beat J. J. Crooks 2 up, 1 to play, and E. J. Hooper was announced as the winner of his match against W. J. Casey by the same margin. R. J. Davis won his match against George Heazleton by the latter's default.

On the following Saturday, June 13, in the second and semi-final round R. G. Brown and E. J. Hooper won by the default of R. J. Davis and Carlton Curtis. The final match between R. G. Brown and E. J. Hooper over thirty-six holes proved very close and interesting. On the first nine holes R. G. Brown led 1 up; on the second nine neither gained any advantage; at the end of the third round E. J. Hooper was 2 up; but in the fourth round R. G. Brown wiped off his opponent's lead and won at the thirty-fifth hole, 2 up, 1 to play. The number of strokes of each player by rounds was as follows:

R. G. Brown, 48, 49, 49, 45—191.
E. J. Hooper, 49, 49, 46, 52—196.

On June 20, an elaborate and novel competition was held on the Happy Valley course, the really hard part of the work being done not by the contestants but by the mathematicians who calculated out the results.

Many golfers have a rooted objection to stroke play contests, which, as club events, possess the advantage that they can be finished in one afternoon or day; whereas a match play competition requires two, three or more days. Some ingenious person with a talent for juggling with figures thereupon felt that it was "up to him" to devise a new and original plan of competition which should possess the advantages of a match play contest without the drawbacks of a medal play competition. To a man with a congenital love of complication this is a problem of delightful possibilities. And here is the way it is solved: The players keep their scores, hole by hole, in the ordinary way as if for a medal play contest, except that in the case of a lost ball the hole is marked as lost. The score of each player is then calculated out against the score of every other player, as if he had played a match against each of the others, hole by hole. The man who is found to have won the greatest number of matches is declared the winner of the competition. That is, if it is a scratch competition, in which all the participants start even. But in club competitions where the relative strength of the members is accurately known, it is necessary to encourage people to enter competitions by giving them handicaps so as to tempt them into a belief that they can beat their betters. So in a handicap competition of this sort the allowances of a stroke at certain holes have to be made. The man who has won his match against the largest number of competitors, when these calculations have been made, is declared the winner.

On Saturday, June 20, a contest of this sort over eighteen holes was held on the Happy Valley course, fifteen men taking part in it. Each man, therefore, was reckoned as having taken part in fourteen matches. R. G. Brown and C. A. Belden tied for first place, each being declared the winner of thirteen matches. There being two prizes the judgment of chance was in favor of C. A. Belden, who took the first award, a three-handled silver cup, R. G. Brown capturing the second trophy. A prize, offered for the best medal score turned in, was won by R. G. Brown with 89. Other good medal scores were as follows: R. J. Davis, 95; Dr. H. O. Howitt, 96; E. J. Hooper, 98; and J. J. Crooks, 99. In the handicap Dr. H. O. Howitt came very near the winners, with twelve victories. Douglas Hardy and G. M. Pinckard won 8 each; T. T. Williams, 7; R. B. Hellman, R. J. Davis and George Heazelton, 6 each; F. H. Green and J. J. Crooks, 4 each; George Starr, H. Dibblee and E. J. Hooper, 2 each; Vincent Neale, 1.

In addition to the above contests a continuous tournament has been going on over the San Rafael course. In the middle of June the standing of the men was as follows: 1, A. G. Harvey; 2, R. G. Brown; 3, J. J. Crooks; 4, R. J. Davis; 5, G. E. Starr; 6, Douglas Hardy; 7, A. A. Curtis; 8, George Heazelton; 9, E. J. Hooper; 10, H. Dibblee; 11, W. J. Casey; 12, F. H. Green; 13, T. T. Williams; 14, G. H. Hellman; 15, R. B. Hellman.

The directors of the San Rafael Golf Club have made arrangements for a mid-summer handicap trophy to be played for during July and August of each year, the trophy to remain in the possession of the club until it shall have been won three times by the same person. The conditions of the contest are as follows: Qualifying rounds over eighteen holes are to be played at any time between July 1 and 6 P. M. of the third Saturday in the month, the lowest eight scores to qualify. These eight then choose two members of a handicap committee, the resident professional of the club being the third member. The three members of the committee allot the handicap for the match play, the holes at which the strokes are to be taken being determined by the regular handicap schedule of the club. The name of the winner will be engraved on the trophy, which will remain in the possession of the club until it shall have been won three times by the same person.

On Independence Day there was a shortness of caddies, who prefer the glitter and noise of patriotic celebrations to the quietness of a golf course. The members, however, of the San Rafael Golf Club held an informal eighteen-hole handicap on that day.

The fifth annual contest for the Poniatowski Cup for women took place on the Fourth over the course of the Burlingame Country Club, Miss Florence Whittell of the Burlingame Country Club winning from Miss Edith Chesebrough of the San Francisco Golf Club by the narrow margin of two strokes. Miss Chesebrough really lost the match at the sixth hole on the first round, which cost her ten strokes, and at

the eighth hole on the second round, which required eleven strokes. Miss Whittell did not expend more than eight strokes upon any hole. Mrs. J. R. Clark was a good third, and might have won the contest had not the fifth hole on the first round proved her undoing. The course was in good condition, the putting grounds (how can a mixture of mud, sand and oil be termed "green?") having received special attention before the tournament. After the matches luncheon was served on the verandah of the club house. The details of the competition are shown in the table:

FIFTH ANNUAL COMPETITION FOR THE PONIATOWSKI CUP.

MISS FLORENCE WHITTELL.

Out ..... 5, 6, 5, 4, 6, 7, 4, 8, 7—52
In ..... 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, 6, 3, 7, 7—53—105.

MISS EDITH CHESBROUGH.

Out ..... 4, 5, 4, 4, 6, 10, 4, 8, 6—51
In ..... 5, 7, 5, 5, 5, 8, 4, 11, 6—56—107.

MRS. J. R. CLARK.

Out ..... 4, 7, 7, 5, 11, 5, 5, 6, 5—55
In ..... 5, 8, 9, 5, 7, 5, 5, 6, 5—55—110.

MRS. W. G. MILLER.

Out ..... 4, 5, 5, 5, 8, 8, 6, 9, 6—56
In ..... 6, 6, 5, 5, 7, 7, 5, 8, 7—56—112.

MRS. W. S. MARTIN.

Out ..... 5, 8, 5, 5, 10, 7, 5, 7, 7—59
In ..... 5, 7, 6, 4, 5, 9, 7, 6, 5—54—113.

MRS. LEROY NICKEL.

Out ..... 4, 8, 5, 5, 8, 8, 6, 8, 7—59
In ..... 4, 5, 7, 4, 10, 11, 6, 7, 7—61—120.

The winner was coached by F. J. Reilly, the professional of the Burlingame Country Club. All the contestants are members of the Burlingame Country Club or of the San Francisco Golf Club, or of both clubs. The ladies whose names appear on the trophy as winners are as follows: 1899, Miss Alice Moffitt (now Mrs. George Doubleday); 1900, Miss Caro Crockett (now Mrs. Lawrance Scott); 1901 Mrs. R. Gilman Brown; 1902, Miss Ruth Underhill; 1903, Miss Florence Whittell. If any one of the above ladies can place a second victory to her credit the silver cup will become her very own.

GOLF WEEK AT DEL MONTE.

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

THE Golf Week at Del Monte begins on Monday, August 24, and should prove highly interesting. At the time of writing (July 3) it is not quite certain whether the new eighteen-hole course will be ready for the play or not. A force of men it at work on the course, and water will be conveyed by pipes to each of the putting greens.

Even if the eighteen holes are not ready, it will be possible to select nine holes that will give a longer course than the one hitherto in use. The competitions to be held during the week are for the Del Monte cup, open to all amatuer golfers, with a trophy for the runner-up; for the J. W. Byrne trophy; for the open championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association, and for the Del Monte Cup for women. The J. W. Byrne trophy was presented in 1901 to the Pacific Coast Golf Association, to be competed for by teams of men representing the Northern California Golf Association and the Southern California Golf Association. In that year it was won by the Southern team. In 1902 no contest was held, as there were not enough Southerners at Del Monte to make up a team. In March of this year the Northerners won the match. The trophy will become the permanent property of the Association whose representatives are the first to win two victories.

The Open Championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association may be tried for by any golfer, amateur or professional, man or woman. Entries, accompanied by the entrance fee of three dollars, must be made with R. Gilman Brown, Secretary of the P. C. G .A., 310 Pine street, before August 20. Prizes are offered for the three golfers who take the highest place in the competitions. For professionals the first prize is one hundred dollars in cash; the second is thirty dollars, and the third, twenty dollars. If an amateur should take first place, he will receive the gold medal of the P. C. G. A. For second place an amateur will get the silver medal, and for third place the bronze medal of the association.

The week's play opens with the qualifying round over eighteen holes, medal play, of the contest for the Del Monte Cup, beginning at 9:30 A. M. on Monday, August 24. The best sixteen will qualify. At 2 P. M., the same day, the opening round at match play, over eighteen holes, will take place. At 9:30 on Tuesday morning, August 25, the second match-play round will be held. At 2 P. M. the third, or semi-final round will be played. The final round, over thirty-six holes, will be played on Wednesday, August 26, eighteen holes in the morning, beginning at 9:30 and eighteen in the afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock.

The contest for the Del Monte cup for women will begin at 2:30 P. M. on Tuesday, August 25, with a qualifying round over eighteen holes, the best eight players to qualify. At the same hour on Wednesday, August 26, the opening round at match play, over eighteen holes, will begin. The second or semi-final round will begin on Thursday afternoon at 2:30. The final round, also over eighteen holes, will be played on Friday, August 28, beginning at 2:30 in the afternoon.

The team match for the J. W. Byrne trophy will be played on Thursday, August 27, eighteen holes in the morning, beginning at 9:30, and eighteen in the afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock. The number of men in each team will depend upon the number of available players, but will (probably) not be fewer than five.

The contest for the Open Championship will be over 72 holes, medal play. The first eighteen holes will begin at 9:30 A. M. on Friday, August 28; the second eighteen at 2 P. M. on the same day; the third eighteen at 9:30 A. M., and the last eighteen at 2 P. M. Saturday, August 29.

All the competitions will be in charge of the officials of the Pacific Coast Golf Association and will be conducted under its rules. Entries for any of the competitions, except the Open Championship, may be made at Del Monte.

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE annual tournaments for the lawn tennis championships of California took place on the Hotel Rafael courts on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Ten of the best players in the northern part of the State competed in the tournament for the Women's Championship, which began on July 1st. Though the famous Sutton sisters of Southern California were conspicious by their absence, there were some close and interesting matches, the best being those in which Miss Eva Varney beat Miss Hoffman, and Miss Miriam Edwards defeated Miss Sarah Coffin, of Newport. Miss Varney won the first set from Miss Hoffman without losing a game, but Miss Hoffman took the second set. The third and deciding set was won by Miss Varney. Miss Edwards won the first set easily from Miss Coffin, but the second set was stubbornly contested, Miss Edwards winning by superior steadiness, 9-7. Miss Coffin has always played on grass, and so was unaccustomed to the speed of the ball on bitumen courts.

The results of the Preliminary Rounds were as follows:

Miss Lulu Wegener beat Miss Winifred Mason, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2.

Miss Sarah Coffin beat Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, 6-0, 6-2.

The results of the First Round were as follows:

Miss Alice Hoffman beat Miss Maud Varney, 6-2, 6-1.

Miss Eva Varney beat Miss Wegener, 6-3, 6-0.

Miss Miriam Edwards beat Miss Coffin, 6-2, 9-7.

Miss L. Berry beat Miss Eleanor Jones, 6-2, 11-9.

In the Semi-final Round Miss Eva Varney beat Miss Hoffman 6-0, 4-6, 7-5, and Miss Edwards beat Miss Berry 6-1, 6-1.

On Independence Day the final match between Miss Eva Varney and Miss Miriam Edwards resulted in a victory for the latter, who won in straight sets, 6-4, 6-3. Miss Varney had a lead of 4-1 in the first set, but Miss Edwards took five games straight and won it. Miss Edwards won the second set and became the first woman champion of the State of California.

Thirty-one competitors entered for the Men's Championship, play for which began on Thursday morning, July 2, at 11 o'clock. Both the grand stands were crowded with spectators from the beginning of play until it closed for the day at 7:15 P. M.

Everything possible for the comfort of competitors and onlookers was done by the manager of the Hotel Rafael. The First Round resulted as follows:

Paul Jones beat W. J. Macdonald by default.

W. B. Collier beat H. H. Rolfe, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3.

W. Hunter won from S. H. Adams by default.

Horace Mann beat C. J. Smith, 1-6, 6-0, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4.

Harry Weihe beat S. C. Gayness, 6-2, 6-2, 6-0.

R. N. Whitney beat C. Foley, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.

H. Hotchkiss won from C. W. Teller by default.

W. Allen won from M. Hotchkiss by default.

J. R. Lewis beat Allen Miller, 6-3, 6-2, 3-6, 7-5.

Ogden Hoffman won from Harry Haight by default.

Harry Routh beat George Janes, 8-6, 6-4, at which stage Janes withdrew.

J. A. Code beat C. G. Kuehn, 6-2, 6-8, 6-2, when Kuehn withdrew.

R. B. Cornell beat T. M. Logan, 6-2, 9-7, 6-2.

Grant Smith beat Clarence Griffin, 6-4, 6-1, 9-7.

A. Beyfuss beat H. Boyle, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4.

Merle Johnson drew the bye.

The only five-set match on the opening day was that between C. J. Smith and Horace Mann, which was played during the hottest part of the day, and proved a severe test of endurance. Both players were considerably distressed, but Mann held out long enough to beat his opponent. Clarence Griffin of the Golden Gate Club played an exceedingly creditable game against Grant Smith, who was rather disposed to underrate his opponent, and to take matters too easily. Grant Smith won the first set, 6-4, and in the second set played up at the net, winning 6-1; in the third set Smith again retired to the back court, and nearly lost the set, Griffin's swift forehand and backhand strokes being remarkably accurate. Smith won the third set, 8-6.

Part of the second round was played on the opening day, the most important and interesting match being that between H. A. Weihe and R. N. Whitney. It was after six o'clock in the evening when they began to play, darkness putting an end to the match when they had played one set and one game. Weihe, the Stanford University player, won the first set, 6-1, and also took the first game of the new set.

W. B. Collier beat Paul Jones, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3.

Horace Mann beat W. B. Hunter, 6-4, in one set, but lost the next, 4-6.

On July 3, the second day of the tournament, the players suffered greatly from the intense heat. The unfinished match between H. A. Weihe and R. N. Whitney was continued and was one of the best and most stubbornly fought contests ever seen on the San Rafael courts. Weihe had already won the first set and the first game of the second set. He won the next two games, but Whitney took five straight games, and won the set, 6-4. Whitney's play became stronger and he took the third set 6-0. In the fourth set Weihe won 6-1. In the fifth set Weihe won the first two games, but Whitney took the next four. Then Weihe captured two love games and tied the score. The ninth game went to Whitney, but the tenth made the score "games all." Weihe was growing tired and Whitney, by good lobbying and driving, won the next two games and the match. Whitney was then too tired to go on and defaulted to W. Allen.

The surprise of the day was the defeat of Merle Johnson, who is one of the first-class men, by Alexander Beyfuss, a very small player. Each won a set, 9-7, and agreed that the third set should decide the match. Beyfuss won easily, 6-1. He felt, however, too much exhausted to go on, and defaulted to Grant Smith in the third round. The results of the Second Round were as follows:

W. B. Collier beat Paul Jones, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3.

Horace Mann beat Walter Hunter, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 7-5.

R. N. Whitney beat H. Weihe, 1-6, 64, 6-0, 1-6, 7-5.

W. Allen won from H. Hotchkiss by default.

O. Hoffman beat J. R. Lewis, 6-2, 6-8, 6-2, 6-2.

H. E. Routh beat J. A. Code, 7-5, 9-7, 7-5.

G. M. Smith won from R. B. Cornell by default.

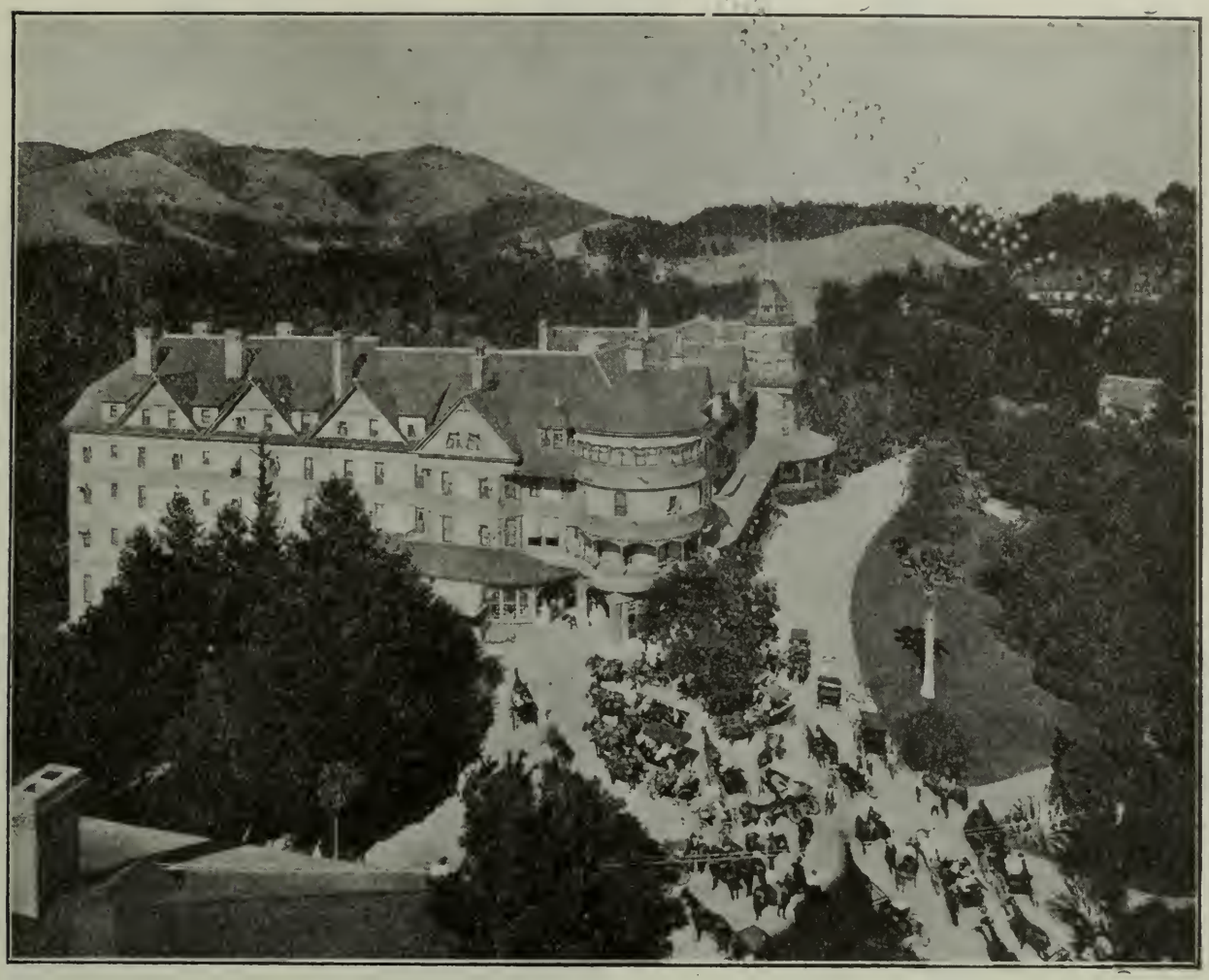
A. Beyfuss beat Merle Johnson, 9-7, 7-9, 6-1.

The results of the Third Round were as follows:

W. B. Collier beat Horace Mann, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3.

W. Allen won from R. N. Whitney by default.

H. E. Routh beat O. Hoffman, 6-4, 6-0, 6-2.



HOTEL RAFAEL, WHERE THE CHAMPIONSHIPS WERE HELD.

Grant M. Smith won from A. Beyfuss by default.

In the Semi-final Round on July 4, W. Allen beat W. B. Collier in a hard five-set match, after losing the first two sets. The score was 2-6, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2, 6.-0. Grant Smith played a fine game against H. Routh and won easily 6-2, 6-1, 6-0.

In the Final Round, W. Allen was hardly in good enough condition, after his keenly fought match with W. B. Collier, to play against Grant Smith, but he kept at it and made an interesting game. Grant Smith took the first set, 6-0, but Allen won the second 6-2, hard driving being the most notable feature of his game. Smith took the last two sets easily, winning the match 6-0, 2-6, 6-2, 6-0. As George F. Whitney, the champion, was not present to defend his title, Grant M. Smith took it with the challenge cup and the first prize.

The tournament was successful and, in spite of some wrangling at the outset with regard to the drawing, passed off well. The final match of the men's tournament was not quite so well contested as it might have been had both the competitors not had to play a match apiece in the morning. But, Norman Hodgkinson having been barred from the tournament on the ground of professionalism, little doubt was felt as to the result. The prize for the runner-up was taken by W. Allen; and third prizes by W. B. Collier and H. Routh. In the Women's Championship Miss Miriam Edwards took first prize and the title of champion; Miss Eva Varney won the second prize; Miss Hoffman and Miss Berry the prizes for places in the semi-final round.

H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE TRAINING OF THE FIELD DOG

By H. L. BETTEN.

Yard Breaking.

THIRD PAPER.

THE advantages of teaching certain commands and establishing discipline prior to its enforcement under the complicated conditions which prevail in the field are obvious. If obedience is not enforced in the yard where the dog may be held in complete subjection, the teaching of the various orders must be conducted in the field under less favorable circumstances and often to the injury of his field work, as the constant repetition of orders and the harshness with which they are enforced when the amateur trainer is laboring under excitement (as is often the case) have a tendency to develop obnoxious faults such as blinking, bolting and gun-shyness.

"NAILED 'EM!"

A POINT ON PRAIRIE CHICKENS (FAIRLAND QUEEN).

In yard training a dog may be taught all of the commands in common use in the field, and once discipline is firmly established, their application in field work is readily effected. It is always advisable to conduct the lessons in a serious and kindly manner but with a show of firmness which should convince the dog that he is not out for a frolic and must obey your orders. Above all it is necessary to avoid emotional exhibitions whereby the dog is led to anticipate violence at your hands, for such must always prove detrimental to your success as a trainer. Lessons should not be of long duration and when finished the dog, if at all downcast, should be fondled and made to forget any unpleasant features connected with his training.

Considering that a dog's natural life is very short it is astonishing what a variety of intelligent acts some animals acquire, and the mentality of a small percentage is such as to put certain specimens of the human race to the blush. Nevertheless amateurs are prone to demand the impossible from a young, undeveloped dog, and I might say, in the majority of instances, expect him to acquire proficiency in certain acts in less time than they themselves could accomplish tasks which are not beset by half the difficulties which lie in the way of the dog. One step at a time must be the rule, and whether it is accomplished in one or in a dozen lessons you must not allow your patience to become exhausted.

As a rule the first command given in yard breaking is "Come here," or "Come in," the orders being synonymous. This command is readily taught if the lessons are properly given, and in many instances force is unnecessary in causing compliance. By fondling or patting the puppy or giving him a morsel of food when he is called in he soon learns that a reward of some kind will attend his obeyance of the order and, unless of a willful nature or wearied by constant repetitions of the order, you are not likely to have any trouble in enforcing this command. However, disobedience should not be tolerated, and should he refuse to obey the order place a slip or choke collar on his neck to which attach ten or twelve feet of heavy cord or flexible rope, stand off eight or ten feet and, as you give the order, draw the dog to you by means of the cord, petting him each time. Repeat this until he will come in to the order alone and when he is fairly obedient try him without the collar, resorting to its use every time he refuses to obey. Never under any circumstances use violence in teaching this command, and do not repeat the orders more than once before forcing compliance.

A BEVY POINT.

A FIND IN THE STUBBLE.

"Hie on," "go on," "get away" and "go" are terms used in ordering a dog to range or commence hunting; no especial training is needed in teaching this command, beyond familiarizing the dog with its significance. In most instances he will commence ranging when allowed his liberty, and will eagerly await the signal to run without restraint. Later, a motion of the hand will answer the same purpose as an oral command, and by associating the two the dog will soon comprehend its meaning, when the verbal order will no longer be necessary.

"Drop." In teaching this command use the slip collar and cord already referred to, so that the dog may always be within easy reach, and carry with you a light whip or switch with which punishment may be instantly applied if necessary. At first, in giving the order call the dog to you and order him to drop, at the same time putting pressure on his shoulders and back so as to cause him to lie down with his head in your direction. Repeat this mode of procedure until he becames acquainted with the meaning of the order, when the whip may be brought into requisition as a means of enforcing obedience. Order the dog to drop and if he fails to obey tap him on the shoulder with the whip, at the same time holding the cord

tautly so that he cannot avoid the punishment. Repeat the order; if he fails to obey the first time, the whip is brought down, and continue giving him light cuts on the shoulder until he drops to avoid further punishment. Do not allow him to roll over on his side or back, tapping him on the toes until he assumes a proper position. When the dog drops properly the punishment must cease, but the position should be held for a short time while you stand over him ready to apply the whip should he attempt to rise before ordered to do so. Do not repeat the command too frequently, but after the dog is called to you pat him and lead him to another corner of the yard where, after a brief interval, the order may be repeated. In some instances it is unnecessary to apply any punishment whatever as the dog will obey of his own accord when he learns the meaning of your command, but in the majority of cases the whip is the best medium whereby to enforce obedience, and when properly applied it will not cow the spirit of the most sensitive puppy.

As the dog becomes proficient in this order and shows an inclination to obey instantly, you may dispense with the collar and cord, gradually increasing the distance at which your orders are given until he will drop when he is at the limit of the yard. In every instance where he fails to obey the command, and you are sure that he comprehend it, you should run to him and taking him to the spot where he stood when you gave the order give him a cut with the whip, at the same time repeating the command. If properly taught a dog can be forced to drop instantly at any distance within hearing, but if he obeys readily when within seventy-five yards there is no necessity for further instructions in this branch of his education. If deemed advisable you may use a signal instead of an order in dropping your dog, as such is deemed more elegant by some. The raising of the right hand is the usual sign, and may be used in conjunction with the command until the dog recognizes its meaning. However, for all practical purposes the oral command is sufficient.

In teaching this order a certain amount of steadiness should be required of the dog and he should be tested in various ways. For instance you may walk away from him and if he attempts to rise and follow you he should be taken back to the identical spot where he was dropped and made to understand that he is not to move until ordered to do so. You may also imitate the cry of a fowl in distress or use any other test of his steadiness, and when he shows no inclination to violate your order his training in this particular way may be considered as finished, remembering, however, that at each lesson the dog should be put throught the entire course of commands in which he is proficient, so that he will not backslide.

PUPPIES ON POINT AND BACK.

THE DUNCAN DOG SHOW

(By our Special Correspondent)

The Corvichan Agricultural Society of the pretty little town of Duncan, situated about forty miles from Victoria, on the line of the Esquimalt & Nanaimo R. R., held a very successful dog, poultry and flower show on Dominion Day, July 1st. Duncan being about equal distance from Victoria and Nanaimo, drew a great crowd of people from these two cities, all of whom enjoyed themselves immensely, seeing the sights and viewing the various games that were carried out so successfully during the day for their entertainment. The Fifth Regiment Band of Victoria was in attendance, and gave a much appreciated concert. Of course, the dog show was the main attraction, and many flattering remarks on the high quality of the dogs on exhibition were heard on all sides. Mr. Frank Turner, of Victoria, judged all classes, and gave the very best of satisfaction. Mr. Turner is probably the oldest handler and exhibitor out here, and has only lately been induced to judge at public shows. It is to be hoped he will continue in the good work, as from his practical experience he is in a position to judge the various breeds correctly. The total number of entries at the show would probably be 65, and 35 of these hailed from Victoria, the home of probably more high class winning dogs than any other city in the West. English setters and cocker spaniels were the big entries, with keen competition in puppy and open classes. In English setters T. P. McConnell sprung rather a surprise on the various exhibitors by bringing to the front a very fine English setter puppy, Count Rego, of his own breeding by Albert Fleet-Albert Rosalind. The puppy is but nine months old, a beautiful orange belton, with fine silky coat, elegant head, long, square muzzle, correct skull, well placed ears, long, lean neck, correctly placed on good shoulders, well sprung ribs, good stern, deep chest, and elegant legs and feet. Judge Turner said this was, in his opinion the best English setter ever shown on the Coast, and that he would beat every dog on the Coast next Spring, when fully developed. In open classes he defeated Blue Rock (a very fine setter and a winner for the past two years, but now showing signs of age), General Robert (a dog that has been placed at all the Coast shows for the past three years), and Victor L. (a well-known winner at San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and Victoria).

COUNT REGO (T. P. M'CONNELL).

BLUE ROCK (MISS W. M. DAVIES).

In cocker spaniels the competition was very close and keen, the three Victoria exhibitors outclassing all other competitors' dogs, and dividing the prizes pretty evenly between them. C. A. Goodwin's Little Dorritt, sister to Plumeria Victoria, the phenomenal winner of this Spring's shows, getting the special for best cocker in the show.

Fox terriers brought out Reminescence, a beautiful animal owned by Mrs. J. J. Bostock of Victoria, and winner of Warner's and all terrier specials at the last Victoria dog show. She won first in open and special for best fox terrier, and special for best dog in the show, any breed.

In Irish water spaniels, Mr. Dunn of Victoria carried all before him, with his Tim D., and Murphy, both superior animals and deserving of their placing.

A number of very good collies were shown, and a lone Scottish terrier of rather poor quality. The following is a complete list of the winning dogs:

SETTERS.

Puppy dogs—first, Count Rego, owned by T. P. McConnell, second, Draco, Jr., owned by R. R. Watson; third, Spot, owned by W. McDowell.

Open dogs—first, Count Rego, owned by T. P. McConnell; second, Blue Rock, owned by Miss W. M. Davie; third, General Roberts, owned by Dr. L. Hall; Res. Victor L., owned by H. H. Jones.

Puppy bitches—first, Fanilla, owned by T. P. McConnell.

Open bitches—first. Victoria Belle, owned by T. P. McConnell; special for best setter in show Count Rego.

Irish setter—first, Dr. Garesche's Ch. Hector; second, Madcap IV.

Gordon setters—first, S. W. Bodley's Laddie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Irish water spaniels—open, first, G. F. Dunn's Tim D.

Irish water spaniels—puppy, first, G. F. Dunn's Murphy.

FANILLA (T. P. M'CONNELL.)

Field spaniels—first, D. B. Le Neven's Dick.

Cocker spaniels, open bitches—first, C. A. Goodwin's Little Dorritt.

Cocker spaniels, open dogs—first, Litchfield and Daniel's Diamond.

Special best cocker in show, Little Dorritt.

Collie puppy dog—first, Mrs. R. M. Colvin's Cowichon Boy.

Collie puppy, bitch—first, Lincoln Beckett's Shep.

Collie, open dogs—F. Haggart's Woodman Ranger; also special for best collie in show.

Fox terrier, open dogs and bitches—first, Mrs. J. J. Bostock's Reminiscence; also special for best fox terrier in show.

Fox terrier, puppy dogs and bitches—first, Mrs. J. J. Bostock's Reta; second J. Lander's Drift.

Irish terrier—first, W. Atkin's Bob. Miscellnaeous class first. Miss Wilson's Scottish terrier, Lrdy; second, R. H. Whidden's mastiff, Jack.

ENTRIES FOR THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS CLUB 21ST ANNUAL DERBY

THE nominations for the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's 21st Annual Derby closed July 1st with fifty-three entries, the largest number recorded in the history of field trials on the Pacific Coast, and an increase of eighteen over that of last season, when thirty-five nominations were made.

The Pacific Coast Field Trial Club may well take pride in this phenomenal entry, which goes to mark a new era of prosperity for this deserving organization. The amount of interest manifested in field trials is largely on the increase, and with the formation of a circuit of trials (which has become a necessity on this Coast) it is likely that an even greater increase in the number of nominations will be noted next season.

Every condition points to the holding of a banner meet in January, 1904, and it is a pleasure to note that the representative members of the club are leaving nothing undone to insure future success. The Pacific Coast Field Trial Club already possesses good grounds, and natural conditions have been such that the ravages of repeated droughty seasons have been repaired and cover is once more abundant. Breeding conditions have been very favorable, and as the quails will be rigorously protected they should be exceedingly plentiful on the field trial grounds. The addition of three or four sections of open territory is now being considered, and if this can be accomplished the club will possess field-trial grounds inferior to none in the United States.

C. W. COGGINS' SHARON BOY.

W. B. COUTTS WITH HIS DOGS.

The judges selected to officiate at the 21st annual trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Clubs, are Henry W. Keller of Santa Monica, John H. Schumacher of Los Angeles and H. W. Betten of Alameda. Should it be impossible for any of these gentlemen to serve on account of having starters in the various stakes other selections will be made if deemed necessary.

LIST OF ENTRIES.

SETTERS.

Sombra—Orange and white bitch by Llewellin Drake-Shadow, whelped August 12, 1902. Henry W. Keller, Santa Monica, Cal.

Lady's Lad—Black, white and tan dog by Clipper W.-Terry's Lady, whelped June 16, 1902. Alexander Hamilton, San Francisco, Cal.

Hoosier Belle—Black, white and tan bitch by Ch. Marie's Sport-Fairland Queen, whelped June 7, 1902. R. H. Dunn, Elko, Nev.

C. N. COGGINS' MISS NELSON.

Rosie O'Grady—Lemon and white bitch by Ch. Marie's Sport-Isabella Maid, whelped April, 1902. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Elko, Nev.

Sweet Marie—Black, white and tan bitch by Ch. Marie's Sport-Isabella Maid, whelped April, 1902. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Elko, Nev.

Count's Gift—Orange and white bitch, by Count's Mark-Verona School-Girl, whelped April 10, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

Klamath—Black, white and tan dog by California Bell Boy-Rod's Lark, whelped April 20, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

Keepsake—Black, white and tan bitch by California Bell Boy-Peach Blossom, whelped August 22, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

Manzanita—Orange and white bitch by Llewellin Drake-Shadow, whelped August 12, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

Calaveras—Black, white and tan dog by California Bell Boy-Peach Blossom, whelped August 22, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

Monterey—Orange and white dog by Llewellin Drake-Shadow, whelped August 12, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

Valita—Black, white and tan dog by California Bell Boy-Rod's Lark, whelped April 20, 1902. John H. Schumacher, Los Angeles, Cal.

Tony's Tony—Lemon and white dog by Tony Boy-Belton Girl, whelped August 13, 1902. John W. Considine, Seattle, Wash.

Hick's Lad—Black, white and tan dog by Doc. Hick-Woodcraft, whelped May 23, 1902. John W. Considine, Seattle, Wash.

C. N. COGGINS' STRING OF DERBY DOGS—MR. S. A. PEACH STANDING IN CENTER.

Hick's Bab—Black, white and tan bitch by Doc. Hick-Woodcraft, whelped May 23, 1902. John W. Considine, Seattle, Wash.

Sharon Boy—Black, white and tan dog by Tony Boy-Sport's Destiny, whelped June 30, 1902. Charles W. Coggins, Igerna, Cal.

Miss Nelson—Black, white and tan bitch by Tony Boy-Sport's Destiny, whelped June 30, 1902. Charles W. Coggins, Igerna, Cal.

Mountain Quail—Black, white and tan bitch by Charm-Jessie Gladstone, III, whelped January 2, 1902. Charles W. Coggins, Igerna, Cal.

Rod's Rhyme—Black, white and tan bitch by Ch. Rodfield-Louise Danstone, whelped May 10, 1902. H. L. Betten, Alameda, Cal.

Mustache—Black, white and tan dog by Count's Mark-Verona Schoolgirl, whelped April 10, 1902. A. L. Scott, San Francisco, Cal.

Countess Lou—Black, white and tan bitch by Count's Mark-Mary Lou, whelped September 4, 1902. J. E. Terry, Sacramento, Cal.

Count Joe—Black, white and tan dog by Count's Mark-Mary Lou, whelped September 4, 1902. S. Christensen, San Francisco, Cal.

REPORTERS AT THE TRIALS.

Diane—Black, white and tan bitch by Count's Mark-Mary Lou, whelped September 4, 1902. J. M. Kilgarif, San Francisco, Cal.

Count's Cash—Black, white and tan bitch by Count Whitestone-Blackburn's Sport's Belle, whelped July 12, 1902. C. E. Worden, San Francisco, Cal.

Tony Boy T.—Black, white and tan dog by Tony's Count-Nellie C., whelped June, 1902. A. B. Truman, San Francisco, Cal.

Sport's Gath T.—Black, white and tan dog by Sport's Gath-Tony's Maid, whelped July, 1902. A. B. Truman, San Francisco, Cal.

Don Jose—Lemon and white dog by Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone-Flo. Rodfield, whelped January 16, 1903. Wm. Dormer, San Francisco, Cal.

Starlight, Jr.—Black, white and tan dog by Starlight W.-Rod's Sylvia, whelped April 18, 1902. B. J. Baum, San Francisco, Cal.

Star's Rod—Orange and white dog by Starlight W.-Rod's Sylvia, whelped April 18, 1902. Thos. J. Wattson, San Francisco, Cal.

Bowling Green—Black, white and tan dog by Petrel's Count-Fairland Pet, whelped July 6, 1902. Phil. Wand, San Francisco, Cal.

Petrel's Pearl—Lemon and white bitch by Petrel's Count-Fairland Pet, whelped July 6, 1902. J. E. Lucas, San Rafael, Cal.

Premier Belle—Black and white bitch by Ch. Cincinnatus' Pride-Brown's Queen Vic., whelped December 1, 1902. John Riplinger, Seattle, Wash.

Northern Belle—Black, white and tan bitch by California Bell Boy-Northern Huntress, whelped May 12, 1902. T. J. A. Tiedemann, Alameda, Cal.

Robert Llewellin—Black, white and tan dog by Llewellin Drake-Miss Maude, whelped July 30, 1902. T. J. A. Tiedemann, Alameda, Cal.

Sporting Duchess—Black, white and tan bitch by Tony Boy-Sport's Destiny, whelped June 30, 1902. A. H. Nelson, Tacoma, Wash.

POINTERS.

Lize—Liver and white bitch by Ashbury-Vic's Queen, whelped April 1, 1902. William Dormer, San Francisco, Cal.

Glenrose—Black and white dog by Glendale-Kenwood Rose, whelped April 12, 1902. W. B. Coutts, Kenwood, Cal.

Whisper D.—Liver and white bitch by Kenwood Dan-Whisper, whelped September 10, 1902. J. W. Flynn, San Francisco, Cal.

Frank W.—Liver and white dog by Don Graphic——, whelped July, 1902. John H. Schumacher, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wallace Bruce—Liver and white dog by Kenwood Dan-Whisper, whelped September 10, 1902. Dr. A. T. Leonard, San Francisco, Cal.

Sandlewood—Liver and white dog by Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella, whelped January 22, 1902. C. E. Worden, San Francisco, Cal.

Buck H.—Liver and white dog by Buck of Kent-Queen H., whelped January 9, 1902. J. E. Lucas, San Rafael, Cal.

Mariposa—Lemon and white dog by Doctor Daniels-Nancy Jingo, whelped June 30, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

Senorita—Liver and white bitch by Doctor Daniels-Nancy Jingo, whelped June 30, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

Fly's Pearl—Black and white bitch by Cuba, Jr.-Winnepeg Fly, whelped February 8, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

Dodge's Stella II.—Black and white bitch by Cuba Jr.-Winnepeg Fly, whelped February 8, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

Unnamed—Black and white bitch by Ch. Sams Bow-Winnepeg Fly, whelped September 19, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

Unnamed—Black and white bitch by Ch. Sam's Bow-Winnepeg Fly, whelped September 19, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

Cuba's Glenwood—Liver and white dog by Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella, whelped January 22, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

Cuba's Cottonwood—Liver and white dog by Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella, whelped January 22, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

Cuba's Ivywood—Liver and white bitch by Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella, whelped January 22, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

Cuba's Sinew—Liver and white dog by Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Florida, whelped April 2, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

Cuba's General Joe Wheeler—Liver and white dog by Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Florida, whelped April 2, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.

FIELD TRIALS FOR NEVADA.

Indications point to the organization of a field trial club in Nevada, and if present plans carry, the sportsmen of the Sage brush State will be in line to run trials late in October.

It is proposed to hold the meet in the Paradise Valley, north of Winnemuca, and all conditions are said to be decidedly favorable. The grounds are within easy reach of the town of Paradise, and of a level nature with an abundance of cover, mainly sage, rye and bunch grass, with willows and buck brush along the creeks. Birds are found in great numbers, and are mainly California valley quail, which were introduced in that section some years ago and multiplied rapidly. Prairie chickens and sage hens are also met with, so that the dogs should receive ample opportunities on game.

LUNCH TIME AT THE TRIALS.

As soon as this organization is in working order patrons of field trials will be appraised of its plans, and it is expected that our fanciers will give it hearty support. The need of a circuit of trials on this Coast [illegible] felt, and with abundant opportunities to [illegible] the capabilities of their dogs, owners will no longer feel it incumbent to send their dogs East to show their merits.

A circuit of four good lively meets would do much to increase the interest already manifested in the field dog on this Coast and with Washington, Oregon, Nevada and California in line our fanciers would have an incentive to breed and develop high class performers. Given a thorough test in four different trials the element of luck would be eliminated, and a dog which proved himself a consistent winner would not be in possession of empty honors.

A BYGONE CELEBRRITY.

KENNEL EDITOR WESTERN FIELD—Dear Sir: Mr. W. W. Titus' article anent old time celebrities calls to mind that I have promised to give you a series of articles relating to my old favorites, which, as you say, have occupied a prominent position in the history of the field trials on this Coast, and have been instrumental in building up the class of our setters.

Naturally enough when my thoughts revert to bygone days the form of old Sunlit is before my eyes, and it is of her I shall write for she was the peer of all my dogs, and in my estimation one of the greatest performers that ever crossed a field. Sunlit was a perfectly marked orange and white of splendid comformation and character and weighed about thirty-eight pounds in field form. The picture does not show her in as attractive a pose as was usual for her to assume when pointing, for the reason that she is pointing a dead bird. I hid the bird and let her work by it. She whirled into a beautiful point and immediately recognizing that the bird was dead, started toward is to retrieve. I stopped her by word and then had her photographed.

Her last heat with Count Dick in the all-aged stake in 1890, which she won, was probably the most brilliant piece of work ever shown at a field trial. Before casting off the brace the judges inquired of Walters (who was handling Dick) and myself whether

or not we desired to make a wide detour so as to work "up wind" through a large field in front of us, as the rules gave us a right to demand. I suggested to Walters that it would be wasting time, being desirous of running the heat under the worst possible conditions, knowing Lit's ability to handle birds anywhere. Walters agreed with me, so we cast off the brace, and in twelve minutes Lit had scored one bevy and eleven single points, and a retrieve, down wind, thus beating Count Dick pointless. C. N. Nelson, who broke and handled Dad Wilson and other good ones East and had seen the best there, was one of the judges, and when I put Lit on the chain after being ordered up Nelson remarked to the crowd: "There is the best one I ever saw."

Lit was just nine times under the gun before she started in the Derby of 1888, which she won. Mr. L. J. Rose, Jr.'s Point was second to her and he started in and won the aged stake immediately following the Derby. I had not taught Lit to retrieve and for that reason did not start her in the aged stake. Lit was never in real field trial condition in her life while in California. I started her in the aged stake in 1889 with only ten day's preparatory work. She beat the first three dogs that she started against pointless, and then came down in the fourth series with Old Black Joe and seemed to be clear off in nose, drawing on birds and then casting away from them a number of times, seemingly unable to locate them, and was finally beaten. She then came down with her litter brother Sirius, and was still off in nose and ran willful and disobedient as though angry at her inability to locate her birds, and was beaten by Sirius, she finally being placed third. Her peculiar actions on birds in these last two mentioned heats inspired some of the very wise dog men present to declare that she was a "blinker." I hunted her four times during the months of November and December, 1889, and took her to Kern County nine days before the trials of 1890. I hunted her eight days in succession, two hours and a half at a time, in order to get some of the fat off her, and started her in the aged stake. She was naturally tired and to some extent stale, but she won the stake without an error, and I never heard any more about her "blinking."

In 1891 I sent her to Mr. W. W. Titus of Mississippi to have him run her in the champion stake. He pronounced her fit to run in any company and took her to High Point to start her, but she came in season and could not start so I had her bred to Mr. Titus' "Dick Bondhu" and returned to me.

SUNLIT.

She whelped a litter of five, but only two, viz.: Mars and Mercury, lived to be old enough to do anything with. An accident ruined Mars, and Mercury's reputation as a field trial performer and sire of winners are matters of public knowledge. I sold Mercury to Mr. Antone Kerckhoff when eleven months old. Sunlit afterward, to my dog Harold, threw the winners Pelham, Petronella and Orion, the latter the sire of Mr. Terry's great young dog Kilgarif.

Sunlit's pedigree, in my judgment, stands unequaled among Llewellin setters for beauty of blood lines and sequential number and quality of winners. Out of her first fourteen ancestors twelve were first-prize winners at field trials, the two non-winners being Petrel and Ruby, two of the grandest brood bitches we have ever had.

Sunlit inherited many of the cunning qualities of her paternal grand dam, the great bitch Sue, and was a great jockey in a race. She was a perfect "backer" as long as the pointing dog remained rigid, but once there was a wiggle of the pointing dog's tail, Lit was off looking for the birds that ought to have been in front of her opponent. She would watch her opponent across a field and if he gave any indications of game she would try to beat him to the birds. She would handle single birds at a pace that gave me many anxious moments while down in field trial competition, but she knew her business and I learned to let her alone.

As you can see by her picture, she had a nearly perfect form, built to gallop on every line, and with the finest head I have ever seen, with great dark eyes that were almost human in expression. This picture was taken in 1892. She was rather fleshy at the time. I had her then at Bakersfield in attendance on the trials, for I always took her with me to the trials even after her running days were over. Her form was of the Gladstone type, and she never lost her speed. I believe she would have been as fast the last year of her life as she ever was if put in condition. I believe that all setters with that type of body, especially bitches, which generally lose their speed after being bred, will retain their speed longest, and for that reason I fancy that type of conformation for field dogs. C. N. Post.

Sacramento, Cal.

GREAT POINTER SIRES OF THE PAST.

Without a doubt one of the greatest pointer sires ever before the American public was Champion Croxteth (Young Bang-Jane), a dog which in spite of limited opportunities succeeded in siring a large number of field-trial winners, including Drake, Scout, Snipe, Trinket's Bang, Robert C., Diable, Birtle, Trinket's Countess, Ossian, Lady Zeal, Patti Croxteth VII, and Croxlill. Of these Trinket's Bang, Ossian and Patti Croxteth VII, were in the first flight, competing on an equality with setters which at that time showed decidedly superior in field qualities to the pointers taken as a class.

Trinket's Bang, although not an extensive winner was a performer of superlative quality, and was one of the very few pointers of his day which possessed the dash and determination of the setters and the ability to cope with them in speed, range and stamina. His blood lines were of the best and through his daughter Pearl's Dot has proven remarkably prepotent as she is the dam of Strideway by King of Kent, Virginia by Little Ned, Young Rip Rap and Ripple by Champ. Rip Rap, and Young Jingo by Champ. Jingo, as well as of the greatest living producing dam, Dot's Pearl, which has such winners as Dot's Daisy, Two Spot, Lad of Jingo, Drillmaster, Dot's Jingo, Jingo, Pearl and Jingo's Boy to her credit. Other producing daughters are Florida and Pearl's Dot II, the former being the dam of Stockdale Kennels Petronella by Young Jingo and of Cuba, Jr. by Cuba of Kenwood, while Pearl's Dot II, is the dam of C. E. Worden's Pearls' Jingle.

Through the Trinket's Bang-Pearlstone cross and other prepotent lines of breeding, Croxteth's blood is met with in our winning pointers, and is highly esteemed by thoughtful breeders for it is of undoubted value and cannot be obtained in too strong infusions.

A PRIVATE FIELD TRIAL.

KENNEL EDITOR, WESTERN FIELD: Through the courtesy of Messrs. Lewis Stenhmer and Mr. I. T. Carter of Emmetsburg, Ia., the local sportsmen here were treated to an exhibition afield with Mr. Stentmer's good young setter Kossuth.

Mr. Carter being here on business drifted of course into our company, and having developed and placed Mr. Hoover's good little pointer bitch Lass of Jingo —who by the way Mr. Carter declares with all emphasis to be the best pointer he ever saw run— the talk led up to the great dogs Count Whitestone and Oakley Hill, both of which were repeatedly placed by Mr. Carter, who assured us that he believed that in Kossuth Mr. Stenhmer had the equal of Whitestone and wished we could see him.

Of course we all signified what a pleasure it would afford us to see him, and Mr. Carter wrote Mr. Stentmer to please ship "Soo," as they called him. In due time the dog arrived and a more perfect specimen would be hard to find. Soo is a little more rugged than Count Whitestone and has the appearance of being a trifle heavier, yet not what one could call a big dog—rather a "big little" dog. Every line indicates speed and courage. Soo is a very lovable fellow, and like his owner a perfect gentleman, but from his rugged build and boldness I presume if it came to a fight his opponent, big or little, would know he'd been in a "scrap."

Sunday afternoon we took the dog out with Louise Danstone as a brace, and reaching an open, level country the dogs were cast off and were soon ranging fast and wide with Soo leading Lou by a good margin.

We continued for well on to a mile before reaching a country suitable for quail. Both dogs reached the cover at the same time. Lou being out-classed in range and speed made up for it by her cunningness, and while Soo was out on one of his long casts she made a bee-line for the brush and secured the first point on a single. Soo, coming up, backed at command, he showing a little inclination to steal the point. The bird flushed and both dogs were steady; they were sent on and the next point was secured by Soo, Lou not being near. The bird flushed wild as Mr. Carter advanced toward Soo, who was steady to flush.

In the meantime two birds were seen to come from the direction Lou had taken, but whether or not she had flushed them no one could tell. They were marked down and the dogs worked toward them. The birds had lit in an open spot where there was no cover, and flushed wild before either dog had got close enough to point.

We then cast the dogs across an open field toward a brush patch, and for the first time Lou limbered up and fully excited by the recent bird work, held Soo pretty level in speed and, with her cunningness added, again beat Soo to the cover and nailed a bevy. Soo coming up, both dogs being several hundred yards distant, passed in front of Lou and put up the birds, but dropped to wing and both dogs were steady.

Casting up a small ravine following the flight of the birds Lou came to a point. Soo having cast wilder was far beyond. The bird was flushed, Lou showing unsteadiness, but stopped at command. Sent on she made a short cast and returned to the spot where the last bird was flushed, and came to a point; Soo in the meantime having cast back, backed her nicely.

Thinking Lou was pointing on scent of the bird that had been flushed she was urged on, but she held fast and Mr. Carter passing over to her flushed another single in front of her.

We then started the dogs up wind, having up to this time been working down wind in order to reach Mr. Anten's place, so that he might also see the fun.

Soon after starting up wind—Soo ranging out fast and wide and Lou casting to every slough or weed patch—Lou was missed; looking back over the course about 200 yards to the left she was seen on a point. Soo was called in for a back, which he did in magnificent style full seventy-five yards in front of her.

As we went up to Lou, facing her, she began to move her tail and I, thinking she had not positively located, urged her on to an excusable flush of a single. No more birds were found, and after a run of probably three-quarters of a mile Mr. Anten's place was reached and the dogs taken up with honors enough for both, Soo leading in speed and range, Loo being more lucky on birds.

Mr. Anten was so well pleased with Kossuth that his bitch Maud Danstone, a litter sister to Lou, being then in season, was bred to him the next day, and the dog shipped home.

All who saw Soo admired him, and all feel grateful to Messrs. Stenhmer and Carter for the pleasure of seeing him afield. In justice to the dogs, especially to Kossuth, I would say that neither were in condition for such a run, and although they were down more than an hour both were going stronger and with more vim when taken up than when started.

Lou was bred to Cowley's Rodfield's Pride on March 22, and the prospective litter have had one good run if they never get another, and (with their dam) were, in the judgment of all, a fair second to a dog as high class as "they make 'em."

KENNEL NOTES.

Nairod Kennel's St. Bernard bitch Ch. Alta Rachel ter II. This is too bad, for the nick was a good has just lost a litter of puppies by Ch. Grand Masone, and some prize-winners should have been the result.

The adoption of the following rule by the American Kennel Club, will in all probability prove to be the death knell of every small show-giving club, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and even some of the larger clubs will find it a hard matter to come forward with the necessary prize money.

The new rule as adopted is as follows:

Resolved, That after August 1, 1903, the schedule of points to regulate the values of Winners' Classes be as follows: That at shows giving at least $2,000 prize money in regular classes, the rating shall be one point. At shows giving at least $2,500 the rating shall be two points. At shows giving at least $3,000, the rating shall be three points. At shows giving at least $4,000, the rating shall be four points. At shows giving at least $5,000 the rating shall be five points. That specialty clubs holding shows confined to their own breeds, the rating shall be four points. That upon the Pacific Coast, one-half of the amount shall substitute the above amounts of money. That the opening of Winners' Classes at all shows shall be a matter entirely within the discretion of the Bench Show Committee of said club, subject of course to the rules governing Winners' Classes."

A show without a Winners' Class counts for nothing to the average exhibitor, and entries could hardly be obtained, if no entry fee were charged. On the Pacific Coast, we doubt if ever the San Francisco Kennel Club can survive, let alone the various smaller clubs. It looks as if the A. K. C. is making a bad move, but time alone will tell.

AN APOLOGY.

No one regrets more than does the writer, the hasty reflections cast by him recently upon the ability and fairness of Dr. C. M. Selfridge in his capacity as judge of the cocker classes at the San Francisco show. I am ready to admit that I believe this gentleman was honest and sincere in his decisions, and that the awards were given in accordance with his personal convictions of the respective merits of the contestants.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTED—To exchange new Marlin safety rifle, with case and belt, for second-hand Luger or Colts automatic pistol in good condition. Address 307 Stuart ave., Redlands, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Unmounted live game and other pictures, 5x7, $1.50 per dozen; 6½x8½, $2.50 per dozen. Bromide enlargements of live elk, 14x17, $5.00 each; all postpaid; satisfaction guaranteed. S. N. Leek. Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred black cocker spaniel pups. Pine Hill Kennels, San Anselmo, Marin Co.

* * *

FOR SALE—$50.00 buys very handsome evenly marked white and lemon pointer dog, thoroughly broken on all kinds of game. Fine retreiver from land or water; no faults; fast, wide, nervy ranger. A gentleman's ideal shooting dog with speed enough for a field trial winner, and handsome enough to show on the bench. Two and one-half years old. Will send on approval to responsible party if deposit to cover express charges is made. T. P. M. Connell, 55 Johnson st., Victoria, B. C.

* * *

FOR SALE—Three English Setter male pups, one lemon and white, two black, white and tan; one fourteen months, others six months. For particulars address DR. F. D. TAFT, 1312 Market st. S. S.

* * *

FOR SALE—Best grade Mannlicher repeating rifle, 8 m-m caliber, all improvements, fitted with fine telescope sights, improved hair (double) trigger. Perfect condition; killing range two (2) miles. Cheap for cash. Will accept Luger or German model Colt's automatic pistol in part payment. "Mannlicher," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

FOR SALE—Litter of English setter puppies, sire Real John (Real English-Mallwyd Bess) winners of two firsts, New York; first Danbury, first Victoria, first Seattle; dam Albert Rosalind (Count F., Cassie Sheldon), winner of first open and winners New York; first Wissahickon, first open and winners Seattle, first open and winners, Portland, first open San Francisco, 1903. These puppies are evenly marked, white and black, ticked and white and orange ticked; strong, healthy and sure to be winners. $25.00 each, T. P. McConnell, 55 Johnson street, Victoria, B. C

* * *

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

GENTS:—My ad in your June number brought 16 replies. I sold my 4 Irish setters; got $90 for same, and could have sold 10 more at same price. Unfortunately my setter won't breed that fast.

Yours respectfully,
W. H. EADIE.

TRADE TOPICS

A NEW SHORT-RANGE REVOLVER BULLET.

THIS bullet is designed by the Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., for use in revolvers taking 44 cal. S. & W. Russian cartridges. It was designed for short range. The round ball up to this time has been the lightest used. It, however, has been discarded as unsuitable for this work with nitro powders, on account of lack of bearing in the barrel. This objection has been overcome by making the new bullet longer, and with wide and deep groove, taking out the metal, leaving the bullet same weight as the round ball. The round point on the bullet permits the use of the double adjustable chamber on the Ideal No. 3 tool for seating it in the shell. The sharp edge on the front band cuts a clean hole in the target, and also scrapes residum from the barrel, leaving it cleaner and obviating the probability of leading. The forward band is narrow, just metal enough to give good bearing.

With the two bands, the bullet presents a long bearing in the rifling. The base band is heavy so to stand up under the sharp blow given by nitro powder. The bullet weighs 125 grs., and will be designated in the next catalogue of the Ideal Manufacturing Company as No. 429,239. It is pleasant to shoot, and is very accurate. Placing eight shots in a circle the size of a dime at twenty yards has been done with it repeatedly.

The following loads have proved very accurate: Three grs. weight of Laflin & Rand's "Bulls-Eye" powder; 4 to 4½ grs. of either Schultze, Hazard's, or DuPont's shotgun nitro powders. Primers used, U. M. C. No. 7, or Winchester No. 3, W. Lubrication need not be placed in the groove. On the contrary, seat the front band about 1-16 of an inch below the muzzle of the shell. Lubrication may be run around to fill the space, thus presenting lubrication to the barrel in front of the lead. Another method is to cut a lubricating disc with the shell from olio sheet wad, made by E. A. Leopold of Morristown, Penn., place this on top of the powder, seat the bullet same as above. It is said that this lubricating wad will not melt to affect the strength of the powder. This method is very simple, clean, and inexpensive. A light card-board wad between the bullet and the lubricating disc will prevent the possibility of the same sticking to the bullet. It is said that with this method of lubrication hundreds of shots can be fired and there will be no danger of leading. The barrel and cylinder will remain bright and the revolver will clean very easily.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company are now ready to supply moulds for this bullet, which, we predict, will soon achieve a large adoption.

* * *

GRAPHINE GUN WADS ARE BEING EXPORTED

The Graphine Gun Wad Company recently made two large shipments of their wads to England and France. They have also shipped several large orders to Canada. The company reports a monthly increase in their business of fifty per cent.

* * *

INFALLIBLY SO!

At Lafayette, Ind., June 4, Mr. C. B. Wiggins won the first amateur average, and Mr. C. O. Le-Compte second amateur average, both using "Infallible" smokeless powder. Field shooters all over the land are a unit in declaring that "Infallible" is one of the most pleasant shooting powders they have ever used, and duck-shooters especially are loud in their praise of its strength, quickness, and wonderfully clean burning properties.

* * *

PETERS' PROMINENCE.

At the Pennsylvania State shoot May 18, 19 and 20 some very remarkable shooting was done by Mr. James Atkinson of New Castle, Pa. Mr. Atkinson won the high average in the open amateur events, also high average in the State events, and the combined general average, and tied the winner of the State championship. In the regular events shooting at 500 targets he scored 476, an average of over ninety-five per cent. Mr. Atkinson shot Peters' Ideal Factory Loads, Dupont Powder, and a Parker gun.

The fourth sharpshooters tournament of the Central Sharpshooters Union of North America, which took place June 17 to 21, brought together in competition many of the best off-hand rifle shots in the country. The great events, the point target match, and the people's target match, were won by F. C. Ross and H. M. Pope, respectively. Both used Stevens Rifles and King's Semi-Smokeless Powder.

At the Michigan State shoot, held at Jackson, June 17 and 18, C. W. Phellis won high average for both days, and F. E. Sayer won amateur high average, using Peters' Ideal factory-loaded shells. L. B. Finletter captured the American amateur trophy. He used Peters' Premier factory-loaded shells. At Wilkesbarre, Pa., during the two days' tournament, June 17 and 18, Peters' factory-loaded shells showed their merits conspicuously. The first grand average was won by Sim Glover, who scored 257 out of 265. They also won second and third places. Glover scored 114 straight at the tournament, and W. H. Stroh, in the amateur class, 95 straight. At Milton, Pa., this ammunition scored 126 straight.

NEW SAVAGE RIFLES.

We illustrate herewith the '99 model Savage .25-35, .32-40, and .38-55 Repeaters. From report, we learn that these are meeting with an enthusiastic reception from riflemen throughout the country. The progressive shooter is not long in learning full particulars of any new goods of American manufacturers, and he seems to have hit on the new Savage products with unusual quickness. The new sizes are adapted to the famous model 1899, which hitherto has been made in the .30-30 and .303 calibers only. All barrels of the model 1899 are of Savage Smokeless Steel, and the new high pressure loads may be used with perfect safety to the shooter. These high-power .32-40 and .38-55 charges are excellent big-game loads. When you buy a Savage you will possess a firearm that will give the service you expect. In other words, the rifle will be accurate and reliable, and you will feel more than repaid for the money invested.

A catalogue fully describing the complete line of Savage Rifles, ammunition, re-loading tools, sights, etc., will be sent on request. Address Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y., or Baker & Hamilton, Coast Agents, San Francisco, and mention WESTERN FIELD.

THE NEW LUGER CARBINE.

Baker & Hamilton, distributing agents for the Pacific Coast of the famous "Luger" products, are showing a new departure in the way of a Luger 'take-down" hammerless automatic carbine, quite distinct from the now world-famous pistol of that name, which is surely destined to excite great interest among Coast sportsmen. This new weapon embodies terribly destructive capabilities in the highest possible form of condensation and furnishes a weapon with which a man may safely face any foe on earth, biped or quadruped—anything from our native "grizzly" to our imported "anarchist."

It is small enough to be convenient, powerful enough to kill a deer or bear at long range. In workmanship, the Luger Carbine is a veritable triumph of mechanism, combining, as it does, beauty of design, with a perfect balance and a faultless finish, combined with notable simplicity of action, unapproachable rapidity of fire, and marvelous accuracy. It operates on the modern automatic "link" system, whereby the recoil resulting from the discharge of a cartridge forces the barrel and breech-block backward, overcoming the "kick" and automatically extracting and ejecting the empty shell, a fresh cartridge is instantly brought into position ready to be automatically forced into the breech by the returning breech-block when the weapon is again ready for firing. The magazine, with its capacity of eight cartridges, is carried in the stock, and can be ejected and replaced with a fresh one

in an instant. With its convenient size, great rapidity of fire, unprecedented effective range, accuracy, and penetration—the "Luger" Carbine is indeed the acme of modern weapons. It is beautifully constructed, and has an ivory bead front sight. The caliber is .30 length over all 31 inches, length of barrel 12 inches. Full metal jacket and soft point cartridges may be used at will, it handling both perfectly. A muzzle velocity of 1,200 feet per second is attained, and a speed of 116 shots per minute has been achieved. It weighs complete only four pounds, and may be dissembled and used as a pistol if so desired. Literature fully descriptive of this arm may be had by application to Baker & Hamilton, San Francisco.

* * *

WON WITH WINCHESTER PRODUCTS.

Mr. A. Muller, of the local Winchester agency, recently showed us, with pardonable pride, the following letters, which speak for themselves:

DAYTON, WASH., June 28, 1903.

Winchester Repeating Arms Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen:—In regard to the Nineteenth Annual Tournament of the Sportsman's Association of the Northwest, which took place in Dayton, Washington, on the 25th, 26th and 27th inst., would say as follows: Of the 89 shooters who shot in this tournament, 47 used Winchester "pump" guns, 63 Winchester "Leader" shells, and 4 Winchester "Repeater" shells. The Multnomah Medal, shot for on the first day, was won by A. P. Bigelow of Ogden, with a Smith gun and Winchester "Repeater" shells on a score of 73 out of 75, which included two tie shoot-offs. The Three-Man Team Championship cup, shot for on the same day, was captured by the Seattle team, composed of E. E. Ellis, who shot a Smith Gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, Dell Cooper, who shot a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, and Dr. A. Purdy, who also used a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells. The team score was 56 out of a possible 60.

The Dayton medal, shot for on the second day, was won by N. McMillan of Idaho Falls, with a Smith gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, on a score of 50 straight. The Walla Walla Brownlee medal, shot for on the same day, at 20 targets, expert rules, indicator pull, one man up, four unknown and one known trap, was captured by C. D. Ellis of Harrington, with the only straight score of 20. Mr. Ellis shot a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells. The Globe Trophy, shot for on the same day, was tied for by W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, who shot a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, G. L. Becker of Ogden who shot a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Repeater" shells, and A. P. Bigelow of Ogden, who shot a Smith gun and Winchester "Repeater" shells. All tied on 47 out of a possible 50 in this event at mixed shooting. In the first shoot-off, Sheard scored 45, Bigelow and Becker 46 each. In the second shoot, Bigelow and Becker tied again on 45 each, so will hold the trophy together, until the next tournament. The Anaconda cup, shot for on the third day, was won by I. Dornburg of Spokane, with a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, on the only straight score of 25 in this event. The Brownlee Trophy, shot for on the same day, was captured by E. F. Confarr, of Livingston, with a Winchester "pump" gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, on the only straight score of 25 in this event, which was at unknown angles, reversed pull. The Individual Championship medal was captured by G. L. Becker of Ogden, with a Winchester "pump" gun and "Repeater" shells, on a score of 50 straight, which included a shoot-off with A. P. Bigelow at 25 targets. The Ladies' High Average medal was won by Mrs. W. F. Sheard of Tacoma, with a Smith gun and Winchester "Leader" shells. The first three high averages of the entire tournament were won by shooters using Winchester "pump" guns and Winchester shells. G. L. Becker, first with 45 lost in the 610 shot at, W. F. Sheard second with 56 lost in the 610 and W. H. Seaver third with 61 lost in the 610. Of the 13 high average prizes, 10 were captured by shooters who shot Winchester "pump" guns, and 11 by shooters who used Winchester shells. A noticeable feature of the tournament was the four solid squads of five men each all shooting Winchester "pump" guns and Winchester shells. Of the seven individual trophies shot for during the tournament, five were captured by shooters using Winchester "pump" guns, and the entire seven by those who shot Winchester shells.

Yours respectfully,
W. H. SEAVER.

* * *

RED BLUFF, July 1, 1903.

At the Northern California Inanimate Target Tournament, held at Red Bluff, Cal., on June 13 and 14, Winchester goods carried off the honors.

Of the 57 shooters who shot in this tournament, 51 used Winchester Leader shells, and 16 Winchester pump guns. The longest straight run (36) on the first day of the tournament was made by W. H. Seaver. Mr. Seaver also had the honor of making the longest straight run (33) on the second day of the shoot. He used a Winchester pump gun and Winchester Leader shells. F. M. Newbert, using a Winchester pump gun and Winchester Leader shells, captured the individual Northern California championship cup, and also made the highest general average of the tournament—136 out of a possible 150. Mr. Seaver made the second highest average, 133 out of 150. The Pump Gun Squad, composed of Messrs. Ruhstaller, Seaver, Peyton, Upson, and Newbert, were the high average squad of the tournament. All the men in the squad shot Winchester pump guns and Winchester Leader shells.

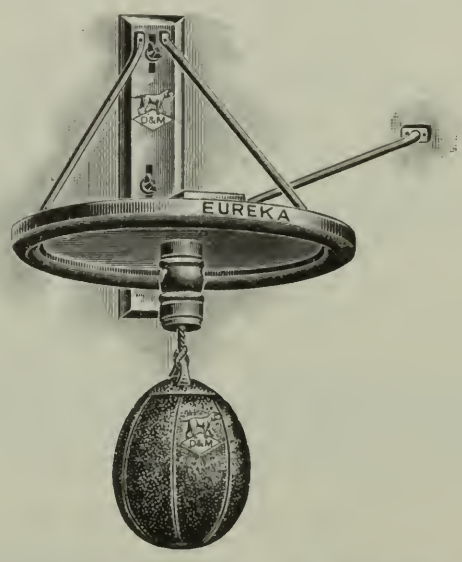
The six-man team championship cup was won by the Dunsmuir team, composed of Messrs. Deyo, Peyton, Rose, Hellman, Walker, and Leach. Three of the six men shot Winchester pump guns, and five of the six Winchester Leader shells. Of the 34 merchandise prizes shot for during the tournament, 29 were captured by shooters using Winchester Leader shells.

PUMP.

* * *

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

About a year ago the Draper & Maynard Co., Plymouth, N. H., placed before the trade a new Striking Bag Platform, embracing several new ideas, which have proven very practical and valuable. The "Eureka," as the platform is called, has met with success in every way, and dealers who have been handling it say it is the best. Not only are their customers pleased with the platform and price, but it pays the dealer a handsome profit as well. The "Eureka" takes up but little space, can be put on the casing of a door or on the wall, is very rigid and strong, and can be put up in ten minutes; it is made of birch, ash, or quartered oak and highly polished, the brace rods are of steel tubing, very strong



and durable; it is fitted with the best nickle plated bell swivel and best Napa green kid treble seamed bag with pure gum guaranteed bladder, bag and bladder complete weighing not over eight ounces. The extension drop in center of platform enables one to make the platform disc only 24 inches across, giving the bag full swing; it is the quickest bag ever put on the market, and weighs complete (crated) about 33 pounds.

This firm manufactures a full line of athletic goods, consisting of footballs, clothing, helmets, boxing gloves, striking bags, etc., the principal features of which are unequaled style, quality and price, features which have brought the line to the front and made it one of the most desirable lines of athletic products offered to the trade. The trade-mark, "D. & M.," stands for the best value offered for anybody's money, and the public have been quick in their recognition of this, the sales being enormous wherever the goods have been introduced.

* * *

THEY ALL USE SPRATTS.

Many kennel men and those who have the reputation of being well-informed in the matter of dogs seem to find it necessary for their reputation that they should have some "sure remedy" for every kind of canine disease, and their prescriptions are much sought after by friends and admirers. It stands to reason that many of these prescriptions must have considerable value, but it is a curious fact that these same "knowing ones" purchase Spratts' remedies for their own dogs. Why is this? They know that Spratts have for thirty years or more investigated and experimented for the purpose of perfecting their remedies. They have also at least as good opportunities of having valuable information imparted to them as others have. It is also certain that, for their own reputation's sake, they are going to choose only the best. Dealers and fanciers should remember that Spratts also manufacture specially prepared food for dogs, puppies, rabbits, cats, poultry, game, pigeons, fish, birds, etc., in addition to their regular product.

* * *

INDISPENSABLE TO CAMPERS.

Prominent among the few really meritorious things recently devised for the use of campers, is the Duplex Fork, offered by E. A. Lyford, 3090 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, O., at a very nominal sum. When we consider how often we have carried scorched fingers from our otherwise conditionally perfect sylvan feast, one wonders why this little device was not patented ages ago. There is not an outer in the blessed woods, but who will eagerly welcome an appliance like this, which will permit the handling with perfect comfort of those hot camp-life amenities—which are no good unless they are piping hot—like potatoes, corn ears, eggs, etcetera, and not one in a thousand, but who will avail himself of such a luxury at the trivial price quoted. For further particulars see Mr. Lyford's ad. in another column.

* * *

SOME SKINNER SPECIALTIES.

One can always trust to Henry E. Skinner's getting hold of the plums in the business pudding when it comes to making a selection of good things for his legion of sporting friends. A notable example of this is the swell line of special velvet tanned leather suitings he is showing for outing wear, particularly the line adapted to automobilists' use. Soft as a kid glove, pliable, and dainty as silk velvet, and of a characteristic beauty and richness of shadings and color never before equaled in a leather garment, they need only to be seen to be bought, for the style, colors, and price are all right!

The H. E. Skinner Co., is also showing a line of adjustable lawn umbrellas that have achieved a spontaneous popularity. The stock of fishing tackle, guns, ammunition, cutlery, and other sportsmen's requirements is larger and choicer than ever, and the throngs of patrons one meets daily in this favorite establishment is the best evidence that they are well taken care of.

* * *

"THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED"

Is what sportsmen are saying about the new and easy course of taxidermy taught through the mails, by the faculty of the Northwestern School of Taxidermy in Omaha, Neb., whose advertisement appears elsewhere in our columns. At a really nominal cost any one can be taught to easily and perfectly mount all their own trophies in a manner attained by but few of our best professional taxidermists; outside of the pleasant associations perpetuated by such self-preserved mementoes of one's skill and luck afield, there is quite a large profit in such work, and good specimens are becoming more valuable every year. If you wish to reduce your sporting expenses very materially besides learning how to decorate your den or office at the least possible trouble and cost, write the faculty at once for explanative literature, mentioning this paper.

* * *

THE OLD RELIABLE.

How instinctively the mind reverts to the time honored name of Glover, when in need of anything to alleviate the misery, check or avert the diseases, and beautify the appearance and conserve the health of our favorite dogs! For more years than one cares to remember the name of H. Clay Glover, V. S., has been prominent in the annals of Veterinary surgery, and Glover's remedies today are the standards wherever man has the humanity and the necessity to doctor his dog. Could the many thousands of dogs whose condition has been ameliorated by these sterling medicines only talk, the word that would ring loudest in canine cadences would be the one which every kennel man admires and which all men respect,—"Glover"!

* * *

THE WORK OF THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE.

In the work of an institution like the California Promotion Committee, which aims at general results in building up the State, it is hard to index exactly all that has been accomplished through its patriotic work. The work is so broad in scope that it is almost impossible to say that the Promotion Committee has accomplished certain results in the settlement and development of California to the exclusion of our other good and patriotic bodies.

There are, however, a number of branches of the Promotion Committee whose activities are so specialized that it is possible to ascertain definitely what has been accomplished along certain lines. Thus, the results show that up to the end of May 31, 1903, the committee was in correspondence with 42,873 people who are interested in California, and that for the nine months, ending May 31, 1903, the committee had distributed 312,479 pieces of literature about California. Not only this, but the committee has brought and settled in the State many thousands of industrious families, who are now engaged in agricultural pursuits, and work not only for their own prosperity, but for the substantial building up of this State.

One feature about the work of the California Promotion Committee is that every letter to an interested Easterner is answered personally, and not, as is often done, by printed circulars, which do not give the thought and individual attention necessary, not only to explain to a man why it may be desirable for him to locate, but to give him the specific information which he seeks. The fact is true of every phase of life concerning which specific information is desired. The same State or Commonwealth will appeal to no two men in precisely the same manner, and thus a circular on general lines will not constitute the direct appeal which a personal letter will when you give a man just the information he desires.

This personal plan of work explains the success of the California Promotion Committee as an agent in developing this splendid State. The committee has had in the field a number of representatives, sometimes as many as six, who have lectured and talked personally to the Easterner upon what California has to give them. The committee's representatives in the field have been men who are intimately acquainted with the agricultural and industrial conditions in California, who have themselves engaged in building up this State, and are therefore able to speak convincingly.

The California Promotion Committee has nothing to buy and nothing to sell. Its funds are donated by merchants, firms, and patriotic persons of San Francisco. Its officers are well-known business men, who give their time gratuitously to assisting in the development of the State. The committee's headquarters are very attractive, provided with a reading-room, etc. Those in charge of the headquarters are competently informed as to California. If one could see the immense volume of business which is done in one day by the Promotion Committee to enlighten visitors as to our State and city, and to interest those with whom the committee is in correspondence, they would be surprised beyond any good opinion which they may already have formed toward this patriotic organization.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Worlds Headquarters *for* TENTS

3 CENTS WORTH OF FORESIGHT

Will make your vacation under canvas this year a never-to-be-forgotten delight

Send stamps for 160-page catalogue B, giving exact information about the best and stongest **water-proof** tents made—for all weathers and all seasons

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REMINGTON LEE SPORTING RIFLE

WITHOUT AN EQUAL FOR

LONG RANGE TARGET AND BIG GAME SHOOTING

FRANK H. HYDE Shot with a REMINGTON-LEE Sporting Rifle and won the All-Comers Match, Sea Girt, New Jersey

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A. MULLER, Agent

0 cts. SEPTEMBER, 1903 $1 a Year

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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Black Sporting
Mining and Blasting

Ask your Dealer for Cartridges loaded with DuPont

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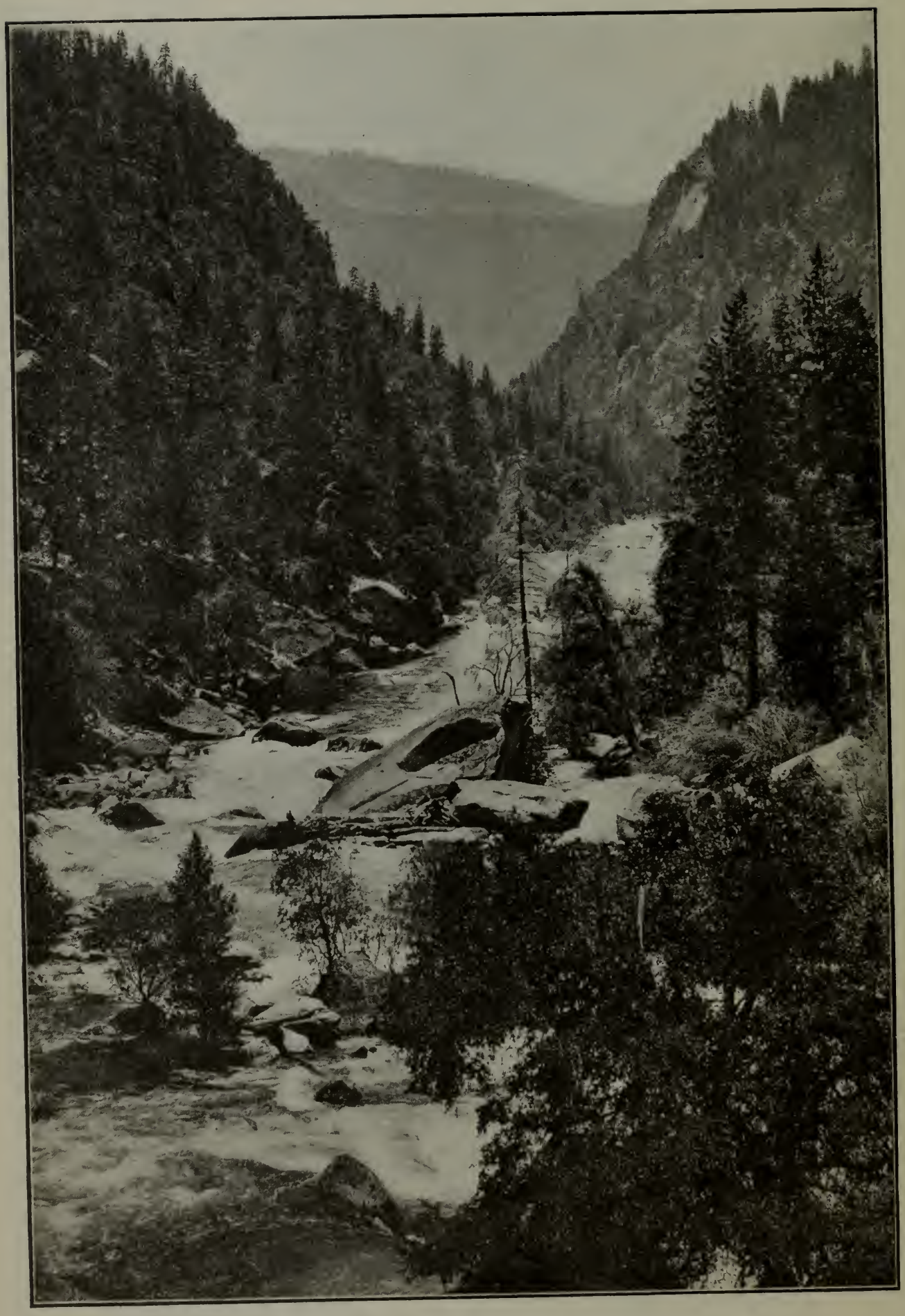


W. J. Street, Photo THE MERCED RIVER, A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA TROUT STREAM.

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1903. NO. 2.

"BUCK AGER"

By A. D. JORDAN.

JUST half a century ago to-day, at the mouth of the Sausal Creek, on the edge of the Alexander Valley in the Russian River country, stood a boy of twelve with a clumsy nine-pound rifle and two untrained ranch curs. Father had arranged for his semi-annual trip to San Francisco for supplies and had issued most imperative orders not to touch that rifle while he was gone; to make doubly sure that his orders would be obeyed he removed the tube from the gun and hid it.

On his disappearance down the road an excited hunt began for the little tube and by noon it had been found and replaced in the cumbersome weapon. Bullets were nervously moulded and target practice began; five shots at one hundred yards from a rest on the root of a tree placed within the diameter of a tin plate gave assurance to the young would-be nimrod that it would be impossible to miss a deer if he did not get the "buck ager" and on that point much assurance was felt.

Next morning at daylight the boy with gun and dogs was slowly climbing the steep mountain side, anxious to reach the summit two miles away in time for the morning hunt. Surrounded for a year by frontier neighbors who at every country function recounted the times and the manner in which they had killed deer and bear, invariably interpolating some story about the "greenhorn" that was out with them getting the "buck ager" so bad that he could not hit a barn door, my imagination had become so fired that I could not think of anything else, and now my wild dreams were about to be realized.

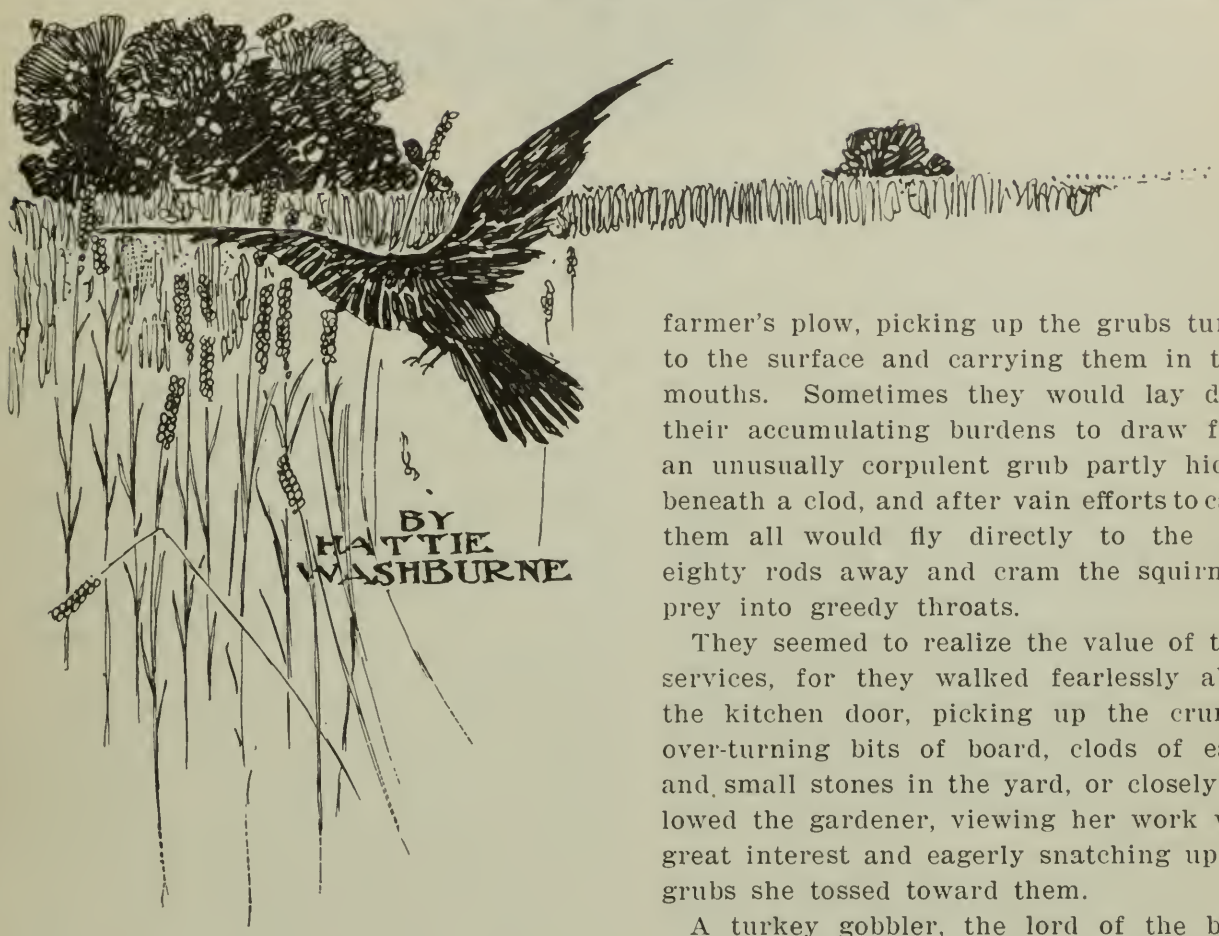
To the top and over a ridge half a mile away I climbed; looking down in a grassy gulch, at least five hundred yards away stood a buck and two does who saw me as soon as I saw them. My heart began to palpitate for some unknown reason and I began to fear I had the "buck ager." With desperate determination I held my breath and tried to quiet my quivering muscles, but all to no purpose; there stood the deer with heads erect, evidently about to run and no convenient tree to rest the heavy rifle on and my whole body shaking like an aspen. Remembering that I was there to shoot, and pointing the wabbling weapon somewhere in the direction of the deer, I pulled the trigger; the gun went off and so did the deer, but the memory has remained with me this half century and is as bright now as then. With the hot blood coursing through my veins as it never does now, I carefully reloaded with a grim determination to get over the "buck ager" or know the reason why; over ridge, down cañons, through brush so high and so thick that the sun could not penetrate it or warm the trickling brooklets that coursed through the silent shades, on and on I went. About noon I started a bunch of deer that ran out of a gulch and into a thicket of greasewood; in great haste I climbed the hill to get above the hiding place, and with perspiration pouring into my eyes and down my back I stopped at the top in a cluster of big rocks and listened to approaching sounds coming up out of the thicket. I could see the brush moving and I knew a deer was coming my way; the curs were tired and I had no fear of their scaring the game, so I carefully rested the gun on a rock and bracing my-

self waited for its appearance without a quiver. The deer soon emerged from the brush, stopping with head and shoulders in plain sight, antlers thrown back and nose in the air, about fifty or seventy-five yards away. With a steady, careful sight I fired; over went the deer backward into the brush and I rushed with the dogs to the spot, sure of finding my buck—but he was not there! A mad rush of boy and dogs through the half acre of brush followed but no deer was found; I began to cool off and concluded to go back and track the deer, as I was sure he must be bleeding, but after a careful half hour of examination no blood could be found —nor even a deer track and I came to the conclusion then, and have not yet changed my mind, that my excited nerves produced a mental hallucination vividly creating a deer.

Disgusted and disheartened, heated and tired, with shoulders sore from bearing the weight of the heavy rifle I clambered down to the cool, shady bed of the Sausal, shooting a jack rabbit on my way down. Lighting a fire of drift wood in a dry pot hole in the rocky bed of the creek, I broiled the jack and, dividing with the dogs, satisfied my hunger and again felt the free independent thrill of believing myself an invincible mountain hunter. Hunting all the afternoon I saw no more deer, and just as the sun was going down we reached the top of the last divide going home; a wind had sprung up, the ocean fog was drifting in and the brush was getting damp. About a quarter of a mile away I spied a buck with his antlers up, coming toward me on the run; hastily concealing myself in a clump of buckeye bushes and giving each of the curs a vigorous kick to keep them at heel, I watched the buck coming down the trail until he was within fifty yards of me when he stopped broadside on. From a rest on a bush I sent a bullet into his shoulder and the buck was mine; as I feasted my eyes on his beauty I was again a fearless mountaineer—a dead shot ready to join the Hudson Bay Company, hunting and trapping in the Far North.

I would give much now to experience again the feeling of independence I felt then; the deer was too large for me to handle so I hastened down to the ranch and, throwing a harness on a gentle horse, I took an axe and clambered back to my kill. Cutting down some brush I rolled the deer on it and hitching the horse to this primitive *travois* "skidded" the deer to the foot of the mountain, thence to the door of Marion Hale, a near neighbor, who promised not to tell on me, and for several days I reveled in venison of my own killing. I have killed many bucks since that eventful day, but have never since experienced an attack of "buck ager."

THE GRACKLES



BEFORE the swelling buds had ventured to unfurl their tender leaves to the winds that had not quite lost the chill of winter, a pair of grackles began the structure of their dwelling.

Though it could not justly be called a pretty home the owners took great delight in it, and in due time it was nearly concealed by thick foliage and filled to overflowing with four sooty forms, each possessing an appetite of wonderous proportion to the size of the bird.

Now it chanced that they had chosen the site of their dwelling near the home of a farmer whose fields were much infested by the grub and larvæ of the cockchaffer, these pests having the preceeding year laid waste several acres of a promising crop.

The grackles at once drew upon this vast food supply to appease the growing appetites of their offspring.

They would walk majestically behind the farmer's plow, picking up the grubs turned to the surface and carrying them in their mouths. Sometimes they would lay down their accumulating burdens to draw forth an unusually corpulent grub partly hidden beneath a clod, and after vain efforts to carry them all would fly directly to the nest eighty rods away and cram the squirming prey into greedy throats.

They seemed to realize the value of their services, for they walked fearlessly about the kitchen door, picking up the crumbs, over-turning bits of board, clods of earth and small stones in the yard, or closely followed the gardener, viewing her work with great interest and eagerly snatching up the grubs she tossed toward them.

A turkey gobbler, the lord of the barnyard, one day infringed upon the rights of the male grackle and he, rearing his feathers upright on his neck, turned in defiance. They for a moment stood facing one another, a pair of combatants as ill matched as David and Goliath, but the turkey walked away leaving the grackle unmolested.

Their domestic happiness was otherwise marred than by the barnyard fowls, for the farmer possessed among other things a daughter who displayed great curiosity in regard to their household affairs. True, she did no harm, but one can never tell what those strange creatures may do, and it is certainly embarressing to be unable to feed the children or even make one's toilet without the scrutiny of a pair of large, questioning eyes.

When the young grackles left the nest this personage seemed to think it her duty to place every clumsy fledgling who had dropped to the ground back upon a branch once more, from whence he immediately

fell off and became so frightened as to be utterly oblivious of the most excited chirppings of his parents. One who had not yet tried his wings sat upon a low limb within reach of the farmer's daughter, and deigned not to move though his mother wildly scolded, commanded and entreated. The father appeared upon the scene, alighting upon a limb a short distance above the unconcerned youngster, held out a tempting morsel which he sprang to seize, when the parent went still higher, and repeated his strategy, until high in the tree the young bird was fed.

The springtime tillage being over and grubs not so easily obtained, the second brood were fed largely upon berries, but the farmer, being wise, only laughed and admired the beauty of a scarlet berry against the background of a sable breast as it was borne to the expectant family.

The southward migration was made early in the season, and I wish I knew of their adventures in that sunny clime, and whether all that accompanied them on their return were their own children. I only know that the number of their nests in the farmer's grove increased with each succeeding season until the grubs were nearly annihilated.

The grackle has no song as has the thrush; no bright colors like those of the oriole, nor the endearing ways of the robin to attract the casual observer, but consider the beauty of his varied hues as he turns in the sunlight, the grace of his movements and his sagacity—and though it may seem somewhat sordid—above all his usefulness, and no one can fail to place him high among the birds deserving the love and admiration of mankind.

THE TENDERFEET'S OUTING

By James H. Pierce.

I HAVE read somewhere that every man reverts to his primal state once in a while, the spring-time being the general time. I think my reversion is almost continuous, as a gun, a rod, a bird or a beautiful flower all make me long for the woods.

One day the cashier, myself and the superintendent were discussing the weather and other things in general, when I said "I'd like to take to the hills." So would the rest; we adjourned in half an hour, to compare notes that evening.

None of us had been on an extended trip into the mountains; at least I had not, and the superintendent said he had not, and the cashier was non-committal. He remarked that we wanted a man to pack and boss the cooking, and said he knew a good man named Brown, if he could be persuaded. That's how "Fletch" joined us; it took a lot of persuading, especially after he knew there was to be a woman along and that we were all "tenderfeet."

We started from a little town in the Sierra Nevadas, bound for—good fishing and hunting. Our start was fine and uneventful, because I think every native up there knew Fletch and was on hand to help pack. Well, that was something new to me, and when I saw the pile of stuff which was supposed to go on those poor pack animals I doubted, but it went on all the same, and Fletch even worried considerable about one animal which was packed what he called "light" (!)

We stopped at a spring—the first in ten miles of travel—and there ate fried chicken and our last civilized grub. Fletch said he would unpack the animals if he only had some one to help him repack. No one volunteered.

From the spring up was one succession of beauty spots. New flowers sprang up to our enchanted gaze; we crossed numberless little ice-cold rivulets, purling in happy contentment.. The pines, firs and cedars began to tower as the oaks disappeared; there were rocks gray and moss grown, from which "grinnies" stared in wonder at us, or else dashed away into some crevice with a shrill snicker of derision. The air —how can we describe it! Countless people have tried and failed.

About four o'clock we left the pines and wound in and out of manzanita, Juneberry and buckbrush; we turned into a low gap in the hills, waded through a sea of "skunk-cabbage," and there before us were the meadows—lakes of green, with shores of skunk-cabbage, banks of manzanita, and hills of fir. We passed several of these, divided only by a neck of high ground or brush, or a few rocks, then, said Fletch, "We'll camp heah."

WHERE WE CAMPED.

I won't say what we called it, for a woman and tenderfeet are not responsible for their emotions at the first glimpse of paradise—the first camp where all is peace! The woman went out and sat on a rock and watched the sun drop away beyond where we had come from, and I saw Fletch's glance linger for a moment on her; then he smiled and nodded to himself, and the cashier said to me, "We're going to have a better trip than I thought."

Could any one describe that night! I only know I woke and heard the pound of an axe; that I sat up in my blankets and then huddled down in them again. It was cold. The white frost was everywhere—and only two days before we had left 100° F. in the shade!

Through an air hole I saw the woman with hands clasped on her knees watching the sun rise. Then I smelled—well, I found afterwards it was only bacon, but it brought me out of those blankets in a hurry, and after a souse in water so cold that I found myself wondering how it could run, that same pig bosom was ambrosia in the mouth. Did you ever eat bread baked in a "Dutch oven," 8,000 feet above sea level? No! Well, then you don't know what bread is.

Now came our first incident. The superintendent missed his axe from his belt, and remembered that he had cut a curious crook from a tree away back on the trail and must have left it there; so he caught up his mule—did I say we had three mules all of which looked alike to me? It must have been that way with the superintendent also, for as I said he caught what he thought was his mule, and saddled it to ride back after his hand axe. I heard a smothered oath from Fletch as he came out of the debris of a pack, and then I saw the superintendent rise in the air; but the mule rose with him, and it struck with him, and it turned rather short corners with him, and then it "teetered" with him, standing on its hind legs and pawing the atmosphere. I was scared speechless; the cashier yelled advice; Fletch watched after the first jump or two, in evident admiration; the woman—well, she neither screamed nor fainted. The mule stopped bucking and ambled meekly away. Fletch scratched his head, turned as if to shout to the superintendent, but the latter was already tightening the saddle girth.

When the cashier scraped a skillet with an old rusty baking powder can, to the tune of "Old Grimes," I saw the perplexity

"THE CLOVER GREW RIGHT UP TO THE FOOT OF THE PINES."

deepen in Fletch's eyes. Then the cashier took lessons in packing and throwing the "diamond hitch;" when the superintendent came back and Fletch told him that he would have to pack his own mule hereafter he confessed he had "rode the range" for two years but that he honestly did not know anything about packing. Poor devil! that measly mule's bucking practically made him camp's cook, for Fletch said a man who could ride a bucking mule, "shore must be able to take care of himself on the trail."

Then we camped again where the spear mint perfumed the air and the clover grew right up to the roots of the pines. It was here that the cashier fell. I don't know what happened, but wafted up to where Fletch and I were packing a horse came a flow of words in which "measly, long-eared, wall-eyed, slab-sided imps of darkness," and other flights of fancy were mixed up, and it wound up with "it's lucky for you there's a woman in camp!" Fletch again scratched his head, and when he went over to inspect the tying of the pack he stood and whistled.

"Haven't I got it right?" asked the cashier.

Then Fletch broke loose. "Right!" he snorted, "right! I start to take a gang of 'tenderfeet' into the hills, and first one rides a bucking mule and confesses to two years on the range, then you," scowling at the cashier—I wish you could have seen the scorn in those eyes—"cleaned a skillet yesterday mawnin' es if you'd been bawn on the trail, an' now aftah my spendin' my time teachin' yo' the 'diamond hitch,' I find yo' with yo' pack tied on with a lone packah. An' bettah than I could do it, too. Now will yo' tell me what I've struck?"

"It was an accident," moaned the cashier.

"Accident," sneered Fletch, "I s'p'ose that cussin' that poah mule enduahed was accident, too."

"Well," confessed the cashier, "I haven't been in the hills in eight years."

"Now," said Fletch, glowering at me, "I want yo' recawd." I hadn't any and I

succeeded in so convincing him, altho' I know I was under suspicion the entire trip.

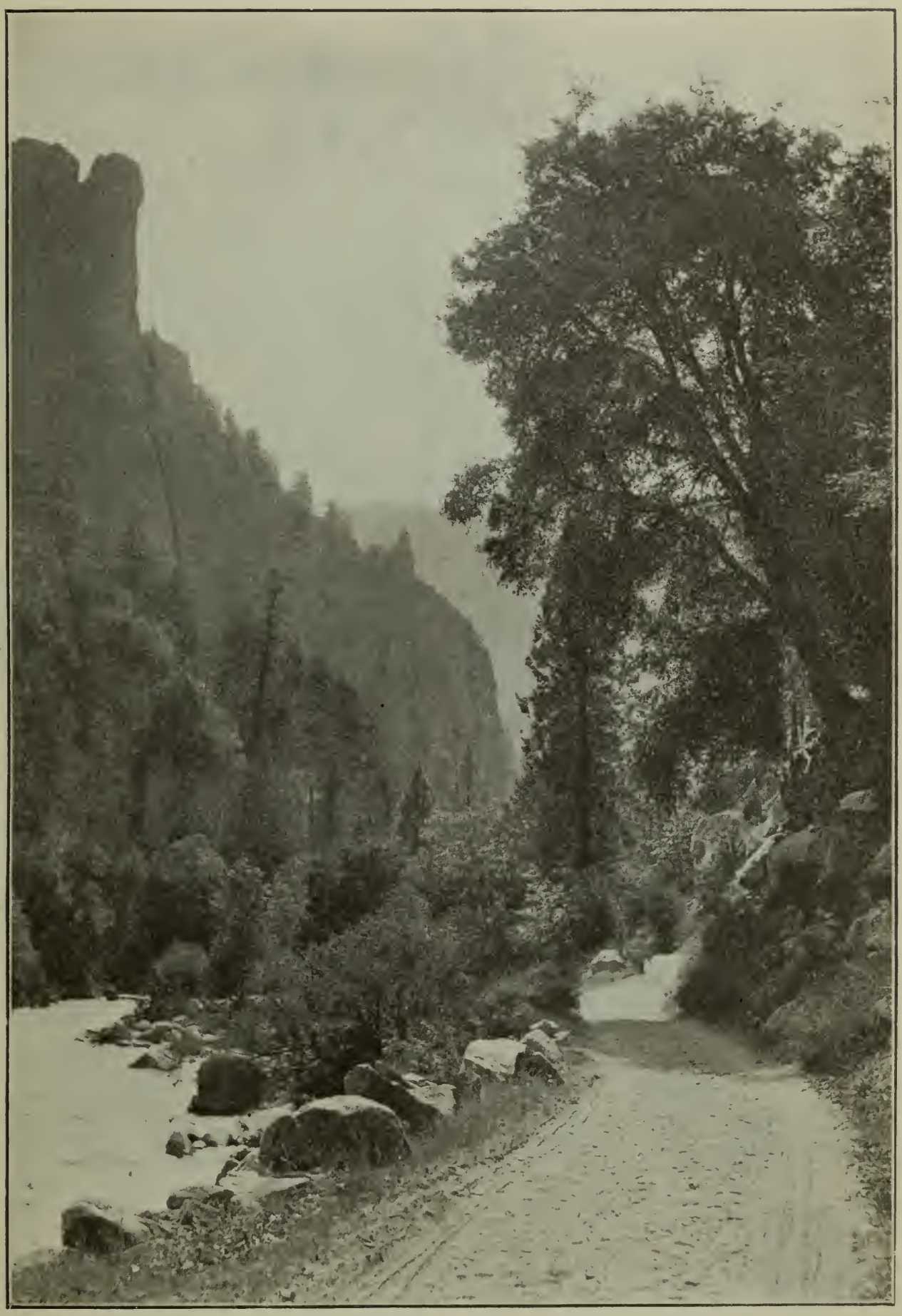
There is no use writing of the fish we caught, of the days and nights in camp; such things have to be experienced. The woman was not a drawback. I am not sure but what we rather envied the superintendent. The days were short. We had books but couldn't read. We saw campers we pitied but none that we envied. We didn't go to the hills to rough it, but to smooth it—and we did. Our share of the game we got; we neither killed fawn nor doe, and we let several bucks go on their way unmolested.

The superintendent came in one morning and said in a sort of a hang-dog way, that he had killed a small deer and wanted to know how old a fawn had to be before it was of legal age to kill; and if horns as big as a lead pencil indicated a yearling. Then we began to roast him. He had a conference with Fletch, and when he started for a horse Fletch wanted to know if he couldn't "pack it in a basket, he didn't like to have the horses over-worked." The rest of us talked about how much a big jack-rabbit looked like a deer, and that we'd rather like rabbit for a change. The cashier went out with the superintendent, saying he would pack the ears and thus save the horse a little, and when he saw a buck that must have weighed nearly one hundred and eighty pounds, with antlers whose beauty I have never seen equaled, he silently kicked the poor superintendent, and at camp the poor man's wife wouldn't speak to him for nearly an hour, for she had made remarks about "killing rabbits by mistake."

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S "JACKRABBIT."

I fell into the river and, if I looked anything like the description the cashier gave, or the caricature of my actions which he drew—well! And Fletcher's horse laid down with him in the middle of the river.

The superintendent met me a few days ago and said he was all run down and didn't have any appetite. Then we planned another trip. The superintendent's pirate" (eighteen months old) is to go, with Fletcher Brown and "the kid"—a big boy just old enough to vote—and perhaps one or two more. I'll tell you about it when we get back.



W. J. Street, Photo

PULPIT ROCK, MERCED CANON, YOSEMITE.

AN AUTUMN IDYL

WHEN my lover came, the autumn
Smiled her greeting o'er the land;
Smiled until the ripening wheat fields
Raised their heads to kiss her hand.
Smiled until the rustic thistle
Doffed in deference his cap;
And the orchards shook their treasures
Without measure in her lap.
When the tasseled corn was waving
Greetings to the king of day,
O'er the hills he came and sought me
From the misty far away.

Jack Frost had kissed the maple leaves
Till they had blushed for pleasure,
And hung their scarlet banners out
To pale again at leisure.
The brier clasped in jealous arms
The dainty, ripened berry;
And songsters swelled their little throats
To make the morning merry.
And then he came, and all my doubts
Changed to a glad thanksgiving,
And I, with leaf and bird and brier
Woke to the joy of living.

The goldenrod its yellow head
Nodded in happy greeting,
And almost broke its slender stalk
To see our lovers' meeting.
He held me fondly in his arms
And whispered—can you guess it?
If not, the tale was far too sweet
For me to e'er confess it.
He kissed me, ah, the birds and bees
Had hushed their songs to listen,
And Cupid laid his bow aside
With roguish eyes a-glisten.

The naughty zephyrs lingered near,
I fear they heard the story,
For I saw them whispering to a flower
That seemed to dance for glory.
And I—I listened to his vows
And cared not who should hear him;
'Twas quite enough for me to know
That once more I was near him.
So let them gossip if they will,
'Twas I that had his kisses,
'Twas I that heard his words of love
And asked no better blisses.

—*Maude E. Smith Hymers.*

CAUGHT IN THE OVERFLOW

BY BERT MELDRUM

IT HAD been raining heavily for three or four days—not a constant downpour, but swashing, blinding showers, lasting for hours at a time, with periods of drizzle in between, as though the sorrowing skies were sobbing themselves to sleep or would fain do so, were it not for the recurring memory of an uncontrollable grief. "Cryin' 'cause it kin," remarked Tite Miller, my colored cook, when I confided to him my fancy. "'Tain't sorry 'bout nuffin. We-uns is de fellers ter be sorry. Hyah we is—shet up in a li'l ole leaky shanty, plum out'n woods, an' wid no grub 'ceptin' some meal an' coffee. De Lawd knows I'se bin feelin' like cryin' eber sence we eat de las' bite ob dat 'coon I kills." And his serious tone and the plaintive expression of his big, white-rimmed orbs told that the words were not lightly spoken.

"There's some thumpin' big catfish in the lake, Tite," I suggested.

"We's bin eatin' feesh tell I'se plum satisfied wid 'em," was the somewhat misleading reply, but when I reminded him that satisfaction precluded a consistent "kick," he confided to me that a steady diet of "feesh" invariably "went agin' his stummick." Plainly some more appetizing food must be provided, but the question of ways and means was a puzzler.

We were camped a good ten miles from the nearest supply point, and so far as reaching it was concerned the distance might as well have been ten times greater. Our shanty was built by a little lake in the overflow region, between which and the uplands lay a score of sloughs and one considerable creek, all of them flushed to the point of breaking over their banks by backwater from the river. A few days at most would inevitably see the whole region flooded, and for the coming of this contingency we were waiting with impatience. Until the overflow should become general we were locked up as securely as though in the county jail. From the latter one might escape, if unguarded, by dint of a few hours' battering at the walls; to escape from our present inconvenient position it would be necessary to drag a heavy bateau through the cane and bushes for at least eight miles, that each watery barrier might be crossed in its turn. Having more of leisure time than of superfluous strength to waste we preferred to wait with all possible patience until conditions of travel were more favorable, and in the meantime we were learning something of the pangs of unsatisfied hunger.

At the time we had located our camp there had been game in abundance on every hand. We had feasted on the pick of the turkey flocks and the tenderest of venison, but a failure of the nut crop had brought about

"TITE."

a scarcity of squirrels, always my favorite game. There were plenty of 'coons around the lake but neither Tite nor myself were adepts at trap-making and we were witnout dogs, so the plantigrades were safe, so far as we were concerned, unless we chanced to stumble upon one in our early morning hunts, as had occurred on one or two occasions. And with the first intimation of a coming overflow the deer and the turkey had disappeared from the locality in a single day. It is a way they have—a habit very disquieting to the hunter so circumstanced that he can not follow them in their retreat from the encroaching flood.

Tite had baked our corn pone and boiled the coffee—a short ration in either case, for our stores were nearly exhausted—and my share was placed upon the slab table before me. The darkey was squatted near the door with his own cup and slice, for in the Southland the color line is drawn as a matter of course, in the wilderness as well as in town. We could sleep in the same shanty and eat at the same time and within a few feet of each other but not at the same board. One would gain no friends among the colored brethren by admitting them to terms of equality, for their greatest abhorrence is a white man who is not "white."

The bread was tasteless; the coffee little better than hot water. Tite munched and grumbled like a dog with a fleshless bone, and his discontent vexed me for it was so causeless. So I told him of a time in the past when such fare eaten amid such surroundings would have seemed to me the best that earth could offer.

"Mus' hab bin pow'rful hungry," was his comment.

"I was in a city of hotels and restaurants, had plenty of money and was earning a salary of $35 a week."

"Wuhkin' hahd, an' lonesome like?"

"Brain work, Tite, and a man with money need never be lonesome in town. The hard cash will buy friendship as well as anything else. But I wanted the woods—the solitude of Nature—the opportunity to get off by myself and meditate over the mistakes of my past life and the possible chances of making them good. You may never have experienced the feeling, Tite, but a thinking man is most alone when forced from himself by a jostling, unsympathetic mob. Ye gods! it is little wonder that the brightest minds that ever illuminated the social, business or political spheres have been ultimately drowned in the cup that—"

"Dis braid tastes 'zactly like so much sawdus'," interrupted the unappreciative Tite. "Luk yander, w'ite man! 'Pears ter me like hit's done gwine ter cl'ar up. Please, sah, lemme go out an' shute a jaybird."

"AGAINST THE UPSTREAM SET OF THE CURRENT."

"We're going, Titus, my boy. Never mind about washing the dishes or dusting the parlor furniture. Get into your rain clothes and gather up the shotgun. We'll have meat to-day, if nothing better than a canebrake shote. Were you a Frenchman, Tite, your watchword would be, 'It is to eat.' I would give it to you in the original lingo, but you wouldn't savey."

And so we pulled right out into the thick of the downpour but there was a clear streak in the northwest which promised better weather ahead and events proved that it was not far away. Five minutes of rain, ten of drizzle and an hour of constant dripping from the leafless branches—for the of the storm and marked the commencement month was December—and that was the end of a fortnight of as delightful winter weather as any land or latitude ever saw.

From the foot of the lake a deep slough bore away to the southward. We had never followed for any great distance, for the blue cane grew thickly on either bank and at the time of our coming its channel held too many logs and too little water to permit of its navigation. I now intended to explore its course, provided we could make head with our bateau against the upstream set of the current. The ever-thoughtful Tite gathered the remains of our breakfast—a collection of scraps and crumbs—as provision against a possible famine, and I also noticed him visiting the match-box and salt bag. Plainly he intended to profit immediately by any good fortune that came in our way, and later on I was to learn the value of this forethought.

We found the task we had set for ourselves quite difficult but yet practicable. Tite was a "mahster han'" with the paddle and though he insisted that continual hunger had sapped his strength it was soon evident that he could manage nicely without much aid from myself. In fact he insisted on furnishing the motive power while I was to sit at the bow with both rifle and shotgun and "watch mighty 'tic'lar foh game." Probabilities of seeing anything worth a charge were, in my estimation, remarkably slim, but I could do no less than follow instructions.

We had hardly passed out of the lake when Tite called my attention to a swarm of blackbirds feeding along the edge of the water. They were so thickly massed that it seemed one could hardly drop a load of shot among them without killing a score. To the darkey's whispered entreaty that I should "t'ah loose," I reproachfully replied that he ought to respect their color. "Dey stew up sweeter'n chicken, Boss," he answered, and so I "tore loose." The woods fairly roared with the flight of the startled flock. I gave them the second barrel as they came up and as the combined results of the two shots retrieved a beggarly half dozen birds. Tite sorrowfully remarked that there were about enough of them to make one hungry man a meal, and I agreed with him and promised to shoot a woodpecker so that he might not be wholly without food while I feasted. Oh, what a reproachful look he gave me! I can see it to this day.

There was no mallard flight that fall and winter for the same reasons that had induced the squirrels to emigrate. The food supply was very, very short along the rivers. Except in certain localities of limited area there were positively no acorns of the species upon which ducks love to feed and it seemed that the traveling waterfowl knew of this fact by intuition. At all events, very few flocks had visited our lake, and those that came resumed their flight almost immediately. So we were not looking for ducks, but presently discovered a great blue heron which I bagged by a long shot with the rifle. And after that we paddled for a couple of miles without discovering ought in the way of game. In the meantime the current we were contending with had grown noticeably slacker and presently the shores of the slough disappeared in a smooth sheet of water, motionless and hardly rippled by a breath of air. We had reached the "lower bottom," in the near vicinage of the river, where the overflow was already general.

It was still possible to follow the windings of the slough, guided by the growth of willows and elbow brush growing in and beside it. The cane brakes had been left behind and we had entered an open oak woods with very little of undergrowth save an occasional holly or cluster of redhaw brush. Only at rare intervals did we discover a spot of earth yet unsubmerged, but in pass-

ing one such Tite called my attention to a scattering of overcup acorns and warned me to look for ducks. A moment later we found them—a flock of forty or fifty mallards which left the water so far ahead of the boat that the charge of shot sent after them failed to score. But it proved not wholly resultless. Seemingly in answer to the shot there came a faint halloo from some point away to our left. We let the bateau rest a moment and listened. Again came the cry, and it seemed we could catch the word "Help."

"He's a long ways off," I said.

"Not so fur," replied Tite. "Sounds like he's pow'rful weak or too blamed skeered ter holler."

I took the course with my pocket compass. There was no certainty that the sky would remain clear and we could not risk a chance of losing our friendly slough. Then we paddled toward the voice, now and then giving an encouraging shout in reply. Evidently there was a considerable ridge of dry ground ahead of us for I could discern the trunks of great cow oaks, a timber growth never found on the same level with the overcup oak. In a little while I could see the brown of the fallen leaves merging in with the dead gray of the water. Then we heard the voice again, but in repressed tones, showing that we had been seen.

"This way, for God's sake—and pull easy! They'll see you."

It was the most woebegone specimen of humanity that forty long years spent in many lands had ever thrown in my way. A man, maybe thirty years old, with that look of extreme age which comes to one who has passed through an extended period of agony. His clothing hung in tatters about him; one arm dangled loosely by his side, and he was drenched, shivering and almost dead from exposure, hunger and evident fright. As the nose of the bateau grounded at his feet he staggered aboard, stumbled into my arms and begged piteously that we should put back into the broad overflow.

"I tell you they'll git us," he almost screamed. "They're watchin'—don't I know that they never sleep? Haint I bin dodgin' 'em—night an' day—sence Monday noon—an' terday's We'n'sday? Three of 'em—one apiece—an' they're bigger'n work oxen. Back off an' paddle, you damn nigger! I'll kill ye ef ye let 'em come aboard!"

It was plainly an occasion demanding strenuous action. With a quick movement I threw the stranger out in the shallow water and when he was again on his feet the barrels of a shotgun confronted him. Then, between two dangers as he thought, the poor devil consented to explain matters. Three days before, ere the waters had reached their present stage, he was paddling a dugout up the slough we had just left, when a falling tree had wrecked his craft, broken his shoulder and set him adrift in the woods, alone and without arms or food. He had waded out to the ridge where we found him, but could go no farther. His case was a perilous one. Aside from the danger of starvation, or of fever from his injuries, he had no matches or other means of making a fire; he was too badly disabled to build a shelter from the storm, and there remained the probability that even the poor place of refuge allowed to him would eventually be submerged by the swelling river. His first thought had been to explore the ridge and determine its extent, but, almost immediately—

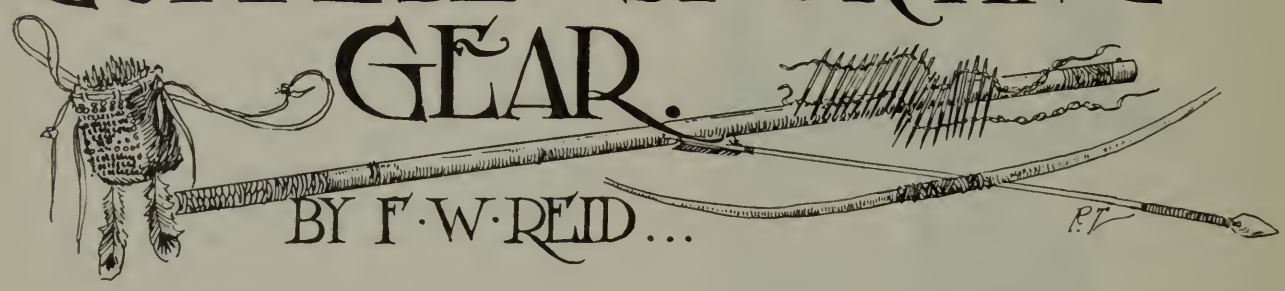
"I run slap-dab onto three big bear," he told us. "I allowed I could skeer 'em off, but when I run at 'em an' hollered 'shoo,' they jest growled and come toward me. I run an' they follered. I dodged an' the bears dodged. Finally I gin 'em the slip, but ev'ry time I tried to go to sleep, they'd come slippin' up on me an' I'd have to git. An' so we've had it fer three days an' two nights."

It was very plain that he was telling the truth to the best of his knowledge,and when I asked him to lead the way to his tormentors, it was as evident that Tite did not think favorably of following. Negroes are seldom bear hunters. They have a wholesome dread of the big black brutes and are not ashamed to own it. So I argued the case with him, telling him our need of meat and dwelling with fevor upon the juciness of bear steak. Finally his courage raised to the sticking point; but at this juncture our new-found companion flatly refused to leave the boat and I was afraid to trust him with it alone. He might succumb to a sudden fright and pull out in the overflow,

even with one useless arm, leaving us in the selfsame plight from which he had just been rescued. So in the end I had to undertake the campaign of extermination alone. There was in the bateau an old can which we had used for bailing, and I instructed Tite to dress some of the blackbirds and put them in it over a fire that our starving friend might be strengthened by a taste of soup. Then I took both guns and started to circle the ridge.

Directly across from where we had landed I ran across them, an old mother bear and two yearling cubs. They were on a narrow point running out into the overflow and when the she bear fell at the first shot the cubs made no attempt to escape. They merely faced me stupidly and met their death like hogs in a pen. It was slaughter pure and simple, lacking in every element of sport. Before the water was boiling in the tin can I was again at the bateau bearing a great chunk of fat steak cut from the ham of one of the cubs. The cruel persecutions of our swamp Crusoe had been amply avenged. Better still, the famine at Camp Meldrum was a thing of the past.

GUIANESE SPORTING GEAR.



BY F·W·REID...

IT WOULD be a hard task to convince an old American hunter that any better weapon than his own favorite gun or rifle exists on earth. Long practice has so harmonized his eyes and hand to its use that the three in unison combine to most deadly precision. Though loyal to his choice, he may admit that if the partner of his sporting joys were a silent one, "she" might kill more animals. If he has the true sporting spirit, however, he does not want all the odds in his favor.

But if his life depended upon a full game bag, he would concede no points in the game. That is the case with the savage who hunts for the pot, and to whom sport, in the sense of pride in marksmanship or woodcraft, is a secondary matter. His particular need is a weapon that will kill at short range, quickly, surely and silently. From this point of view there is no more perfect weapon than the South American "blow gun."

Every school boy has heard of this death-dealing tube. It was the writer's good fortune to see one for the first time, not in a museum, but in the hut of a Guiana Indian. It hung from the roof of the open palm-thatched shed, with a mat to screen it from sun and rain. It was a light cylinder of hollow cane about ten feet in length. A span from its butt end the two incisor teeth of a rodent, placed point to point and glued to the wood, served for a back sight.

The owner of the gun, a *peaiman* or medicine man, unrolled a bundle, so it seemed, of long toothpicks with black varnished points. He warned his visitors to be careful how they handled these, the blow-gun darts, for each sliver of hard palm-leaf fiber had been recently dipped in poison. The missiles were strung together in just the same way as the slats of a Venetian blind, within the loops of strings arranged figure-of-eight fashion. The rolled-up bundle is carried, the points of the arrows down, in a hide pouch, the outside of which is ornamented with a beadwork pattern and a few bright bird feathers.

This light and serviceable equipment is all made from native materials. A long river reed furnishes the tube; the kurumani tree the black wax used to fix the sights in place. The darts are sharpened on a natural file—the teeth of the perai fish. The juice of a forest vine is the source of the poison.

Its manufacture is surrounded with a good deal of mystery. The *strychnos toxifera*, from which it is prepared, grows only near the borders of Brazil, in the land of the Macushi. The peaimen prepare the poisonous mess in secret, adding to the plant juice a variety of other substances, among which are dried ants. Early travelers, as Waterton and Schomburgh, were puzzled by the numerous ingredients in the prescription, but chemical analysis finally pronounced the *wourali*, or curare of the strychnos vine to be the real active principle. From its use in vivisection it "dropped into" poetry. Tennyson, who was an ardent anti-vivisectionist, speaks with horror of a dog "drenched with the hellish wourali." Physiologists found that it rapidly paralyzed motor nerves. But the poor Indian had long known that an animal wounded by a wourali-dart never moved far from the place where it was when struck.

This property of the poison makes the blow-gun and dart superior for some purposes to "reeking tube and iron shard." The Guianese hunter pursues his game in the unlimited cover of a thick forest, where it is no easy task to retrieve a wounded animal. He aims, therefore, to stalk and kill his prey at rest or perching, not running or flying. Out of the infinite green in which the white man's dull vision espies no living creature, the Indian's sharp eye picks a *marondi*, half hidden by the leaves, or a jet-black *powis* (curassow), king of the turkey tribe. Then, crouching down, he pulls a tuft of silk cotton from his pouch, feathers his tiny dart, and puffs. Deadly as the cobra's fang the missile flies from the tube, and the stricken bird falls with a slight thud on the matted leaves. There is no explosion to scare its feeding mates away.

The blow-gun is not only silent, but light. The peaiman's equipment weighed about two pounds, whereas our shot-guns and cartridge belts scaled ten or twelve, an important difference in a tropical country. As to range, a good shot with the tube will bring down a bird from the top of a tree one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet high. Yet the Indian hunter is usually ambitious to own a shot-gun. The price, in barter, of a common five-dollar Belgian-made single barrel, used to be two fine cotton hammocks.

The possession of a mysterious foreign weapon gives the hunter prestige. It raises its owner a step nearer that pinnacle of creation—the white man. There are practical points, too, in favor of powder and shot. The Indians who live near the coast can procure these articles in trade from the whites more quickly than they can the *wourali* from the distant Macushi country. They are aware that powder is less dangerous to handle than the arrow poison, a minute quantity of which applied to a cut surface causes speedy death. Then the blow-gun is not an "all-round" weapon. While its darts are very effective against birds and thin-skinned animals, they are not so useful in hunting the thick-skinned hog, or the fat, juicy, and much esteemed tapir. But the Indian who tracks such big game with a gun in hand does not abandon his stalking tactics. He loads a minimum charge, creeps as close as he dares, and "pots" his victim with little noise and small expense of ammunition.

The Guianese tribes, of course, shoot large animals with ordinary bows and arrows headed with bone or iron. But these do not differ much from the common types to be seen in any collection, except in the wood from which they are made. There is one odd little toy worth mention, the blunt, or knobbed arrow, used by the children in play.. Their games are practical preparations for life, and the young Arawak or Macushi learns at an early age to knock over a bird. So he becomes a useful ally for the collector, who can procure by his aid unwounded specimens.

The rivers of Guiana teem with fish and the Indians have a variety of devices for taking them. Bone hooks they make, steel hooks—portable bits of exchange useful for travelers—they obtain by barter; the fibers

of the forest trees furnish lines. For killing fish near the surface in clear water they use a bow and a special arrow, a very sportsmanlike method.

The head of the fish arrow sits loosely on the point of the long cane shaft, to which it is attached by a coil of fiber that unwinds itself, when the head is pulled away by the struggles of a wounded fish. How this arrangement acts may be seen when the Indians are shooting *pacu*.

This desirable fish at certain seasons ascends the Essequibo River in shoals. It browses with its large flat teeth on the water-grasses, and to this diet and oily nuts it owes its firm, well-flavored flesh. Being in camp once when the *pacu* were running, we sent Peter, the half-breed cook, who was reported to be a first-class fish shot, to show his skill. Taking with him a bow and a sheaf of arrows, the little fat man waded into the shallow, where he humped himself up like a brown heron, with his eyes on the water. The *pacu* came crowding up the rapids like salmon, their red sides gleaming in the light. Peter loosed an arrow, then another. The hits we could not see, but the next moment two shafts were bobbing and dancing on the surface, as the stricken fish sank with the barbs in their sides. Unable to swim any longer against the stream the *pacu* drifted back into a pool, dragging the cane floats by the uncoiled lines. Then another Indian put out in a canoe and gathered them in.

It takes some skill to shoot moving fish from the shore, but more to aim straight standing up in a wobbling "woodskin." This is the southern counterpart of the northern birch-bark canoe, but a far less finished craft. It is a mere shell of purpleheart bark; its curling sides propped apart by sticks, its open ends tilted up just enough to prevent small waves from breaking in. No crankier or more rickety contrivance keeps afloat. Yet I have seen an Indian stand up in a woodskin, shoot a basking fish, stoop for another arrow, kill again, and then paddle off in pursuit of the waving shafts.

Among their fixed traps the most ingenious is a device that "yanks" a hooked fish clean out of the water on to the bank. In the forest there grow a number of so-called bush-vines and bush-ropes; woody climbing plants, the fibers of which possess great resiliency. Bending a cane of the most elastic kind, the trapper fixes a short baited line to its point and secures it in the bent position by a catch, so hung as to be released at once by a strong pull

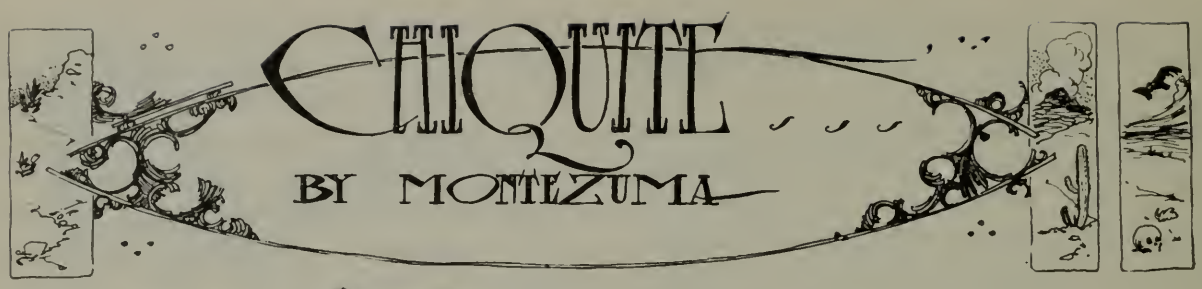
from below. The mother of this invention was the necessity of immediately landing a hooked fish.

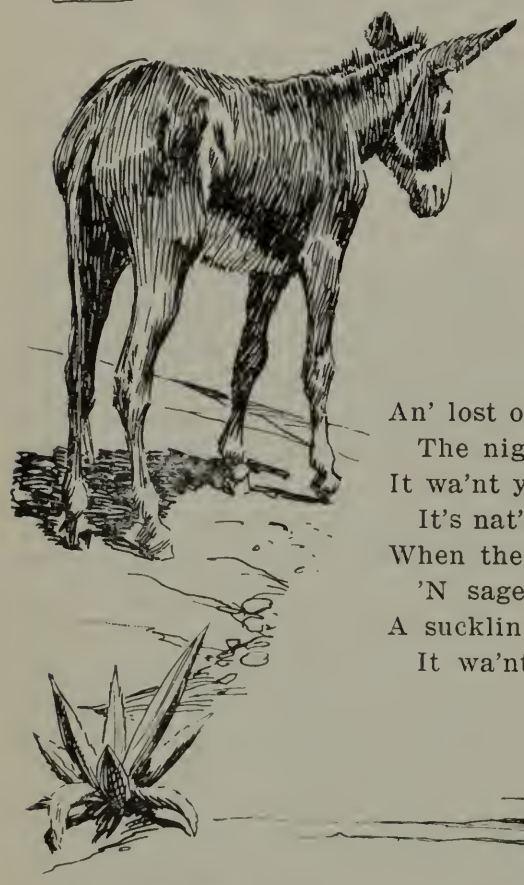
For in the rivers of Guiana every still pool swarms with a small but voracious cannibal fish, the *perai*. It pursues and tears to pieces with its sharp saw teeth not only struggling fish but any crippled animal that falls into the water. Grewsome tales are told of their attacking swimmers, nipping off toe joints or other exposed parts, docking dogs' tails, etc. The dried jaw of the *perai* hangs in every Indian hut. The sharp edges of the triangular, interlocking teeth are used as files. If you fish with a hand line where *perai* abound, all that you you are likely to land is the head of your fish, with perhaps one of the water-bull-dogs tugging at it to the last.

The Guianese can take fish wholesale without using either nets or dynamite. In the dry season it is an easy matter to build a dam across the outlet of a pool. Then having filled a small canoe with the pounded roots of a pea-vine, they upset it where the water runs in. The yellow mess is diffused by the current and by sinking. Shortly after the whole finny population, *perai* and all, come gasping to the surface. A great killing ensues. As no ill effects follow from eating the fish so taken, it seems probable that the poison simply extracts the oxygen from the water and deprives the fish of air.

Besides trusting to forest craft and cunningly contrived weapons, the Indian hunters rely upon occult influences. They are as firm believers in mascots as any negro or white "sport" who carries the foot of a graveyard rabbit in his pocket. But there is an æsthetic touch about their luck-bringer, a small plant with variegated leaves, called in their language, "*beena*," but known to science as *Caladium*. It is largely cultivated in this country. The magenta-striped *Caladium* of the hot-house is the fisherman's luck of the forest Indian.

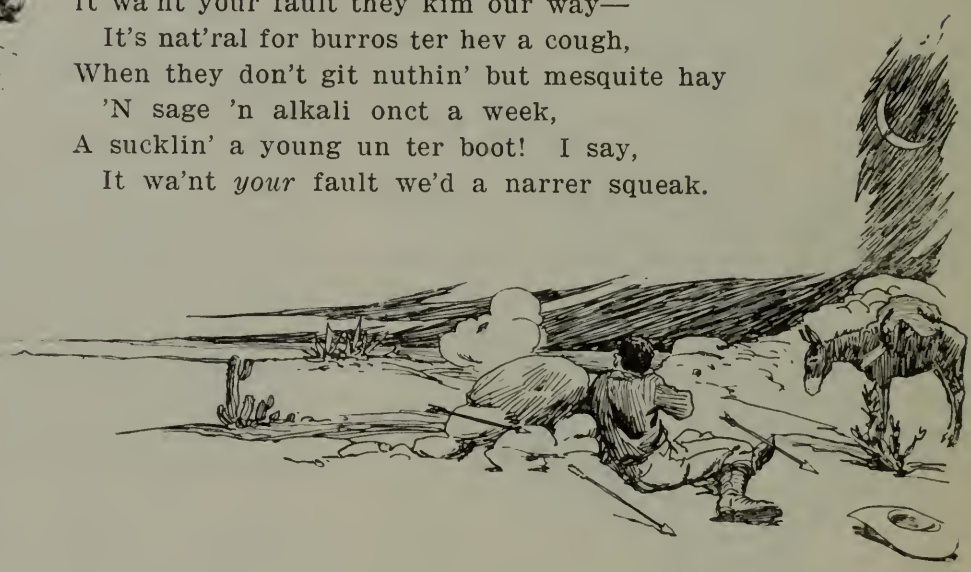
The people who use the hunting and fishing tackle at which we have glanced—the Arawaks, Macushis, and other tribes of the Guiana forest, are all "good" Indians. Traveling is as safe in the "bush" as in this country. But the only roads through the forest are its rivers and creeks; and by their side are situated the Indian villages, each with its provision ground. The people, however, are no farmers; they merely plant cassava, yams and such other roots as will grow in part-cleared forest land. Hunting is their main occupation, and on this side their intelligence is wide awake. But whether the blow-gun and arrow was invented in Guiana or in Brazil, where it is also used, is a matter of mere conjecture. None of these wandering forest tribes possess any historical records.



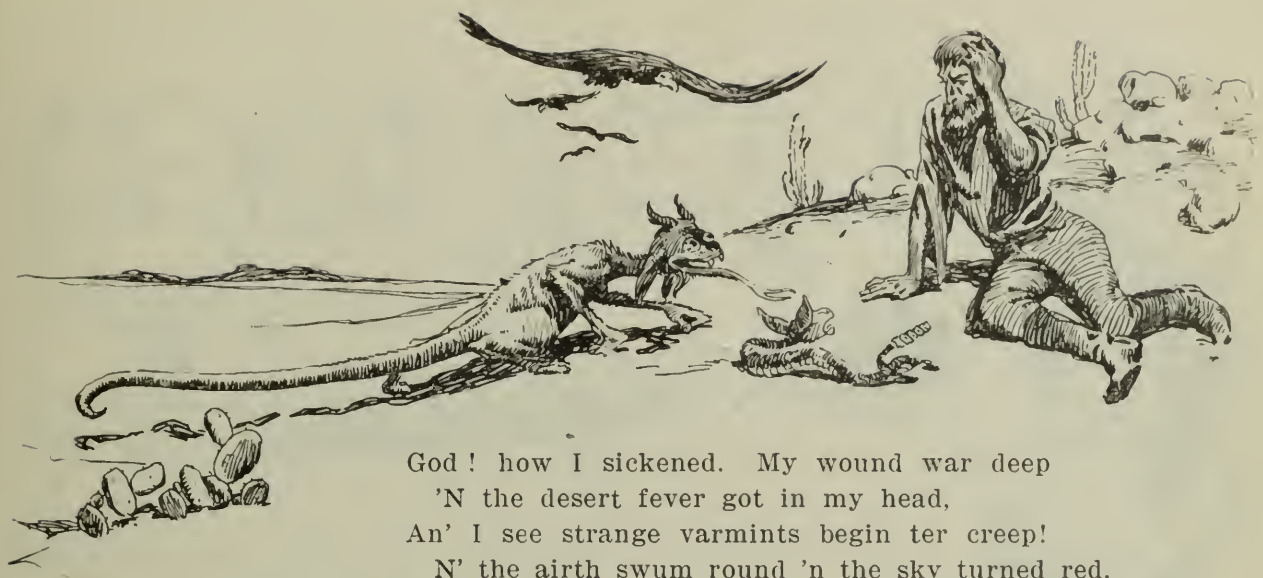


Blind of an eye an' yer ear half gone,
  An' the hoofs apeelin' from off'n yer feet—
With a bullet hole through yer upper jaw 'n
  The ha'r all scraped from yer ribs—complete.
Ye ain't much purty, ole gal, but then,
  I've seed ye han'somer onct—! D'ye mind
The time we crost the Mohave when
  The "Peg Leg" diggin's we tried ter find

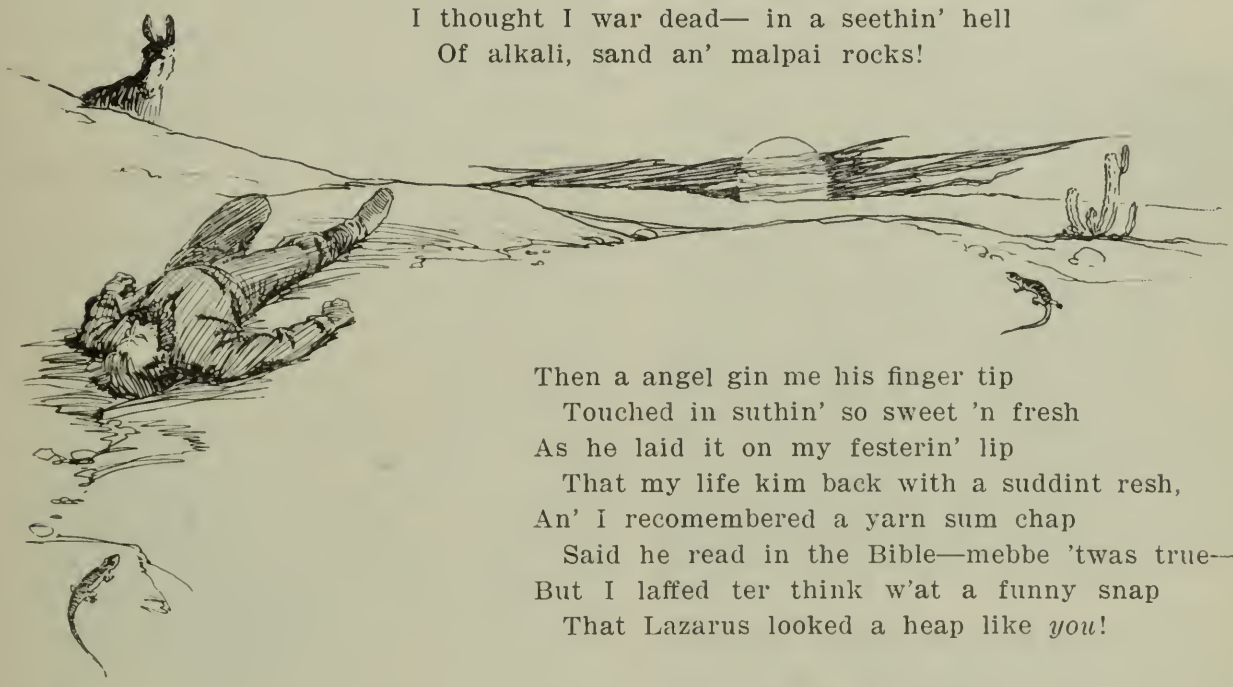
An' lost our bearin's an' went astray
  The night I stood the Apaches off?
It wa'nt your fault they kim our way—
  It's nat'ral for burros ter hev a cough,
When they don't git nuthin' but mesquite hay
  'N sage 'n alkali onct a week,
A sucklin' a young un ter boot! I say,
  It wa'nt *your* fault we'd a narrer squeak.



An' yit I cussed ye ter —— an' gone!
  An' wished that the red's 'd git yer skin.
But I rued back—*hard*—when the comin' dawn
  Show'd that the skunks hed scooped ye in;
With yer foal 'n yer pack 'n the hull outfit—
  Grub, powder 'n lead 'n my extra socks—
An' me a nussin' an arrer slit
  An' nary terbaccer in my box!



God ! how I sickened. My wound war deep
  'N the desert fever got in my head,
An' I see strange varmints begin ter creep!
  N' the airth swum round 'n the sky turned red,
An' I jist let go all holts for, well!
  (Ye see, I war brought up orthodox)
I thought I war dead— in a seethin' hell
  Of alkali, sand an' malpai rocks!

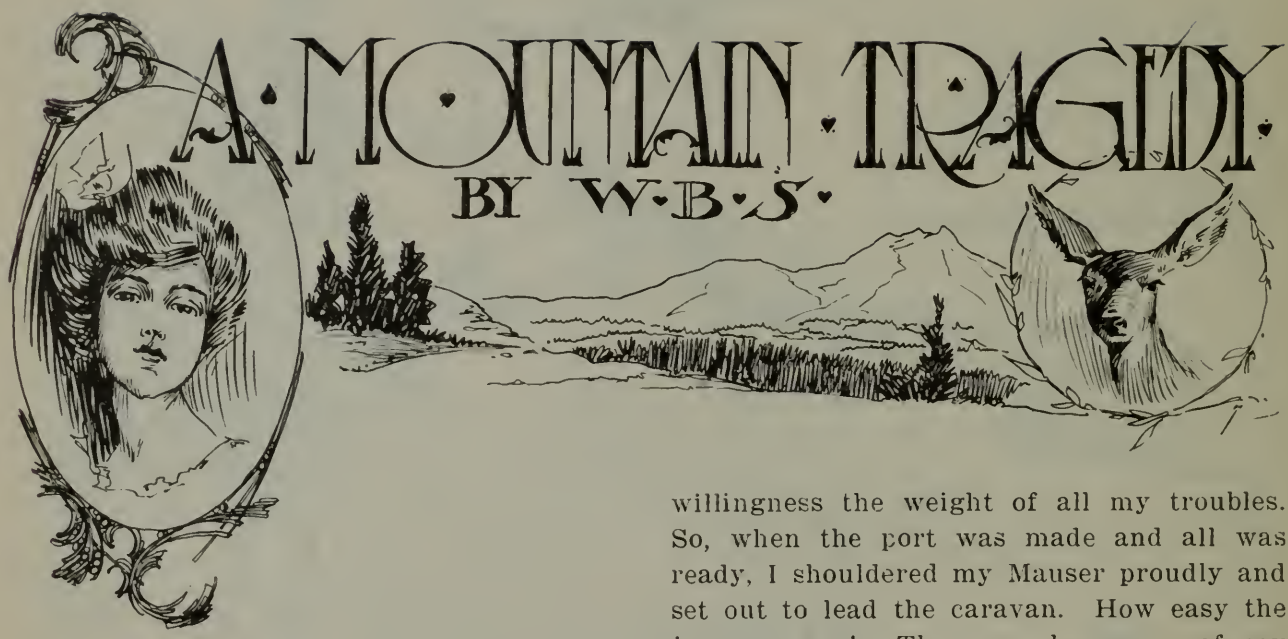


Then a angel gin me his finger tip
  Touched in suthin' so sweet 'n fresh
As he laid it on my festerin' lip
  That my life kim back with a suddint resh,
An' I recomembered a yarn sum chap
  Said he read in the Bible—mebbe 'twas true—
But I laffed ter think w'at a funny snap
  That Lazarus looked a heap like *you*!

Mebbe '*twer* yer milk, ole gal, that nussed
  The spark that flickered so faint in me.
An' ter think the friend I so foully cussed
  Fit with the rav'nous wolves fer me!
Gol darn this pipe! Why, my eyes are wet—
  There be some friendships that's hard ter beat!
I reckon I'll be allus in yer debt
  A trifle. My darlin'! My ole Chiquite!

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY

BY W. B. S.



SOME friendships are born in misfortune and bred in misery: hers was not. From the moment that I met her at that famous ball and made my low obeisance to youth and beauty, it seemed to me a new light had come into my life, a new inspiration into my being. Nor, as the years went by and I knew her better, did I have reason to change my mind. There was something so frank in her flirtations, so honest in her assurances, that in taking my occasional mental inventory I always classed among my precious possessions the memory of her and her associations.

There is nothing she has ever done to make it all seem different, and yet that same memory I prized so highly, those same associations which were my joy, have spoiled the vacation which is just closing and sent me back disconsolate.

I haunted the dock for days before the steamer left. I engaged a state-room weeks before it was necessary. I longed to be out on the billowy ocean, and I dreamed of mountain springs and sunny hillsides until the hours grew into days and the days grew into weeks.

How pleasantly it did commence; the crested waves in all their fierceness were gentle and caressing, and the graceful sea birds hovering above us or riding like foam in the troughs of ocean were solace to my soul, and seemed to carry off with ease and willingness the weight of all my troubles. So, when the port was made and all was ready, I shouldered my Mauser proudly and set out to lead the caravan. How easy the journey was! The very buoyancy of my spirit lifted me up the rugged mountain; with ease I leaped from rock to rock, or crossed the fallen logs without never a fear of falling into some yawning chasm. For hours I never wearied; I saw the others down below me, struggling with the beasts of burden, or peering here and there for blazes that stood out for me like coals of fire.

But when I reached the summit I sat down to rest. There, by the county landmark I reclined to see the panorama, and there by that rude monument of man's handiwork a change came o'er my soul. Oh! giant trees and ancient mountains; oh! storm swept beach and troubled ocean. With all your grandeur must you now take second place to one whose form will be but dust when you are long the same. I looked out upon the billowy waste and saw the color of a woman's eyes in all its broad expanse, and gazed in mute astonishment to see a twinkle come from every crest; and then I thought of days and scenes now long removed. Like a miser poring o'er his hoard I feasted on the sight below; like a glutton at his meal or a toper with his grog, I could not get enough; and yet old ocean with its awful depth was shallow to the soul that shone out through Her eyes when we said goodbye.

What a strange country this is! Why does the babbling brook sound like a merry laugh? Why are the swaying branches like a woman's sigh? And why do the lazy

clouds that float in heaven all take an angel's form? I wondered why the others failed to notice it, and told myself how watchful I had grown. Merrily went the hunt. The bucks came in by twos and threes; their heads hung limp across the saddles and the kodaks took the finishing shots to make it all complete. With light hearts and merry jests the time sped by, but as the camp became familiar and the game grew wary I reached out for pastures new. That bald-peaked mountain to the north had won my fancy, and so I started out. The Indian pony groaned beneath the weight of camp equipment, but then—he was tough and I was heartless.

Enthusiasm ran its height. Game was everywhere; the grouse were drumming in the gulches; woodpeckers knocked at every stump, and yellow-hammers flitted back and forth across the cañons. When I stopped to rest, the hawks and eagles floated round to view this strange intruder.

At night there was the campfire; and such a campfire! The pitch pine and the aspen; the fir and the myrtle; each flame had its color, and yet all mingled together their different hues and painted pictures of bygone days. And then I slept under the blue canopy of heaven with its fresco of stars and stripes, with white clouds and silver crescent, amid furniture carved and fashioned by old Father Time and his one implement.

In the morning when the dawn was breaking I arose and stretched my stiffened limbs. It was the time when game was moving, and so I seized my grim rifle, rubbed it gently and sought the ridge.

"Have you not killed enough?" said a still small voice, and then I laughed—laughed at my sentiments and my better self. On, on through the forest; dodging a limb here, a twig there, a log beyond; peering ever into the thicket; standing motionless at the sound of footsteps or hurrying to a point of vantage that I might see my prey.

But presently I turned like unto stone and stood there immobile. Hush! Was not that moving spot in the bush beyond the object of my search? Gently, oh, so gently, my eye sought the ivory bead ahead. Slowly

my arm swayed back and forth and then was motionless; with the savage bark that awoke the morning echoes a timid, graceful creature that used to clear the rocks and brambles with the ease of a bird, the speed of a sunbeam, was turned to a crawling, struggling mass of hair and flesh.

I did not feel the customary bound of pride when I heard the tell-tale thud. I lingered just a moment and then, with knife in hand, commenced my search. Was it here? No, it was farther up. It was there; parting the bushes I started back with a cry of awe, for there below me, with a broken back and bloody side lay a little doe. She was not dead, but as she watched me with her soft, mild eyes she seemed to ask "What have I done to you?"—and echo thundered back a hundred times, "Yes, what has she done to you?"

There was no fear nor hate in her wondering look, only a mild reproach, and as I gazed in shame and awe, a soft blue light —the light of ocean—seemed to shine through her gentle lashes. Oh, horrors! what had I done? And feeling faint and weak I clinched my bowie knife until nails sank in my palms and blood dripped from my knuckles.

Staggering, I turned to go, and then I stopped. Why leave her here with her broken back to die in agony? Why not complete the gruesome work so well begun? Bending down I seized the soft warm shoulders and turned her over. But now the eyes were bluer still, and gazing fascinated into their very depth I saw her soul. I closed my eyes and started back, but then I stopped again. "Coward! Coward!" said the still small voice, so reeling blindly I staggered forward and plunged the cold blue steel into her throat. And now I could not but look. Gasping for breath and gulping at my heart I saw the red blood pour upon the earth. I saw the soft blue light grow dim and dimmer, then turn a cold and glassy gray. She was dead—and I a murderer! Exhausted I fell. The hot sweat poured into my eyes and stung like acid. I mopped my forehead and her blood was on my temple.

When I tried to go the still, small voice would hold me back. "Bring her in, bring her in!" it said. "That is the least that you can do," and with my broken spirit I could not but obey.

Sullenly I hacked her form in two; sorrowfully I swung the bloody hips across my shoulders; wearily I started home.

How dim the trail was! The blazes that an hour before stood out like coals of fire were now all dark and dull. Oh, how the load cut in my shoulders! How did I get down here? Was not the trail up on the mountain? So struggling, stumbling up-

ward I retraced my steps. And then the thicket was a tangled labyrinth. To go forward was impossible, backward was useless, while below me was a rocky hillside that ended—who knew where? I was lost.

How long I lay upon the ground I do not know. At first I saw a big blue horse-fly and then I saw a tree; then I saw the sun, and started up to see how high it was. I wondered why I could not rise, but looking round I saw the bloody hips.

Was that a ringing in my ears? No! No! Not that. But yes it was. Again I heard it; tinkle, tinkle—tinkle, tinkle—it was the bell around my pony's neck, so struggling up I clambered down the mountain side and knew that I was safe.

Well! I had had enough. I pointed at the silver crescent riding in the heavens and said it spoiled the hunting. Oh, fickle moonlight! a softer, surer lustre than your mellow rays was driving me away. Oh, mossy rocks! why turn to tombstones, and rugged cañons, why turn graves?

We made an early start! The horses left without command and took the right direction, yet all seemed changed and lonesome now. On, on we went. There was no sighing in the treetops, no laughter in the rapids; but far above was the mountain summit, where once again I might see the twinkling eyes and the blue luster. Eagerly I pressed forward; higher, farther, upward, onward; another half mile; now it is not so far, and now I am almost there. Another scramble and I stood beside the county monument.

There was old ocean, broad and long as ever, but what had changed it so! Where were the twinkling crests? Where was the heavenly blue? Instead I saw a cold and glassy gray and fairly gasped in disappointment. Then the world turned dark, but a stream of light shot out before me and in its midst, like in the kinetescope, I saw a moving panorama of the mountain tragedy, then all grew dark again.

By-and-by the men came up and pulled me from the rut that I had rolled in. "It was that confounded rock," I muttered, pointing at a diminutive pebble, but only one made answer. "It's a good thing that Mauser that was pointing at your side didn't go off and blow a hole in you."

Just how I got back here I do not know. I am waiting for the steamer. It seems to me it will never come. It seems to me that I must go mad. Something I read last night in the weekly paper is gnawing at my heart and burning in my brain.

She is dead!

THE MEADOW LARK

OFT we hear at dawn of day
Nature's music start to play:
Flutes and organs, rustling leaves,
Crickets chirping 'mid the sheaves—
Loud and clear above them all
Breaks the meadow-lark's sweet morning call!

Ere the sun has kissed the ground,
Liquid notes, with flute-like sound,
Greet the coming of the light;
Banish somber shades of night;
While the earth in glad surprise,
Shakes the dewdrops from her drowsy eyes.

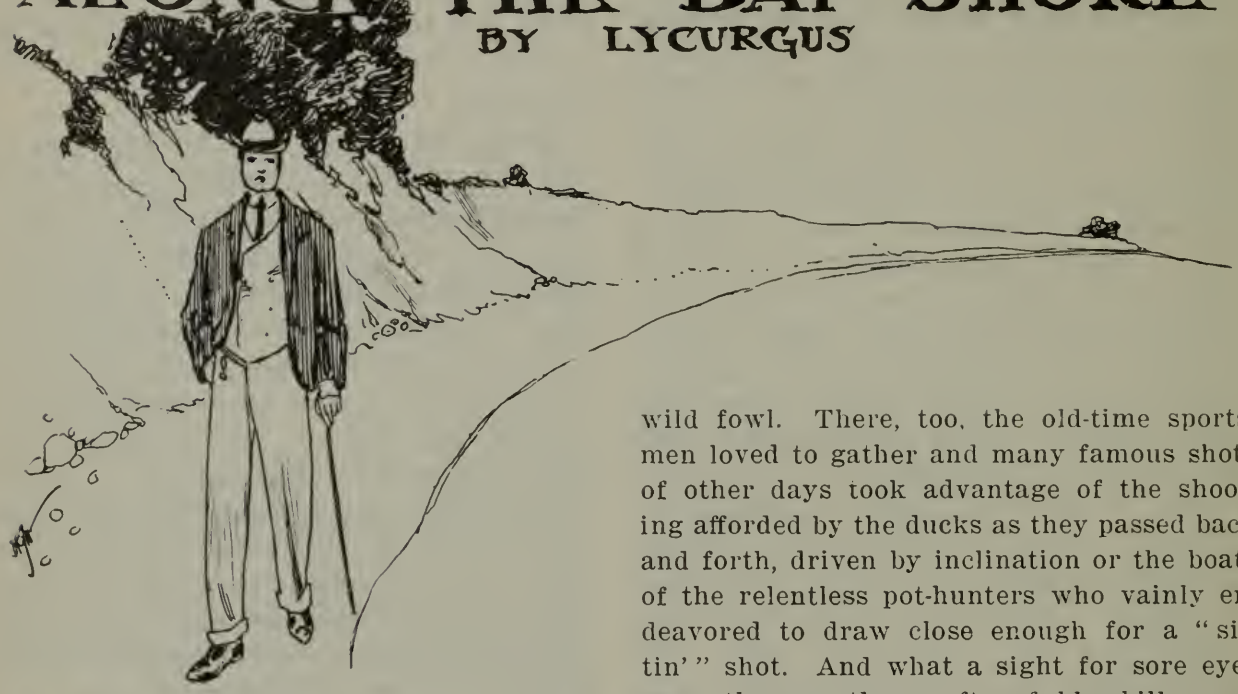
Thro' the dusk we hear a note
From some feather'd chorister's throat;
Then another answers clear,
Some afar and some anear;
Soon the chorus richly swells,
Echoing down the woods and shady dells.

Dun and yellow are his clothes;
Every boy this songster knows:
Knows his whistle, blithe and gay,
Good to drive bad dreams away!
Always merry, never still,
Singer of the vale and sunny hill!

—*George H. Burchard.*

ALONG THE BAY SHORE

BY LYCURGUS



UNABLE to dispel an unusual attack of insomnia, and impelled by an instinct similar to that which forces a murderer to revisit the scene of his crime, I arose before daylight one Sunday morning and donning an old suit of corduroys prepared for a brief tour of the bay shore where in former years I was engaged in nefarious slaughter and the shedding of innocent blood.

Buttoning my coat to repel the rather keen wind which was blowing, I left my domicile ere yet the sleepy but virtuous citizens of the burg had broken away from the embrace of Morpheus, and a brisk walk of fifteen minutes brought me to the extreme west end of town where the trade winds held undisputed play and the lights of a great city twinkled in the distance and disappeared before the coming of another day.

As I clambered down the clay bank to the firm beach below a breath of old times was wafted to me across the sandy flats which ran out for a mile or more before they met the waters of the bay. There I had spent many joyous hours when the old lumber wharf, which measured almost a mile in length, was a favorite resort for those who enjoyed pass shooting on wild fowl. The old wharf is gone now and nothing but the *toredo* eaten stumps of piles mark the spot where tons upon tons of shot have been hurled at wild fowl. There, too, the old-time sportsmen loved to gather and many famous shots of other days took advantage of the shooting afforded by the ducks as they passed back and forth, driven by inclination or the boats of the relentless pot-hunters who vainly endeavored to draw close enough for a "sittin'" shot. And what a sight for sore eyes were the countless rafts of blue-bills, canvas-backs, sprigs and widgeon which loafed in the stretch of water between the wharf and the sea-wall which marked the entrance to Oakland Creek! Their numbers seemed beyond computation then, and as we gazed upon their ranks we little thought that the time would shortly come when they would be annihilated by the guns of the market hunter and game hog.

A few yards back from the bank stands the hostelry of Geo. Bird, a famous caterer to sportsmen, on whose shooting grounds, located within a few hundred yards of the hotel, was witnessed many a closely contested match between famous shots who patronized live-bird shooting. At the grounds George furnished good birds and at the hostelry he retaliated with poor beds and abominable whisky, but the sportsmen of those days were not "fastidious cusses" and even the imbibing of a jolt of Bird's "lightning" failed to shake the equanimity of his patrons. Properly applied, the "pizen" had its virtues, too, for doubtless many an attack of pneumonia was warded off by its timely use when the sportsmen returned wet and shivering from a morning's sport in a driving sou'-easter.

What a pleasure it was for us youngsters to lie behind a lumber pile on the wharf, in company with a sportsman of the old school and watch him double up the fast flying wild

fowl with machine-like regularity! Armed with a long pole, to the end of which was attached either a salmon hook or scoop net, we would retrieve his birds as they drifted past with the fast-running current. Considerable judgment was called for on the part of the sportsman in order to drop the ducks on the right side of the wharf and long shots were often necessary so as to stop them in time, especially when they followed the direction of the wind and current, and it was often at the risk of a ducking that we scrambled over trestle-work and lumber piles to intercept the birds as they drifted by.

Hammerless guns were a novelty in those days and were used only by the advanced class of sportsmen. They were mostly by English makers such as Purdey, Green, Lancaster, Hasdell, Wesley Richards and Greener, although a few years later American makers entered the field and hammerless guns by Sneider, Lefever, Harrington and Richardson, Colt and L. C. Smith began to make their appearance. The American guns were rather crude at first and lacked the smooth finish of the high grade London makes, which were fitted like a watch and constructed upon sound mechanical principles. Such weapons were a delight to their handlers and worthy of the most careful attention.

The number of wild fowl then in evidence is hardly conceivable except by those who were permitted to view the flights. Their ranks could be computed only by the million and it is not exaggeration to say that during the most favorable part of the season an unbroken line of ducks reaching from Alameda to the very head of San Francisco Bay was often met with, and the flights of wild fowl I have witnessed in those good old days would astound the sportsman unacquainted with our game resources of some twenty or twenty-five years back. Blue-bills and "black-jacks" were especially numerous and one could depend upon a regular flight of these species almost every afternoon, commencing as a rule shortly after two o'clock and often lasting until after sunset.

On a winter's afternoon, with a cold, biting wind blowing from the west or northwest, it was delightful to lie behind a pile of lumber warmly ensconced in a heavy coat to wait for the flight to commence. Except on occasions when the wind blew a gale from the southeast the flight was almost invariably from east to west and against the wind, so that when in range the ducks offered splendid shooting. Perhaps after a tedious wait the shooters—of which there were often fifty or more scattered along the wharf—would catch a glimpse of a dark wavering line a mile or more away in the direction of Bay Farm Island and instantly there would be a scampering for cover. Flying at a lively rate of speed, as blue-bills generally do, it would not take the flock long to reach the wharf, and if the tide happened to be running out they were greeted with a fusilade before they had an opportunity to cross, for even when centered with a load their momentum was sufficient to carry them over unless they were stopped some distance out. It was when the ducks flew against the wind and tide that pass shooting was at its best, for one could then wait until the birds were directly opposite or overhead and shoot in a deliberate manner. What a striking appearance the highly colored males would make with their glossy, black heads and necks sharply defined from the snow-white breasts and mottled backs, and how the youthful gunner's heart would thump as he

FROM THE FALL FLIGHT.

waited impatiently for them to draw near! At times, when the wind blew strong and gusty, the ducks would fly very low, passing over the wharf at a height of ten or fifteen yards, craning their necks and gazing down at us with bright eyes. What joy it was to raise the old muzzle-loader and, drawing ahead of an "old he" as we termed the drakes, pull the trigger and see him collapse in mid-air. What unspeakable pleasure there is in that brief space of time from the instant the bird is stricken by a well-centered shot until it strikes the water with a splash and is retrieved and laid beside others of its kind! The youthful sportsman gently strokes its feathers while exultation fills him to the overflowing point and runs over at the side. He glances admiringly at the old battle-scared gun and its value suddenly increases a hundred fold. After all there never was another gun like the old muzzle-loader with which we commenced our warfare against the feathered hosts, and the finest ejector made could never hold the place in our affections that was occupied by that obsolete weapon. Sometimes, as I look back to my earliest shooting experiences a glamor surrounds the sterling qualities of the old gun and I almost feel inclined to resurrect the "Scarborough" with its barrels worn thin as paper at the muzzle and the large muley hammers which seem out of place to-day but which were considered models of elegance in years gone by. However, I fear that something of the past has gone with the passing of the muzzle-loader; the enthusiasm which marks the young sportsman dies out with age and is deadened or glutted by over-indulgence in sport and not even the resurrection of the trusty old gun will aid in its renewal.

In my youthful days ammunition was hoarded like wealth and the "dummy" (or cartridges which failed to explode) given to us by sportsmen, were broken open and the powder, shot and wads used to the best advantage. The variation in the sizes of shot or in the grain or make of powder cut no figure with us and were mixed indiscriminately in our powder and shot bottles. Thus many an unfortunate wild fowl succumbed to wounds made by shot ranging from No. 2's to No. 9's driven by powder which might be a mixture of Eagle Duck, Curtis & Harvey's Diamond Grain and Hazard's Kentucky Rifle or Electric. As for caps, they were kept in a tiny vial and guarded like gold, for their value in our eyes was as great. Wads were a useful but not necessary commodity and were easily acquired by visiting Bird's grounds and collecting "bloaters," as we termed the swollen wads blown from the muzzles of the trap-shooter's guns. When these were of a guage too small for our guns a few taps with a hammer readily increased their size, but with growing experience and a larger supply of spending money I grew to scorn such wadding and purchased as much as I could afford from the hardware store in my vicinity. I also became extravagant in its use, actually placing two one-eighth inch Eley's over the powder—a course which aroused the indignation of my shooting companions and marked me at once as a fastidious shooter.

The flight of blue-bills and "black jacks" often extended over a period of three or four hours, and when at its height it was impossible to take advantage of even half of the opportunities afforded. Flock after flock would make its appearance and one could often mark a series of a dozen or more in the distance while beyond were countless others not yet in view. Under such condi-

tions it was an easy matter for a skilled shot to make bags of from fifty to one hundred birds in an afternoon's shoot, and the number killed from the old lumber wharf was almost beyond computation.

In addition to the above-mentioned varieties one often met with heavy flights of canvas-backs and occasionally would make good bags of sprigs and widgeon although they usually flew so high that it was a difficult matter to reach them. Besides these many other species of the web-footed tribes would take the "short cut" and meet with an unexpected reception, so that the shooting never became monotonous.

Walking along shore I soon came to a familiar spot where, when a youngster, I met with a harrowing experience which filled me with woe. How vividly I remember that long, tedious stalk after a flock of sprigs which were feeding behind an old burnt hulk which lay imbedded in the sand! It took me at least fifteen minutes to reach a point of vantage from whence I could watch the unsuspecting birds, and as I drew a bead on a compact mass of the graceful birds I pictured to myself the slaughter which must follow, but—

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

"ROWING ACROSS THE CHANNEL IN A LIGHT SKIFF."

At certain seasons it was possible to catch large strings of fish from the wharf, and I have often landed from fifty to seventy-five smelts in an hour's fishing. Other species abounded, including perch, porgies, rock-cod and red-tailed perch, while at times large numbers of crabs could be caught at low tide with the aid of a scoop net or hook attached to a rod. All these have vanished with the myriads of wild fowl which once peopled the waters of the bay and even the old lumber wharf is but a memory. Bird's old hostelry, though vacant, still stands as a reminder of the good old days and of sportsmen who made merry around its board (the majority of whom have passed to a better land).

and the pressure on the trigger brought no responsive roar from the old muzzle-loader. I afterward found that I had been over liberal with my allotment of shot but had failed to use a charge of powder in either barrel!

Climbing the bank where the railroad track makes a bend, I followed the roadway for half a mile or so and then struck across a pasture field every inch of which was familiar ground. Here it was I had killed my first quail and many more thereafter, for each season the birds bred in the dense coverts which once covered the field. Flickers, larks and robins were also considered legitimate game and although shooting was pro-

hibited within town limits it did not prevent us from taking toll from the feathered tribes which made their homes there. On numerous occasions it was necessary to beat a hasty retreat in order to escape the majesty of the law, and in one particular case I was obliged to stand in water up to my waist to avoid closer communication with a zealous constable.

One who is reared beside the bright waters of San Francisco Bay learns his salt water lessons early, and given an old skiff and unrestricted liberty in hours of boyhood, there is no better kindergarten than its broad bosom and the errant tideways of its northern shore. The shallow expanses of water swept by the trade winds makes it an ideal location for the practice of aquatic manuevers, and the overturn of our crazy craft meant nothing more serious than a ducking. In the summer, when the tepid waters made bathing enjoyable, we were more often wet than dry, and clad in a shirt and a pair of old trousers we held regattas which would put to blush the most successful meets of the Corinthians. Our fleet consisted of some fast craft, among them the flagship which is said to have actually made headway when beating up against the wind!

The majority of our craft possessed some kind of a rig but in order to do any sailing it was necessary either to row up against the wind before running before it or else drag or row the boat back to the starting point after we had enjoyed a brief spin before a spanking breeze. In either case we were bound to get soaked to the skin by the choppy waves which piled up on the sandy flats. Occasionally the bottom would drop out of some flimsy boat and the skipper would fall through the aparture, but we were used to such happenings and did not mind them. At times we would engage in naval battles and the various craft on which were mounted lengths of stovepipe in lieu of cannon presented a truly warlike appearance. For ammunition we used lumps of hard clay and many a bump and bruise attested the accuracy of our marksmanship. Propelled by scull oars, and with their crews entirely out of sight, the rival fleets would close in deadly combat and woe-betide the unlucky vessel which became separated from its fellows, for it was sure to be surrounded and its crew made to walk the plank.

Along the sandy stretches of shore clambakes were often indulged in and with appetities whetted by the inhalation of salt air and exhilarating exercise we would consume great quantities of bivalves. And how good the chowder tasted even when prepared by inexperienced cooks! Certainly it will never tickle my palate again as it did in those days of yore.

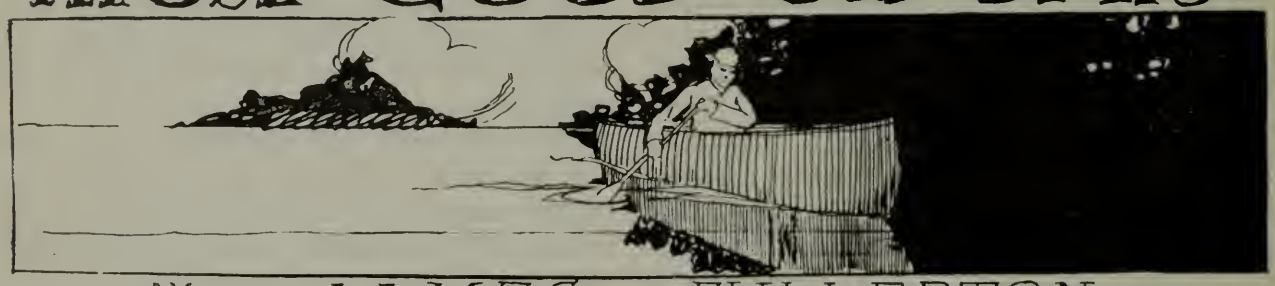
In the spring and fall heavy flights of shore birds made their appearance, and the sandy stretches rang with the cries of curlew and plover as they hustled for food in the shallow pools which shone like a network of silver on the solid brown of the flats. Many a bag of shore birds fell to the old muzzle-loader, and other weapons accounted for their share of the slain, but no shoots were more enjoyable than those indulged in when it was necessary to sneak out the old gun when no one was looking, and ammunition was scarce as hen's teeth. Standing at the edge of the water I would wait for the sandpipers to sweep by, as they often did in large numbers, and a single discharge would often net twenty or thirty birds. Curlew and plover fed close in shore, and I have often laid in wait for them behind some breakwater and secured several at one shot.

As a rule the robin snipes made their appearance sometime in March or April, and then the young shooters were in clover. Here were gullible "Rubens" which decoyed to any kind of a "gold brick" and roughly whittled decoys led many an unsuspecting bird to its doom. We would erect a low blind of jute sacks and, squatting on a piece of tarpaulin which had the edges tied up to prevent the entrance of water, we would lie in wait for the snipe; a few seductive calls would serve to draw their attention, when they would swing in and with legs outstretched, would prepare to alight among the crude decoys. A raking shot would often stretch a dozen or more lifeless on the sands and as the survivors prepared to depart another shot would create further havoc and serve to accelerate their speed. These birds were much in demand by high-toned restaurants where they were palmed off on an unsuspecting public as jack-snipe; consequently they brought good prices in the markets and many a youngster added to his store of ready money through their sale.

A half mile or so across the channel which extends to San Leandro Bay, a long slender spit runs out like a rapier blade and extends a mile or more into the shimmering waters of the bay when the tide is at its lowest. Rowing across the channel in a light skiff I have enjoyed great flight shooting on bluebills and other species of wild fowl when the fierce southeast gales drove the ducks to shelter behind the spit. Beyond the spit and a mile or more off the southwestern extremity of Bay Farm Island, I have often laid in wait for the birds, hidden in a low-lying sneakboat and surrounded by decoys. Many a satisfactory bag fell to my lot in this manner but now no shooting worthy the name is to be had where once myriads of wild fowl reveled in the waters of the bay. Even within a half mile of my home it was once possible to bag goodly numbers of ducks, and in the afternoons when the tide was out and the immense flats were laid bare, hosts of sprig and widgeons would tenant them, and as they left at dusk would afford excellent shooting to those who knew how to circumvent them. So, too, with canvas-backs which toward evening followed close along the water's edge on their way to the roosting grounds.

These memories are always present when I stroll along the bay shore and gaze on familiar scenes; and though regrets are in vain I cannot help but regret the prodigality which has characterized our waste of game resources and allowed the slaughter to go on without putting forth a restraining hand. We cannot at this late date hope to more than stay the war of extermination, and our wild fowl will never become as abundant as in the past, but by proper legislation something might be done to better existing conditions, which are very discouraging and hold forth little hope for the future as far as wild fowl are concerned.

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS



BY JAMES FULLERTON

IN THE good old days Jack and I lived in a little one-horse frontier village a hundred miles from nowhere; when our trigger fingers accquired a nervous twitching we simply locked up the store, tacked up a notice "Back to-morrow" and rolled our duffle out of the boat house into the canoes. The old hounds knew well what such preparation meant and the way they would race about and whine showed plainer than words could have told how they loved, like their master, to get away to the solitude of the forest. Poor old "Butch"—what a trailer he was! Considerable bull-dog blood in his veins made him a stayer, and his nose was always the first to pick up the trail. The deer could double and twist, jump sideways or cross streams or lakes, but there was no shake to the old dog. Many a time have I shot the deer after a hard and exciting paddle, close to the farther shore of the lake, and not have it cleaned before old "Butch" would be crossing the lake just as though he was holding the scent on the water and no sooner would he touch shore than he would race up and down until he found the trail.

Occasionally a deer would fool him for a while by swimming down the shore line and coming out on the same side from which he entered, but if after crossing the dog found no trail he would return and hunt the place he started from till he picked it up.

There has been a great deal written about the unsportsman-like method of hounding deer but it certainly was a very attractive way of hunting. The music of the hounds on the clear, frosty morning air, the nervous watching for the deer entering the water, the exhilarating chase in the canoe, a veritable race for life very often won by the deer. For if he got a good start the man who caught him was no fool with the paddle and it required muscle, skill and endurance to beat him to the opposite shore. If the deer came in close to the hunter it was merely butcher business, but how often does one find the same thing when riding in the hills after elk or deer and indeed in the hunting of that much overrated animal the moose, or for that matter any other wild animals before they have been much disturbed. Perhaps now that game is scarce hounding may destroy more deer than still hunting, though I doubt it. But in those good old days, thirty-five years ago, the deer were almost a nuisance and the hides were worth more than the meat. Our gloves and moccasins were made of the genuine article then, not horse or goat hide tanned in imitation.

But I have allowed the memory of those happy days to carry me past my goal. One year we got a supply of grub to last a week or ten days ("to-morrow" never comes, and we might be storm-bound), and started for Ball Lake. It was a good stiff paddle against a head wind. There were four of us in four canoes and we had a long trip to make our old camp above the "narrows," but every now and then some one would give a whoop and dash ahead, when all hands would enter into a mad race for a mile or more. We reached our destination a little before dark and soon had things snug for the night with a huge camp fire in front of the tent. Oh, those old camp fires! What care we took to build them. First a green pine about two feet in diameter and ten or twelve feet long requiring the continued strength of the party to roll it into place,

then three large, dry logs in front and so on up till no more could be piled on. The upper tiers were all dry maple or birch. When all was in place some fat pine knots dug out of an old rotten tree were added and a match applied. This gave us light and heat enough to reach the back of the tent all night. The front we kept open.

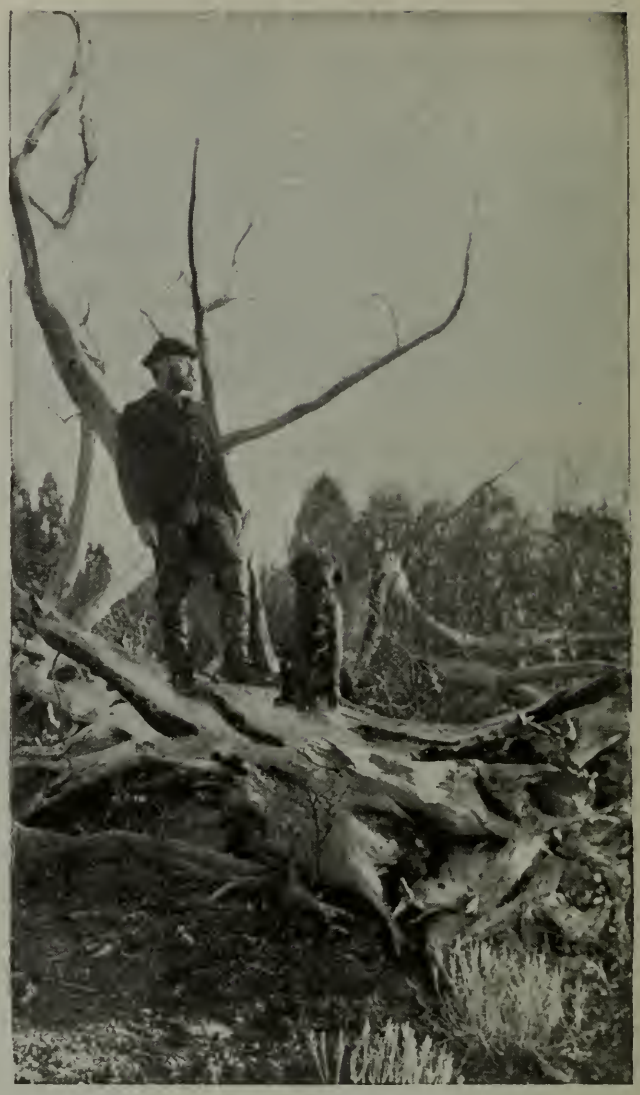
One or two of the larger canoes were fitted with a grate on the end of an iron rod that fastened in the bow. A supply of pitch pine knots, very fat, were split up fine and after supper we used to take two of the canoes, make a fire in the grates, and while one would paddle slowly among the lily pads along the shore the other would spear eels, bass and maskalonge, often getting fast to one of the latter weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. Then the fun was fast and furious. It must be tried to appreciate the power of a thirty-pound fish on the end of a slim hickory pole, especially when the man at the other end is standing in a canoe that is constantly wobbling and doing its best to land him on his head in the drink. *Mais revenons a nos moutons*, we slept the sleep of the tired and the just, at peace with all the world and ourselves—this last a most important condition.

Daylight found us finishing breakfast and then we drew lots to see who should put the hounds out the first morning; afterward we took turns. The one who put out the hounds always returned to camp and cooked dinner and, as quite often happened, had to pack a deer in with him. Sometimes it was necessary to go two or three miles back before striking a fresh trail, in spite of the fact that deer were as plentiful as rabbits. On this particular morning it fell to the lot of the writer to be "camp orderly," so as soon as I had washed up the dishes, affording the boys time to reach their several runways where they expected the deer to enter the lake, I started with two hounds back into the forest.

"THAT 150-POUND BUCK."

The runways were cut in deep ruts, and following one of these about a mile it gradually spread out like a fan and soon the trails were lost altogether. I had not gone far when old "Butch" began to sniff the air and looking down a little gulch to my right I saw two bucks quietly browsing without a thought that their greatest enemy was within seventy-five yards. The old muzzle-loading rifle came up (it was a load to lift but when you got a bead with it something had to come) and at the whip-like crack one buck bounded forward, tottered a few steps and fell. The other would have made a nice shot for a repeater as he gave a few jumps and stood to take in the situation. He did not have long to wait nor did he stand on the order of his going for the hounds saw him and were almost at his heels before he got through wondering why his chum was lying down so early in the day.

I had a beautiful view of the chase for a considerable distance as the deer ran straight for the lake down through an open hardwood bush. As soon as they were out of sight I reloaded with the old patch and ball. (I was going to tell you all about that old gun and the wonderful (?) shots she would make and how far "superior" she was to any of the modern jim-cracks, but some fellow who has learned more about a gun on last fall's hunt than I'll ever know, would jump on to me with both feet and say "there's one of those old back number cranks talking through his hat again, so I refrain, but *we* know what we did with those same old guns). I cut some "moose willow" a tough, creeping vine that would hold anything ever made fast to it, and slung my deer on my back. What a difference there is in the weight of a deer when you first crawl into the sling and when you reach camp! The first few hundred yards you step off lightly and feel as if another or two would be but a trifling load; at the first half mile you think one is about all you care to pack in just at that particular time; by the time you pass the mile the weight of that deer has reached at least three hundred pounds, but camp is not far and gradually bending lower and lower you at last reach the tent door with "at least" five hundred pounds of venison. Stooping over you let it slip to the ground and the reaction is so great that as you rise you feel like the jack-in-the-box you played with years before.



"I HAD A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE CHASE."

That about expressed my sentiments as I dropped that hundred and fifty pound buck at the tent door. I could yet hear the hounds giving tongue far up the lake and had about made up my mind the deer had crossed above the boys when I heard the report of a gun and knew it was time to be hustling on the dinner.

Pretty soon after the shot I heard a hollering and wondered what could have taken place. How one can imagine all manner of accidents when you know something has gone wrong! I was sure at first that a gun had burst, then I wondered if by chance one of them had encountered a bear and was having a hand-to-hand fight—in fact imagination runs riot in such circumstances. However no such dire calamity had befallen them though the trouble might have been quite serious. One of the boys was on the runway where the buck took to water and immediately took after it. The wind was high and a pretty heavy sea running. When

he got close enough he fired, but hit the deer below the occipital, in the fleshy part of the neck, owing to the difficulty of aiming in a tossing canoe. This partially stunned the animal and he ran the canoe, a birch bark, along side. The deer resented such undue familiarity and turning on its side struck the boat a sweeping blow, cutting a large hole in the bark. Taking off his coat the canoeist soon plugged the hole and though it still leaked badly gave chase once more, all the while calling to his companions for help. They soon arrived and dispatched the deer, taking it and the crippled canoe ashore

That very thing once almost cost ye scribe his feet. Kneeling in the canoe which I had snagged I was getting close to camp, and so, with the indifference of youth, let the water rise till the canoe was half full when I reached the landing.

I ate supper and put my feet up on a log at the foot of the bed to dry my socks. Being tired I fell asleep; the fire went out and when I awoke, my socks instead of being dry were frozen to my feet from the instep to the toes. I went down to the lake, broke the ice and sat on the deck of a canoe for over two hours with my feet in ice cold water. The boys gave me hot whisky and coffee

where it had to be left for repairs. After dinner we decided to get bark and fix the canoe instead of having another run that day. Afternoon runs were not usually as successful as in the early morning for the deer, having digested his breakfast, often tried to outrun the dogs instead of taking the water.

It is quite a trick to patch a bark canoe. First to get just the right kind of bark, then to hunt the pitch, and lastly to put it on. Then when it is cold you must suck all the seams to see if it is air-tight for if air will leak through so will water, and it would be hard to find any thing more uncomfortable than a leaky canoe.

but I sat and shivered until the excruciating pain was gone. It was many weeks before I could wear a shoe and the thought of that experience makes the chills creep down my back. Our "to-morrow" lasted a little over a week and when we loaded up to return we had ten whole deer and the remains of another to take back, besides a lot of fish. Many deer had escaped us by crossing the lake at places where we had no watch, but we cared not. It was not deer we were after —what we had would be given away. We were out for a good old time and I hope every brother sportsman may enjoy himself as thoroughly when afield as did we on that trip a generation ago.

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The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN
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A SENSIBLE OPINION.

AN IMPORTANT opinion, upholding an owner's vested rights in the fishing privileges of non-navigable streams flowing through his lands, was recently rendered by Judge Houghton of the Supreme Court of New York. The opinion in substance holds that in case the stream is non-navigable the owner of the land traversed by it owns the *bed* of the stream, and that entry thereon by any outsider is an actionable trespass, even if such stream was stocked at the State's expense.

It is evident that the same principle extends to game within a private enclosure, and this is recognized and established in this State by statute, it being a misdemeanor to shoot on enclosed land without permission of the owner. The equity of this is deep-seated and far reaching; no legislative or judicial action can cause a well-established property right to be vacated, unless it can be shown that same is imperatively necessary to the actual welfare and safety of the entire community; such action would, otherwise, completely nullify all legal rights of the individual, and lead to a wholesale violation of personal privileges now regarded as sacred under our form of government. The opinion is both good law and good sense, and it will go far toward settling conclusively a much-mooted point of common controversy.

A DESIRABLE ADDITION.

IN APPORTIONING their outlay for the next season, we respectfully suggest to the State Fish Commissioners that they set aside a sufficient portion of their appropriation for the purpose of introducing into California waters that very desirable game food fish, the grayling.

There is no more beautiful or gamier fish in the world, and few as delicious. He is universally esteemed, both by sportsmen and epicures, the French calling him "*un umble chevalier*," saying that he feeds on gold! St. Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, calls the grayling "the flower of fishes," and good old Isaac Walton was loud in his praise.

A fighter of fighters, he can take care of himself in any company that he may encounter in the clear, cold waters of his choice. He spawns from early April to May, the season depending upon the temperature of the water. In this he closely agrees with the indigenous trout of our colder mountain streams; in habits and external characters he is almost identical with the *Salmonida* of this State.

There are three American species of grayling, all very closely related. While small success has so far been attained in the artificial culture of the Michigan species, the Montana variety has yielded grandly to the labors of Dr. Henshall, the superintendent at Bozeman, over forty-five per cent of the five million eggs taken in 1899 being successfully hatched, and the fry liberated. The graylings size up well, two pounds being a common weight.

Coast sportsmen would eagerly welcome this most desirable addition to their resources, and from no standpoint can a reasonable objection be lodged against what we hope, in the near future, to be able to number among our most esteemed fishes. The experiment is certainly worthy of a trial.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

IGNORANCE, the mother of superstition, is also the father of prejudice. It is merely because the agriculturists of this State have neglected their ornithological education in their eagerness to acquire wisdom in the art

of money making that they have achieved only a pitiful hallucination about the economic "evil" (!) of what is actually a large factor in their desired pecuniary success. There is a widespread prejudice among our rural friends against birds of nearly all kinds, and the innocents are in consequence ruthlessly slaughtered by the very people who should really be, in all reason, the foremost in their protection. Aside from the linnets, the English sparrows and possibly—only possibly—the king birds, every bird found in this State is an actual asset to the agriculturists, in so much as they one and all do far more good in the way of checking destructive insect propogation, and keeping down injurious weeds by eating the seeds thereof, than they can possibly do harm by eating a few small fruits, waste grain and the like, which is the only offense charged against them. Even hawks and owls, which are invariably killed on sight, do far more good than evil, their main and at times only food being rats, mice, moles and insects whose ravages, if not checked by these birds, would far outweigh the trifling occasional damage done to grain and poultry.

Any dispassionate thinker who has read the excellent papers on Economic Ornithology, by Professor, F. E. L. Beal, which appeared in our last two issues, will concede the above argument's correctness. Professor Beal is a scientist pure and simple, with no personal axe to grind and no bias to warp his judgment or hamper his investigations. His conclusions are exact and logical, and we predict that the result of his work here will vindicate the good character and great economic value of our birds. The Federal authorities' collection of over 50,000 bird stomachs will prove conclusively, on careful examination and analysis, that every California bird—we say *every* advisedly—is a positive benefit to agriculture and not the detriment that our illy informed friends have supposed. Our birds should and must be perpetually protected; we urge the passage in every county of an ordinance to that effect.

TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP.

THE difference between a sportsman and a "sport," is simply the difference between virtue and vice. The former engages in the sports of the field and stream out of pure love for their wholesome delights; for the advancement of his personal skill in the use of the paraphernalia employed; for the healthful recreation and rejuvenation which attends upon intimate communion with nature. Gain, other than physical and mental, does not enter into his calculations.

The "sport," per contra, while possibly enjoying to the same degree all the purer delights involved in the pursuit of sport, degrades their practice by making it a vehicle for sordid gambling. His main object is a mercenary one, and he does not scruple at prostituting all means to that one end. It has become quite a fad, these days, amongst a certain class, to refer sarcastically to what is termed "kid-glove sportsmen." These are popularly supposed to be men of means, whose wealth enables them to buy up all the shooting and fishing privileges of the country, thus constricting the opportunities of enjoyment of others, less favored pecuniarily. They are always spoken of opprobiously, and resentment is fostered by yellow journals, who mendaciously keep the ferment of discord alive.

The truth is that the influence and interest of our wealthy sportsmen class is the largest factor in the preservation of sporting amenities for all classes and conditions of men. It is their means which founds and sustains field-trial clubs, yachting, races, the breeding of thoroughbred stock of all kinds, the preservation of game and the introduction of new species. They are the men who benefit the community at large, by paying fancy prices for horses, dogs, guns, rods, etc., thus enabling breeders and manufacturers to improve, still at a profit, their general product for the benefit of the masses.

Of this "kid-glove" variety are the millionaire yachtsmen who are spending this season over a million dollars for the defense of the America's cup. Of this type is the princely challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton, whom all the world loves because of his clean sportsmanship. And the woods are full of just as estimable and honorable men, who are certainly none the less better sportsmen because their means and their inclination clothes their hands with kid. It is about time that the senseless phrase be relegated to the oblivion it deserves.

President.

H. T. Payne, San Francisco.

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Dr. A. M. Barker, San Jose; H. A. Green, Monterey; H. W. Keller, Santa Monica; P. S. Kellet, San Diego; J. D. Armstrong, Paso Robles.

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Name and Location Secretary. Address.

Alturas—R. A. Laird, Sec., Alturas, Cal.
Arroyo Grande—S. Clevenger, Sec., Arroyo Grande, Cal.
Auburn Fish and Game Club—E. A. Francis, Sec., Auburn, Cal.
Chico—* * * * Sec., Chico.
Cloverdale—C. H. Smith, Sec., Cloverdale, Cal.
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Deer Creek—Jos. Mitchell, Sec., Hot Springs, Cal.
Fort Bragg—Thos. Bourns, Sec., Fort Bragg, Cal.
Fresno—H. Palmer Black, Sec., Fresno, Cal.
Grass Valley—John Mulroy, Sec., Grass Valley, Cal.
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Humboldt—Julius Jenssen, Sec., Eureka, Cal.
Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.
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Kings County—S. S. Mullin, Sec., Hanford, Cal.
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Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Round Valley.
Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.
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Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.
Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.
Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.
Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Nevada City, Cal.
Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.
Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.
Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.
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Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.
Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.
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Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.
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Santa Clara County—R. S. Kooser, Sec., San Jose, Cal.
Santa Cruz—Mr. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz.
San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.
Santa Maria—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.
Santa Rosa——— Mullen, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.
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Willitts—Chester Ware, Sec., Willitts, Call.
Woodland—W. H. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.
Yreka—F. A. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

TWO NATIVE SONS—GOOD AND BAD.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

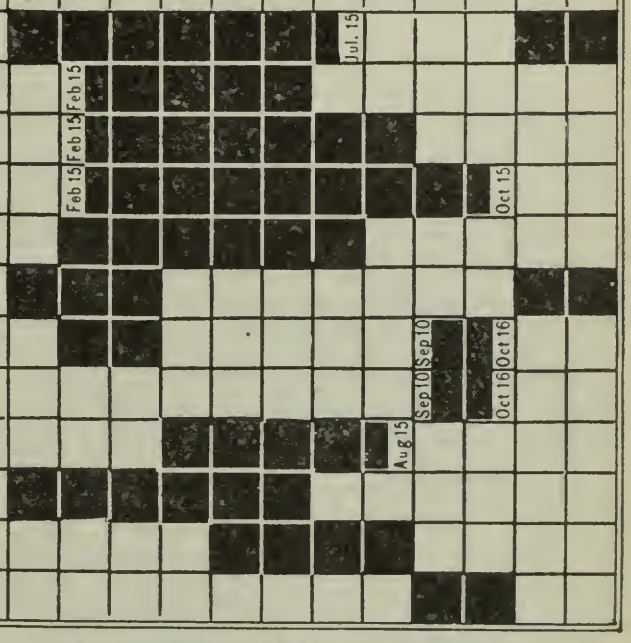
(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.

WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover.	*25 in one day.*
Doves, Ducks.	*50 in one day.*
Rails.	*20 in one day.*
Deer (male).	*3 in one season.*



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants, or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured *written* authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or *without* your name and address.
To *buy* or *sell trout* less than *one-half pound* in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish, in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on enclosed land without permission.

COUNTY ORDINANCES

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may *shorten* (but not *extend*) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game *within* the dates fixed by the general State law.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are, however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted.

El Dorado.—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno.—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern.—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings.—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Los Angeles.—Doves, July 31 to October 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Madera.—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrels, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino.—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced.—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey.—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa.—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange.—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Placer.—Mountain quail, September 15 to February 15; doves, July 15 to February 15; male deer, September 1 to October 15; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout, Lake Tahoe and streams tributary thereof, June 1 to November 1.

Riverside.—Male deer, July 15 to Sept. 15.

San Benito.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino.—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrels, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck, trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Mateo.—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrels, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara.—Male deer July 15 to Oct. 1.

Santa Cruz.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), *except* hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrels. Black bass cannot be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Siskiyou.—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma.—Male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Trinity.—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare.—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and township 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, August 15 to October 1.

Yolo.—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

NATURAL HISTORY

WESTERN ZOOLOGY—A COMPARATIVE STUDY

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

PART II.

FOLLOWING next in the list after the herons, egrets, bitterns and their kin, we have the rails; these occur in both the East and the West, but the more interesting and beautiful forms are restricted to the former region, as for example, the limpkin and purple gallinule, a most elegant bird in its plumage and build. There is one great group that always has and always will interest sportsmen, namely the one containing the snipes, sand-pipers, godwits, plovers and their immediate congeners, in which the East distinctly has the advantage, for it is to the Atlantic tier of States and the middle districts that the famous prince of game-birds, the American woodcock, is confined. Neither is the Wilson's snipe and the dowitcher found in the Pacific Coast region. But, on the other hand, when we come to look down the list of gallinaceous birds, the West is seen to be as far ahead of the East in these particular groups as the *ornis* of Brazil is ahead of that of the polar regions. The array of species of the partridges of California and other occidental regions is simply superb, although it is very distressing to observe how rapidly they are being shot out in some places. They have even successively introduced bobwhites into many Western localities, including California. It is the only species we have in the East, while in various parts of the West we meet with the masked bobwhite, the mountain partridge, the plumed partridge, San Pedro partridge, the scaled and chestnut bellied scaled, besides the California valley and Gambel's partridge, and finally that especially handsome species, the Massena partridge. What country could ask for a more elegant assemblage of fine game birds?

As for grouse, ptarmigan, prairie hens and turkeys, there is no question but what the entire region west of the Mississippi Valley takes the palm. Honors may be divided on the turkeys, but there is certainly no doubt on any other score. For interesting life, history and magnificance of form, size and appearance no grouse living can compare to the sage grouse, or sage-hen, and as for excellent eating and fine shooting, where do we find the equals of the sharp-tailed grouse?

Pigeons are well represented on both sides of the continent, but the most beautiful species are to be found in Florida, or on her cays, as witness the Key West quail dove, the Ruddy quail dove, the blue-headed quail dove,' the Trenaida dove, and the white-crowned pigeon. No such beautiful plumaged birds of this group are to be met with in the West anywhere, although the band-tailed pigeon of the West (often mistaken for the now nearly exterminated passenger pigeon) is a fine species, as is Viosca's pigeon of Lower California and the red-billed pigeon occasionally met with in Arizona.

Among the vultures, the East has no such distinguished and famous representative as the California vulture, while in the matter of eagles, hawks and owls, the one side of the country is about as well supplied as

the other, though we have none of the pygmy owls in the East at all. To me, these latter are decidedly the most interesting of the entire group. The Carolina paroquet, the only bird of the kind north of the Mexican boundary line, is an Eastern species, and there are no parrots in the West. Among the cuckoos, the Western roadrunner is the most famous and the largest species. It is only in Southern Arizona that we meet with a trogan—the coppery tailed trogan—one of the most gorgeous birds we have in this country. The West is poor in king-fishers, but very rich in woodpeckers, though the largest woodpecker we have, and as handsome as any of them—the ivory-billed—is restricted to and only locally distributed in the Gulf States and lower Mississippi Valley. There are far more species of woodpeckers in the West than there are in the East, and some of the California ones are beauties. Those birds known as "goat-suckers" are rather better represented in the West than they are in the East, though the largest and most striking species, the "chuck-will's-widow," is an Eastern species. As for the humming birds, however, out of our eighteen or more species only one of them occurs in the East at all—the well known ruby-throated humming bird. Half a dozen different kinds are found in California, and the rest in various localities in Arizona, Texas, New Mexico and elsewhere.

THE CALIFORNIA PARTRIDGE. (PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR.)

Finally we pass to that very extensive and wonderfully interesting group of birds called the passeres or perching birds. They include such forms as the fly-catchers, crows and jays, larks, orioles and their kind, the immense finch and sparrow assemblage, vireos and warblers, thrushes and the rest. Some few of these are to be found in both the East and the West; others are represented in the latter by a species or sub-species more

or less like the one found in the former (as for one example, among many, the golden-crowned kinglet and the Western golden-crowned kinglet); then there are others found in the West in no way represented in the East, and *vice versa*. We have no phainopepla, nor dipper, nor solitaire, nor verdin in the East, all most interesting birds. The group—and a large one—known as the American warblers, is better, far better, represented in the East than in the West, but the West is way ahead in jays and in handsome orioles. As a naturalist, were I compelled to make a choice as to where I would study and collect fish, reptiles, batrachians and birds, I would without hesitation choose the West every time. Taking everything into consideration it has, in the classes just mentioned, decidedly the richest and most interesting fauna.

A SHARP-TAILED GROUSE. (AFTER FRANK BOND.)

I may say the same for mammals, though doubtless in this I may be influenced by the other groups. As we know, the deer family is, on the whole, best represented in the West; the East has no musk ox, mountain goat, mountain sheep, or buffalo. The great

bulk of the rodentia are Western mammals, and by far the most interesting ones, and this applies to many of the other smaller animals, as shrews and so forth. Bats are best represented in the East, but comparatively speaking, we have only a few species of them in our fauna. As for the carnivora, the West leads in nearly every group, or holds her own in others. The seals are well represented on both sides of the continent, perhaps better, however, in the Pacific. Otters, skunks, badgers, weasels and their allies occur in abundance throughout the West, while bears are far more plentiful there, and more formidable species. In making such a comparison as this, however, especially in the case of all the large mammals, it must be ever borne in mind that many of them, for years past, have been practically exterminated in the East by man. So it is that foxes, cougars, lynxes and similar animals are no longer found in the major portion of the Eastern United States, and, as every thoughtful naturalist knows, precisely the same fate awaits all the wild animals of the West save the smallest and most timid kinds, such as bats and shrews, and even they in time must also be forever wiped out. The earth will eventually be only occupied by the future descendants of our own race, whatever that may turn out to be.

THE MATING HABIT AMONG FISH

By Lawrence Irwell.

WE ARE gradually becoming better acquainted with the wonders of the sea, and we are discovering a similarity in general features with much that is familiar to us on the better-known land section of our planet. When we realize that a mile of sea is a much more extensive hunting ground than a mile of land, we can grasp the enormous possibilities of the ocean world. On the earth's surface life may be found in abundance, and it may be easily discovered for a few feet below the surface. In the sea, however, the scene of life, of rivalry and of battle, is always present at a vast depth as well as near the top. There are different classes of fish, and varied conditions for sea life in all the various zones of sea. There is food of different kinds—often exceedingly minute—throughout the larger portion of the oceans during the greater part of the year; and the lives of the inhabitants vary to as remarkable an extent as do the conditions under which their existence is passed.

It is commonly believed that a sort of communistic indifference is the ordinary law of nature that regulates the habits of fish, and that each individual is without special preferance for any other individual of the opposite sex. This, however, is a misconception. In the case of the gregarious fishes there is no apparent preference, for with the cod spawning over a period of six weeks or more and sending its millions of eggs to take their chance on the surface of the water, this would be almost an impossibility. Yet such promiscuity is far from being a universal condition. With the plenitude of eggs the regardlessness of the parents as to the future of their offspring seems to increase, but we cannot look upon any vertebrated animal as altogether indifferent to the safety of its progeny. It is true, no doubt, that the herring will freely devour the young of its own

HERRING.

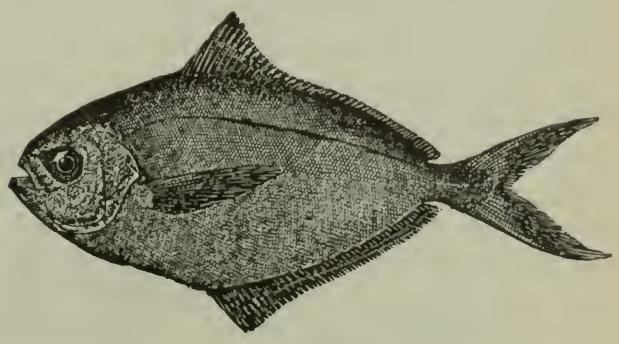
species, and it cannot distinguish its own offspring amid the masses. The explanation of this, however, is not hard to find. The herring, now a gregarious and non-mating fish, was originally of a higher character and has degenerated—as humanity would

IN HIS WEDDING CLOTHES.

probably do if compelled to live under conditions specially unfavorable to domesticity. The herring spawns like an in-shore fish, depositing its ova on rough sea-growths instead of consigning them to the winds and waves as is done by the ordinary sea fishes. It also used to spawn close in-shore till driven further and further out into deep water by the persistent onslaught of man. I am informed that ten years ago on the Pacific coast herrings still continued to shed their spawn close in-shore on wattling laid down for them by the Indians, which was afterward removed for the purpose of collecting the ova for food. There are Australian species of herrings which are still inhabitants of fresh water, and—a fact of importance for my present argument—these are non-gregarious. The most beautiful fish of the herring kind may originally have been mating fishes and they may have developed their beauty as a sex character, the females naturally being attracted by the most brilliantly colored males, as is the case among the butterflies and all other forms of life. The great increase of herrings has caused them to become gregarious only within comparatively recent times, so that they have not yet lost all the characteristics of mating fishes with their deposited and guarded ova.

Under what conditions have the various fishes advanced to that cultivated and as it seems partially civilized state in which the young are cared for, and in which the females are attracted by the males displaying bright colors and startling physical adornments? There is a wonderful sameness under the complexity of animal creation and we find some similar conditions in all classes of life from the insect to man. Those types of family and non-family arrangement which have been tried and found wanting under new social conditions have been abandoned in favor of still newer ones. Yet the advantages that have accrued from the earlier arrangement often survive for a very considerable period to defy the understanding of the ordinary observer as to the way in which they originally arose. It may safely be said that with no kind of animals has any considerable intellectual progress been made prior to the advance from the original communism of the sexes and the adoption of the family life which is the most powerful aid and stimulus to advancement in civilization. On the other hand, the falling away into ancient savage courses meant a similar decay in intelligence. The number of human races that have thus degenerated is probably greater than is usually supposed. I now wish to draw attention to the indications of similar degeneration on the part of fish, and arising from similar causes.

In order to take a broad view of the question we must not be content to regard the present condition of fish generally as representing the general character of their own genus, much less of genera closely allied. Some of the herrings of Australia are gregarious and marine, while other species live in fresh water and are non-gregarious. It requires no great stretch of imagination to realize that all the herring tribe originally belonged to brackish waters and had the mating habit, and that the whole tribe only gradually became marine, gregarious, and sexually communistic. Rapid increase and the necessity for a greater supply of food would account for the inevitable movement in this retrograde direction, forcing the entire family to salt water before the growth of land and fresh water streams made a higher life impossible. Domesticity in a great ocean seems hard to imagine. There is a primary demand for suitable physical conditions so that the female can be isolated and left comparatively secure in some definite position.

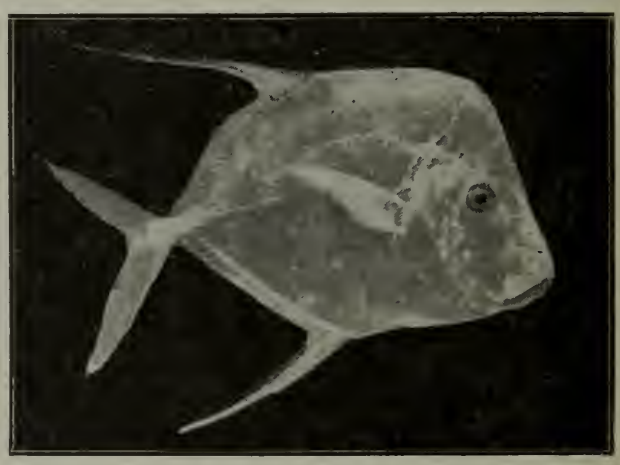


FLOUNDER.

This can only be done in a river or along a somewhat protected coast so that when we find in the sea fish in which male and female have come to be sharply distinguished in appearance and which have developed special sexual characteristics, we are obliged to conclude that they have developed originally under different conditions, and have formerly been river or shore fishes.

Taking the yellow sculpin (sea raven), it is true that we do not know much about its habits; but the fact that the male is gorgeous while the female is plain, points to a condition of things like that which has developed birds on land. The male must have the desire to specially attract, while the female must have an æsthetic instinct and admire not only brilliant colors but also the various positions in which the male displays himself for her benefit. The result of this is that those males which are unattractive to females—generally through absence of bright coloring—have few opportunities of reproducing their kind. This is, in a few words, Darwin's doctrine of sexual selection, the truth of which is doubted by few scientific men at the present day. Although somewhat of a rover, the sculpin belongs to a class of shore fishes (*hemitripteridae*), and doubtless developed his character and physical peculiarities as an in-shore fish. We may consider that he is a monogamist like other brilliantly colored fishes and endeavors to attract his mate by the embellishments of his person.

One curious character of the most highly domestic fish within our knowledge is that what elsewhere we regard as the maternal instinct is in the case of fish, not maternal at all, but paternal. The little sticklebacks are among the most noted of nest builders; but it is the male that watches over the eggs as it is the male that builds the nest for their accommodation. Strange to relate, he is not monogamous and he has to guard the ova from the mothers, as the hen-turkey is compelled to hide her eggs from the father. The sea-species of stickleback is also a nest-builder, but it is not found in very deep water where nests could not exist. Still more remarkable is the pipe-fish (*syngnathus*), which when the female has ejected the ova takes them and placing them in a long pouch (or series of small pouches, according to the species), hatches them himself, and undertakes all the care of the young —a care that is usually prolonged. This is a sluggish, slow-swimming fish, much given to coiling itself around seaweed, with a tube in place of jaws and no very marked intelligence. But it has developed the domestic instincts powerfully in the special direction named and it is a curious instance of a fish that is often, however unwillingly, found in the deep sea at certain periods of the year. Although producing comparatively few eggs, pipe-fishes are often quite abundant, the exceptional care of the young securing them a fair start in life. It must be remembered, of course, that the pipe-fish was originally a shore fish inhabiting quiet waters, otherwise it would have been impossible for this creature, with its weak powers of progression to have maintained an existence. In the open sea tne more active fish would have exterminated so sluggish a



GOING WOOING.

neighbor long ago. I think the comparatively unintelligent character of the pipe-fish must be attributed to the prolonged care of the young by the male; they are protected for too long a period for their own good. Their chief defence lies in the tough cartilaginous casing with which they are armed and which makes them by no means an attractive morsel to the hungriest cod.

Almost all the shore fish are mating creatures and are intelligent, although often delicate and unprotected. The little sucker fishes of all species are gelatinous and incapable of defence; but they deposit their ova in a safe place and watch over them with persistent devotion. Anyone accustomed to dredging in the spring over scallop ground must be familiar with the dainty little sucker that is not infrequently found

in the halfopen shell of the departed scallop. She will be found to be resting on rows of eggs which she has deposited on the inner surface of a shell just sufficiently open to permit her entrance and exit. I do not know to what extent the male aids the female in attending to the ova, but as he is at this season in his wedding plumage he may often be noticed as at least in attendance upon a female, and neither will willingly leave their charge. These are true mating fish and in captivity are greatly devoted to each other and to their young.

Besides this little sucker there is a still more distinctively shore fish of the same family. It has a row of bright spots along the dorsal fin in the male, and although no two authorities seem to agree as to the species to which it belongs, there is no dispute as to its genus—*lepadogaster*. This fish is found in the spring under stones near to the shore, and both male and female may be seen watching over the deposited ova. The former is the larger and the creature is unquestionably monogamous. It may be well to mention that, in the fish world, as in the insect world, the female is sometimes greater in size than the male. The European sole, so much prized as food in England, is an example of the superiority of the female. Strange as it may appear, the male was long in being discovered, being so diminutive compared with the other sex as to be thought undeveloped. Another species—or variety—of *lepadogaster* is found in more exposed places and it is provided with two brilliant markings behind the eyes, as if to act as a protection and scare away any enemy. The eyes, assisted by the markings, make it appear as if the possessor were some huge creature; and it requires some close scrutiny to learn that, in place of being the property of a large fish, they are simply intended to frighten the enemy.

The gentle, intelligent, domestic, "mating" fish do not produce many eggs, but as they carefully tend what they do produce they have a better chance of continuing the species than the more prolific deep-sea fish.

Still another genus is the sucker (*liparis*), which is equally domestic and varied in coloring. No doubt in all these cases the beauty is determined by the process of sexual selection which, as I have already mentioned, is almost universally admitted to have such a vital influence on the appearance of animated creation. In such cases as the herring, with so many affinities to in-shore and fresh-water fish, the beauty may have originally developed under conditions where the sex sentiments had better opportunities of cultivation along domestic and monogamous (or polygamous) lines. The shore fish are of many and varied genera, but usually agree in the fact of their domesticity, although the manner of its display may be as different as the character of the fish themselves. This suggests the idea that it is the opportunity that is wanted, and that the lack of it has more to do with the result than the nature of the fish. In passing it may not be out of place to mention that the walnut-shaped roll of ova of the gunnel or "butter-fish" is always found with the parent coiled around it like a hen on the nest, and reckless of its safety in presence of danger to its young.

Conclusion that must be arrived at in regard to the more beautiful and interesting fishes is that brilliancy and coloring, with general attractiveness, has been developed by sexual selection; that it is chiefly apparent in shore and fresh-water fish, and that where the conditions are not now such as to support this contention, the evidence tends to show that these have changed, while the result of the former condition still remains. Further, suitable environment not only produces domesticity but also monogamy, which among fishes as among mankind, is an advanced sexual condition.

THE first persons to cross the continent of North America from Pacific to Atlantic in an automobile are Dr. H. Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vt., and his chauffeur. The trip came about in this way: Dr. Jackson, accompanied by his wife, was staying for the winter in California, and while at the University Club, San Francisco, one day in May heard some young men discussing the possibility of crossing the continent in an auto. Various unsuccessful attempts were cited, and the concensus was that the feat was impossible. Dr. Jackson called his chauffeur, Sewall K. Crocker, a Tacoma boy, twenty-two years of age, and asked him if he thought an auto could be driven across the United States. Crocker said he thought it could. Four days afterward, on May 23, the doctor and the chauffeur started in a Winton touring car, 1903 model, which had been brought from the factory to the Pacific Coast a few weeks before. A complete camping outfit was obtained, and Mrs. Jackson was sent home on the train.

The trip to Sacramento was made easily, and from there Dr. Jackson decided to go north, so as to avoid the desert and the rough roads of Nevada, Utah and Colorado. From Sacramento they journeyed into Oregon. On the second day out they lost their culinary utensils, and thenceforward had to content themselves with cold food. Sometimes they got none at all. On one occasion they were on a trackless desert, and had no food for thirty-six hours. Fortunately they had a little water in the drinking bag, and of this they took great care. Then they came across a lonely shepherd, from whom they obtained a roast lamb and boiled corn. When asked "How much to pay?" the shepherd refused to accept anything, saying that they were the first human beings he had seen for three weeks. The doctor presented him with his rifle.

At Ontario, Id., the Oregon Short Line railroad was reached, and thence the route was northeast to Blackfoot and Pocatello. Thence to Granger no serious difficulties were encountered, though sand and rocks abounded. Between the towns the automobilists met a few emigrants traveling in prairie schooners. Many of these had never heard of an automobile, much

AT HOTEL DEL MONTE.

less ever seen one, and were considerably alarmed at the strange monster. Some of the people they met thought that a locomotive had left the railroad tracks and was cutting across country. One man unhitched the horses from his wagon, turned them loose, then fell on his knees and prayed.

From Granger, the automobilists went about sixty miles north and over the foothills to Cheyenne, whence the line of the Union Pacific Railroad was followed to Omaha. Here heavy rains had caused wash-outs, and the hardest traveling of the whole journey was experienced. Often the car sank so deep in mud that the motor was covered, and it was necessary to use a block and tackle to get it out. A hole was dug, and the block buried in it. Then the rope was attached to the car and the engine was started. One day this process of making the car pull itself out of a hole was performed seventeen times, and from 5 a. m. until dark, only sixteen miles were accomplished. From Granger to Omaha, the block and tackle was used two or three times a day at least.

The first decent going, after leaving California, that they found, was the old military road in western Nebraska. From Omaha to Chicago the route was along the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Chicago was reached at 10 a. m. on Friday, July 17, after covering about four thousand miles. As the cyclometer was lost on the desert, it was not possible to tell the number of miles exactly. During eighteen of the fifty-four days expended between San Francisco and Chicago, the automobilists did not travel, so that the average rate for the thirty-six days of actual travel was about 110 miles. The automobilists met with only two accidents to the machine. An axle broke in the middle, and the stud-bolt of the connecting rod also broke, the rod going through the cover of the crank-case. These accidents were repaired by a blacksmith. On three occasions horses were employed to pull the car out of water. On reaching Chicago, Dr. Jackson said, "We have come to the conclusion that we can run our car over any road where a man can take a team of horses and a wagon, providing we can get traction. This trip has never been made, and we are the first people to take a Winton over this road. We were unlucky in choosing this year to make the trip, as the heavy rains in the West made the roads worse than they have been for years. The trip has been a pleasant one, and the only sufferer was the dog, 'Bud' (a bull-dog), who was troubled by alkali-dust in his eyes. He now has a pair of goggles, which relieve him considerably. The trip has been a success, as the worst part of the journey is now covered. The car is in first-class condition, and I anticipate no trouble from Chicago on to my home in Vermont."

From Chicago the route was to Cleveland, where the works of the Winton Motor Carriage Company were visited, thence to New York and thence to the doctor's home in Vermont.

Though the war between the automobilists and the Supervisors of Marin County has not yet reached a definite conclusion, it is progressing. The case of P. F. Rockett, who was sent over by the Automobile Club of California to violate the ordinance passed to regulate the use of automibiles in Marin County, was heard on July 27, by Superior Judge J. T. Lennon at San Rafael, and resulted in the defendant being discharged. The ordinance forbade any one using an automobile on any of the roads of the county, "between the hours of sunset and sunrise." It was declared invalid by the judge, on the ground that it did not specify the day or days to which the prohibition applied. The Supervisors, however, have tried their 'prentice hands again on the tough task, and have framed a new clause to take the place of the one declared void. During the hearing of the case the judge said that, in his opinion, it is within the powers of the board to pass such a provision as that regulating the use of automobiles, and that the "sunset and sunrise" clause is a proper police regulation. He said that if an automobilist should be arrested for the violation of the amended ordinance he would deny a petition for a writ of habeas corpus based on the ground that the Supervisors have not the power to make such a law. It will, therefore, only be necessary to violate the re-constructed ordinance, get arrested, apply for a writ of habeas corpus, and on its being denied, appeal to the Supreme Court of the State. The whole object of the Automobile Club has been to bring the question before the Supreme Court of California, and to endeavor to get from the tribunal of last resort, some definition of the legal status of the automobilist. It begins to look as if the Automobile Club is in a fair way to achieve its object all sublime—in time.

L. L. Whitman of Pasadena, who, with a companion, recently left San Francisco in an automobile, intending to cross the continent, reached Ogden on July 27. In a letter written there, he says that he was glad to get out of the everlasting sage-brush, sand and alkali of Nevada, where the roads are nothing but rabbit-trails; where the axles of the machine got hung-up forty times a day on sage-brush stumps and hummucks, and had to be dug out with a shovel. The Oldsmobile followed the trail of the Packard car most of the way, and found its marks in many places. The roads were worse than can be described in print. Whitman and his companion reached Ogden as black as Indians, and there obtained their first real bath since leaving San Francisco.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE month from July 4 to August 4 was a quiet one. About a dozen members of the San Francisco Golf Club played frequently in the early morning, beginning about 7 o'clock. An early morning or ante-breakfast (not anti-breakfast) handicap has been arranged, the terms being that the matches must be played before two bells (to speak nautically), and not later than August 31. The competitors are Dr. J. R. Clark, R. White, R. J. Davis, F. Koster, R. B. Hale, C. H. Bentley, R. I. Bentley, R. D. Girvin, Marshall Hale, Rolla V. Watt, L. B. Edwards, S. H. Boardman, Mrs. J. R. Clark, Mrs. Miller and Miss Edith Chesebrough. Each competitor is to play ten rounds of nine holes each. Prizes are offered for the first and second best scores.

On Admission Day the regular season of the San Francisco Golf Club will be opened with a handicap tournament over eighteen holes.

On July 18, at 6 p. m., the qualifying rounds over eighteen holes, medal play, of the competition for the midsummer trophy of the San Rafael Golf Club closed. Sixteen players took part, the eight who handed in the lowest scores made under the conditions laid down being entitled to enter the match-play rounds. The eight who qualified and their scores were as follows: J. J. Crooks, 56, 41, total 97; Douglas H. Hardy, 50, 48, total 98; R. Gilman Brown, 52, 48, total 100; E. J. Hooper, 52, 50, total 102; Carleton Curtis, 51, 51, total 102; R. J. Davis, 52, 53, total 105; Gustav Sutro, 55, 54, total 109; C. A. Belden, 55, 55, total 110. The eight who qualified were drawn against each other as follows: J. J. Crooks versus Carleton Curtis; Douglas Hardy versus R. J. Davis; R. Gilman Brown versus Gustav Sutro, and E. J. Hooper versus C. A. Belden.

The first round had to be finished by August 1, handicaps having been given by the handicap committee, consisting of the club professional and two others chosen by the players themselves. The results were as follows: J. J. Crooks, handicap 3, beat Carleton Curtis, handicap 8, by 5 up, 4 to play; R. G. Brown, handicap 2, beat Gustav Sutro, handicap 10, by 2 up, 1 to play; C. A. Belden, handicap 8, beat E. J. Hooper, handicap 3, by 1 up at the twentieth hole; and R. J. Davis, handicap 3, won,

SANTA CATALINA GOLF CLUB HOUSE.

4 up, 3 to play, from Douglas Hardy, handicap 5. In the semi-final round J. J. Crooks played against R. G. Brown, and R. J. Davis against C. A. Belden.

Golf week at Del Monte was from August 24 to 29, inclusive. The details of the competitions were given in the August issue of WESTERN FIELD, and a full account of the play will be published in our October issue.

The new club which has been formed by the outdoor sport-loving contingent of Oakland is to be called the Claremont Country Club. The officers are: Edwin Goodall, President; Frank M. Wilson, Vice-President; William Pierce Johnson, Treasurer, and Samuel Bell McKee, Secretary. The directors have secured about 125 acres of land lying to the east of Claremont Avenue, and known as the Adams' Tract. A fine golf course will be laid out, and provision will be made for riding, driving, polo, steeplechasing, lawn tennis, baseball, trap-shooting and other outdoor sports. In the club house there will be bowling alleys, billiard-tables and the materials for intramural recreations. The club has twenty-five life members, and more than three hundred "common or garden" members. Until the new quarters are ready, the members will use the club-house of the Oakland Golf Club.

The Menlo Golf and Country Club has a handicap trophy which must be won three times by the same golfer before becoming his permanent property. The eight players who qualified in the preliminary medal play rounds on Independence Day were: A. P. Redding, E. L. Eyre, R. Sprague, R. A. Macondray, J. A Folger, Perry Eyre, P. W. Selby and F. H. Moss. The winners in the first match-play round were: A. P. Redding, Percy Selby, E. L. Eyre and R. A. Macondray. In the semi-final round the winners were: P. W. Selby and R. A. Macondray, between whom the final round took place.

ATHLETICS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

For the first time in the history of any exposition, physical culture or athletics will be recognized officially at the World's Fair at St. Louis in 1904. With a large appropriation, $75,000 of which is to be awarded in prizes, an excellent program of events is assured. The gymnasium, to be a permanent one, is now being erected, as is also a stadium with a seating capacity of 35,000. Here will be held during the season all known sports. The feature of the program will be Olympic games. It will be the first time that these games, which are a revival of the famous Olympic games of Greece, were ever held on American soil. They will last one week and will consist of running, jumping, hurdling, boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus and hammer, etc. This feature will attract to St. Louis the athletic followers of the entire world, and the world's greatest athletes will be here to take part in these contests.

Two days during the season will be devoted to the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, to decide the national championship. A cross country championship will be given. Bicycling will have three days. Two days will be given the National Inter-scholastic championship, in which all the preparatory schools and high schools throughout the country will take part. The national swimming championship of America, which will include plunging, short and long distance racing, diving and water polo, as well as college aquatic championships, will take place. Lawn tennis will be taken care of, and the tournaments will last two weeks. Many crack foreign teams will compete in the latter contests. Mr. J. E. Sullivan, secretary of the American Athletic Union, has been appointed Chief of Physical Culture for the World's Fair. He has been connected with American athletics for over twenty-five years, and was for many years an active athlete himself. He is connected with many athletic associations, and has been the manager of more athletic meetings than any other man in America. Mr. Sullivan was America's Assistant Director of Sports for the Paris Exposition and Director of Athletics for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THOUGH many pleasant cruises were enjoyed by the yachtsmen during July, the only events of special importance were the second annual handicap race of the Corinthian Yacht Club on Sunday, the 19th, and the yawl race of the California Yacht Club on Sunday, the 26th On Saturday evening, July 18, an informal entertainment and dance were given at the Sausalito home of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and on the following Saturday, July 25, the annual cruise up the Sacramento River began. The flagship Thetis was accompanied by Vice-Commodore A. C. Lee's sloop Surprise, W. G. Morrow's sloop Challenger having started earlier in the day. The yachts made Vallejo that night, and Rio Vista on the Sunday, proceeding afterward to Walnut Grove and Courtland. On Saturday, August 1, the sloops Ariel and Queen started from Sausalito to join the rest of the fleet. The yachts returned on Sunday, August 9, to their moorings at Sausalito. On Saturday, August 22, the San Francisco fleet cruised up to Vallejo, and next day held the second race of the season from Vallejo to Sausalito, with time allowances. On Sunday, August 30, there was a cruise outside the Heads.

On Saturday afternoon, August 1, a dozen yachts of the Corinthian fleet accompanied the flagship Edna on a cruise to Petaluma drawbridge. These were the sloops Speedwell, Emma, Meteor, Mignon, Amigo, Cupid, Aeolus, Genesta, Freda, Presto and Truant and the yawl Frolic. On the return trip next day there was a strong breeze until Raccoon Straits were reached, when it fell light. All the yachts, however, picked up their moorings with little trouble.

On Saturday, August 8, several yachts of the Corinthian fleet started on the annual cruise up the Sacramento River, returning on the 16th. On the 29th, the fleet cruised over to Sausalito, and next day joined the San Francisco yachts in an ocean cruise. The only scheduled event during September is a trip to Vallejo and back, on the 19th and 20th.

The annual up-river cruise of the California Yacht Club began on Independence Day, and lasted a week. The flagship on the cruise was Vice-Commodore Charles P. Doe's schooner Challenge, and the boats that accompanied her were C. E. Clarke's yawl Gypsie, R. C. Davis' sloop Espy, J. E. Black's sloop Catherine, S. S. Marshall's sloop Thelma, and R. Hicks' sloop Rover. The fleet cruised through Montezuma Slough and the old Sacramento River, tying up at Collinsville, Rio Vista, Isleta, Walnut Grove, Freeport and Sacramento. On the return trip the yachts sailed through the Three-Mile cut-off below Rio Vista, into the San Joaquin River, dropping anchor for one night at Antioch. Thence through the New York slough and the Middle Grounds to Martinez, and home to Oakland Creek.

On Saturday, August 8, the California fleet cruised to California Cove, where next day the annual clambake and nautical games were held. On Sunday, August 23, the Anchor Race took place.

The annual regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club on Decoration Day attracted only ten starters in six classes, and of these only six boats completed the course. In the Second Annual Handicap race on Sunday, July 19, twenty-four yachts finished. This clearly shows that owners do not care to take part in a race where the result is almost certain, but will willingly participate in an event in which they have a fair fighting chance. In the handicap race the fleet was directed by the regatta committee, consisting of T. J. Kavanaugh, P. J. Martenstein and J. K. Bulger, to anchor on an imaginary line drawn from Wheeler's Point, Belvedere, to the Tiburon ferry-slip, on the outer edge of the bar, at noon, in the following order: Doris, Caprice, Stella, Venture, Emilie, Diana, Loiterer, Dreadnaught, Kittiwake, Ninette, Phoenicia, Wawona, Elsie, Cupid, Naiad, Wave, Comet (formerly Will o' The Wisp)' Belle, Josie, Fleetwing, May, Sans Souci, Ruby, Genesta, Freda, Merope, Discovery, Espy, Neva, Arcturus, Amigo, Mignon, Meteor, Truant, Neptune, Thelma, Aeolus, Mischief, Emma, Edna, Presto, Clara, Speedwell, Harpoon, Nixie, the little Doris lying next to Wheeler's Point. The committee dispatched the yachts one at a time, giving each its handicap at the start. The whole fleet constituted one class, and the boats ranked in the order in which, after going around the course, they crossed the finishing line. On receiving notice from the committee, the skipper of each yacht slipped or weighed anchor as he preferred. The course was to and around Blossom Rock buoy, leaving the southeast spar buoy on the starboard hand; thence to and around Presidio Shoal buoy, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence to and across an imaginary line drawn between two stake-boats anchored outside the bar, off the club-house.

C. E. CLARK'S YAWL, "GYPSIE."

Not many of the small yachts of the fleet went round the course. The little yawl Caprice started, but found the seas in the channel too heavy for so small a craft and retired. The able little yawl Kittiwake completed the course, though the men who sailed her got drenched. The sloop Amigo collided

with the sloop Belle, carrying away her own bowsprit shrouds, and retired. The sloop Espy, just as she rounded Presidio Shoal buoy, carried away the jaws of her gaff, but was able to finish. A man fell overboard from the little sloop Elsie, which returned to pick him up, losing so much time that she was distanced. Cupid and Edna were not up at the line, when they were notified to get under way, and so lost time at the start. The sloop Harpoon, sailed by Fred. R. Cook, made the fastest time over the course—1 hour, 47 minutes, 8 seconds—and received a special prize. Brickell and Bowes' sloop Genesta, crossed the finishing-line first and won first prize—a pair of marine glasses. The results of the race are shown in the following table:

ANNUAL HANDICAP RACE OF THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB.

YACHT	STARTING TIME. P. M.	FINISHING TIME. P. M.	SAILING TIME. H. M. S.
Genesta	12:43:00	2:42:00	1:59:00
Ruby	12:42:00	2:43:00	2:01:00
Sea Fox	12:15:00	2:45:30	2:30:30
Mignon	12:50:00	2:45:02	1:55:42
Discovery	12:45:00	2:46:05	2:01:05
Harpoon	12:59:00	2:46:08	1:47:08
Phoenicia	12:18:40	2:46:10	2:31:30
Speedwell	12:58:00	2:49:00	1:51:00
Cupid	12:19:00	2:50:30	2:31:30
Emma	12:55:00	2:53:30	1:58:30
Neva	12:46:00	2:54:20	2:08:20
Arcturus	12:46:30	2:56:10	2:09:40
Sans Souci	12:41:00	2:58:10	2:17:10
Espy	12:45:30	2:59:10	2:13:40
Neptune	12:51:00	3:01:20	2:10:20
Edna	12:55:00	3:02:50	2:07:50
Truant	12:50:30	3:03:00	2:12:30
Belle	12:35:00	3:03:50	2:28:50
Meteor	12:50:00	3:08:00	2:18:00
Kittiwake	12:17:00	3:08:02	2:50:30
May	12:39:00	3:13:10	2:34:10
Josie	12:36:00	3:40:00	3:04:00
Phyllis	12:40:00	3:36:00	2:56:00
*Amigo	12:47:00	.....	.....

*Did not finish.

The first-named sixteen yachts in the above table received as prizes coils of rope, side lights, cans of copper paint, boxes of supplies, cases of wine and other articles. These were presented by Commodore E. F. Sagar, in the main hall.

The winner, Genesta, after rounding Blossom Rock buoy, stood well over towards Alcatraz, instead of making short tacks along the Presidio shore, as is the usual practice of skippers when sailing a flood-tide race. The sloops Ruby, Discovery, Sea Fox, Mignon, Harpoon, Josie and others, which followed the same course found it advantageous, nearly all of them finishing well up on the list.

On Sunday, July 26, the yawl race of the California Yacht Club took place over a triangular course, reckoned as ten nautical miles, the actual distance being somewhat longer. The course was from the pier-heads of the Oakland Broad Gauge Mole, to and around the dredger anchored over Blossom Rock, passing Goat Island on the starboard hand, and leaving the Rock on the port hand; thence to and around Mission Rock, leaving it on the port hand; thence to the finish across the starting-line. The scratch boat was Robert Vincent's yawl Iola, the other yachts receiving the following handicaps in minutes and seconds: Charles E. Clark's Gypsie, 11:20; Mocker and Lowe's Arcturus, 12:00; Commodore George M. Shaw's Idler, 21:50; De Wit et al Nereid, 27:00; L. Chevalier's El Reyo, 28:00; Henry Maloon's Bachelor, 29:00; Port Captain J. Altendorf's Pilgrim, 33:00; A. Vekander's Mabel A., 41:00. The time limit for the race was four hours. The event was under the management of August R. F. Brandes, chairman of the Regatta Committee.

The preparatory gun was fired at 1:20 p. m., and the starting gun at 1:30 p. m. The yawl Gypsie, sailed by her owner, crossed the line three seconds ahead of the gun, and had to put about and go over it again. The yawl Idler, sailed by Harold Martin, crossed the line first at 1:30:15 p. m., followed by the yawl Pilgrim, sailed by her owner, at 1:30:18 p. m.; the yawl Iola, sailed by her owner, at 1:30:25 p. m.; and the yawl Gypsie, at 1:31:35 p. m. It being a one-gun start, the starting time of each boat was reckoned at 1:30:00 p. m. The breeze was light, from the southwest, and the flood-tide was still running. Later the breeze freshened considerably, and out in the channel was quite stiff, with a somewhat heavy sea. The latter part of the race was a run against an ebb tide. Up to Blossom Rock the yawl Gypsie seemed to have the best of it, but Iola rounded the mark just ahead of her. Iola finished first at 3:24:30 p. m., followed by Gypsie at 3:27:30 p. m., Idler at 3:39:04 p. m., and Pilgrim at 3:43:45 p. m. Pilgrim took the first cup, her elapsed time being 2 hours, 13 minutes, 45 seconds, and her corrected time 1 hour. 40 minutes, 45 seconds. Gypsie captured the

second cup, her elapsed time being 1 hour, 57 minutes, 30 seconds, and her corrected time 1 hour, 46 minutes, 10 seconds. The elapsed time of Idler was 2 hours, 9 minutes, 4 seconds, and her corrected time 1 hour, 47 minutes, 14 seconds. The elapsed and corrected time of the scratch boat, Iola, was 1 hour, 54 minutes, 30 seconds. The prizes were silver cups standing on an ebony base.

On Saturday, September 5, the San Francisco Yacht Club will cruise to Petaluma draw-bridge, returning next day to Sausalito. On Admission Day, the annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association will take place, over the channel course. On the night of the 12th, there will be a dance at the club-house at Sausalito. On Saturday, September 19, the fleet will cruise to Paradise Cove, where a clambake and sports will be held on shore next day. On Sunday, September 27, the annual regatta of the San Francisco Yacht Club will take place over the channel course.

The California yachtsmen will take advantage of the Labor Day holidays to cruise to Lakeville, there being a full moon on Sunday, September 6. On the 20th the Oakland amateurs will take part in the handicap race for the Vincent Cup.

THE AMERICA CUP RACE CONTESTANTS

WHEN Herreshoff was called upon to design a yacht to defend the America's Cup against the third challenger sent across the Atlantic by that generous British sportsman, Sir Thomas Lipton, he found himself face to face with a difficult problem. He had already brought all his skill, knowledge of sailing, and ingenuity to bear upon the designing of the yachts Columbia and Constitution. Columbia had turned out a superb boat, and gave an excellent account of herself in her races against Shamrock I and Shamrock II. Constitution was larger than Columbia and, besides possessing greater power, was also rounder and smoother in form than most of the boats designed by Herreshoff. But she somehow failed to come up to the high hopes entertained of her. As Columbia and Constitution represented the best boats of their type that Herreshoff could design, and were both available for the defense of the trophy, there was no reason to construct a third boat of the same type.

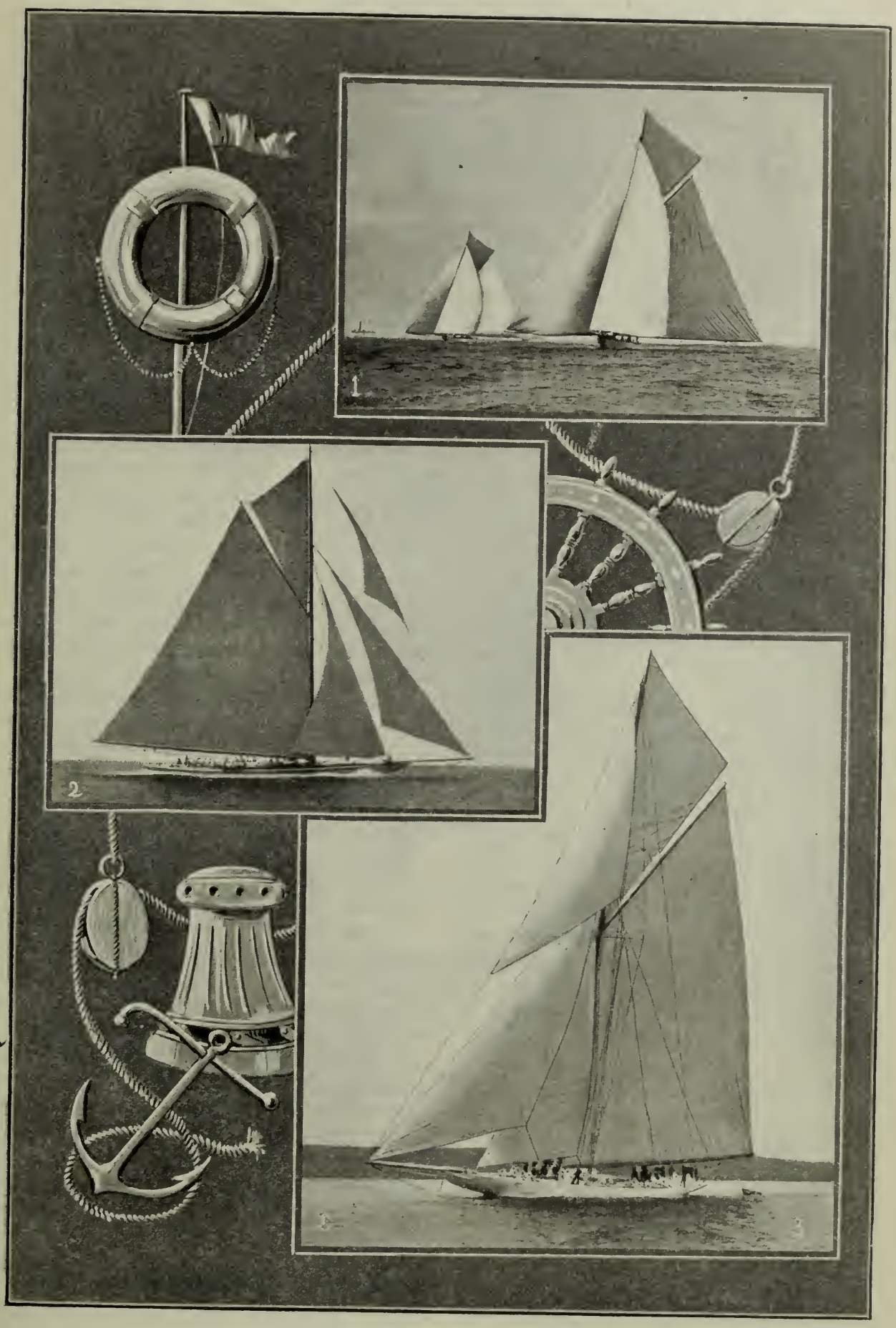
It was necessary, therefore, for Herreshoff to experiment and to devise a new type of defender. That he succeeded in designing a boat which, after a series of races with her dangerous rivals, was selected as the best defender of the trophy is a great tribute to his skill and fertility of resource. It is true that an eminent critic says of Reliance that "she is an over-grown, ugly brute," but for all that he says, "she is a splendid conception, splendidly carried out, and one cannot but admire Herreshoff's courage in daring to take the step he has."

The most striking point about Reliance is the extreme length of her forward over-hang, nearly equal to that of aft, and giving the boat an over-all length of nearly 140 feet. She has several inches less freeboard than Constitution, and so looks still longer. The ends are long and are carried out to a fine point forward and to a thin edge aft. The fin is longer than that of Constitution and not so deep; the draught being nineteen feet. The actual weight is not known, but is something like a hundred tons. Reliance has a wider and shallower body than her predecessors, a flatter floor and a fuller load line. While not a scow, she is much flatter and of a more extreme type than her predecessors. In her construction Herreshoff has availed himself of all his experience in diminishing weight and strengthening every point that has shown any sign of weakness.

Shamrock III is a marked departure from any challenger hitherto sent over from Great Britain. She has easy bilges and full garboards, and is the most "wholesome" yacht of all the existing challengers and defenders of the ninety-foot class. She has, of course, those extremes of beam, draft and over-hangs which designers have been compelled to adopt in order to carry the maximum of sail under a rule which puts no limit on spread of canvas. The modern ninety-foot racing yacht is an absurdly exaggerated machine, but the lines of William Fife's last creation are so graceful that at first sight she looks more like a seventy-footer, than a boat built right up to the limit of the ninety-foot class. Her length over-all is nearly 140 feet, her water-line length a little less than 90 feet. She has a beam of about 25 feet 6 inches, a draft of 21 feet, and a displacement of about 150 tons. Her lines are sweet and free from any sudden changes of curve. She shows small initial stability, which is a good thing when the wind is light and the sea lumpy; while her deep bilges will give her great sail-carrying power when she is heeled over. She is comfortable in a sea way, and is expected to do her best in beating and running. It is thought that her deep midship section will cause her to be inferior in reaching to Reliance, especially when the speed is great, and there is a tendency to make waves. Some good judges think that Shamrock III should beat Reliance in windward work, and should run faster under a spinnaker. Reliance, however, has shown such remarkable windward qualities that she may beat Shamrock III on this point of sailing. In running the greater sail-area of Reliance is expected to offset the smaller wetted surface of Shamrock III.

The Scotch boat has a mast 158 feet long, a boom 104 feet, and the base-line of the forward triangle is 78 feet. She is deeper bodied, rounder and sweeter boat than Reliance, but her sail plan of 14,400 square feet may not enable her to hold her own against a flat-floored, shallow, full-bowed boat carrying at least 1,500 square feet more canvas. It is believed that in weather in which Reliance can carry all her sail the defender will almost certainly win, but that the result may be different in a wind of from twenty to twenty-five miles per hour.

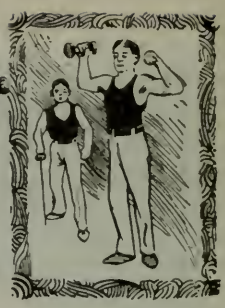
The result of the races is impossible to foretell. For, though Shamrock III has had Shamrock I, which raced against Columbia in 1899, as a trial horse, and has demonstrated her superiority in a marked degree, it is impossible to say whether Shamrock I is as fast now as she was in 1899. Both Shamrock III and Reliance are remarkably able, fast boats; which is the faster under the same conditions of wind and sea is yet to be determined.



INTERNATIONAL (AMERICA CUP) RACE.

1—Constitution and Columbia. 2—Shamrock III. 3—Reliance.

PHYSICAL CULTURE



Conducted by A. T. NOE, M. D.

I SHALL reply to questions this month. I have had a number of them sent me, and as many of them relate to the subjects upon which I have written in these pages, I will endeavor to make plain the reason for my assertions. I have had several inquiries as to my reasons for expanding the abdomen when inhaling a deep breath, and some have questioned its correctness. In the first place, all will admit that a man's body is part of nature, and as such belongs to the animal kingdom; but we have become so highly civilized and so far removed from what nature intended, that we are sorely in need of something that will restore our lost, or at least obscured, faculties of natural instinct. There may be an ultra-fastidious few who may object to being called an animal, but in spite of their foolish qualms, the fact remains—man's body is as much animal as that of a horse, dog, etc. Endowed, I grant you, with higher powers, but which are rarely used to good advantage as are those of the so-called lower animals. Take for instance the subject of breathing. Watch any animal, and you will see as it inhales, and the lungs swell with the breath, the whole body expanding with the effort and correspondingly contracting as it exhales. Watch a dog draw a deep breath after he lies down to rest, and you will quickly see why I say that to breathe naturally, you must expand the abdomen when inhaling, and contract to exhale.

I have also been asked to explain why I say deep breathing is the most necessary factor in physical development. Simply because it is utterly impossible to be a weakling and breathe properly. The breath is life. A dead body is just as full of blood, muscle, nerves and organs as a live one, but the breath is gone. Therefore, if you pump yourself full of air (life), you must of necessity have a greater hold on it. I have had complaints that it was hard to breathe long and deeply. I find that most of these people are fat, and therein lies the key to the situation. Naturally a full alimentary canal and a distended stomach will interfere with the lungs. All excess weight is tissue gone to waste; the lymphatics get inactive, and they pile up matter that is worse than useless, as it is dangerous. These are the people who eat three heavy meals a day—perhaps four—with plenty of potatoes, rice, white bread, etc. No wonder they find it difficult to breathe as they should. I am pleased to answer all questions to the best of my ability, and will be glad to hear from any readers of the WESTERN FIELD.

C. B. F.—Read carefully the directions in July number for pumping stomach. Eat only two meals a day, and no meat. You will surely overcome digestive weakness by careful exercise, and do not give your stomach much to do.

"Hunter," Bakersfield. — The dizziness you experience from deep breathing shows how very badly you need just such exercise. The extra circulation of blood and the air pressure in unused cells causes the feeling you speak of, but it will all disappear if you persist. Do not give up this work for it will be of immense benefit to you.

C. K. H—, Sacramento. — Practice deep breathing, standing well-poised on balls of feet, and entirely without clothes of any kind. The constant perspiration is caused by a lax and weakened condition of the skin, and is a bad indication. After breathing slowly and regularly for fifteen minutes, dip a large, rough towel in cold water and rub yourself vigorously all over for five minutes: Keep mouth closed and breathe deeply while you rub. Drink at least a pint of cold water before dressing every morning; take half of it at a time and in

twenty minutes finish. This will help your kidneys to do their work, and relieves the skin so it may recover its tone. Also wear porous underwear, Deimel linen preferred, as it affords air to the skin and strengthens it.

"Sport," Alameda.—Shortness of breath can be easily overcome if you do not eat too much. If you keep yourself full of food, and allow yourself to become clogged by excess victuals, you cannot expect to be able to control your breath. Eat only two meals a day, breakfast shortly before noon, and dinner at 5:30 or 6 o'clock. Do not eat any starch foods, such as potatoes, mushes, rice and the like; all the green vegetables are good for you, and always leave the table

Fig.16.

feeling as if you could eat more. Never eat till you are "full."

Last month I gave a few suggestions as to the use of the vital force for muscle-building in the arms, chest and back, contracting the muscles upon themselves. I will continue to pursue this course this month. The following exercises will strengthen the lifting muscles of arms and shoulders. These great muscles are most valuable in giving power and strength, to say nothing of their utility. Their development will greatly aid in strengthening the chest, and giving it breadth and firmness.

Exercise: (a) Stand, muscles rigid, arms down at the sides, palms out. Then,

Fig.17.

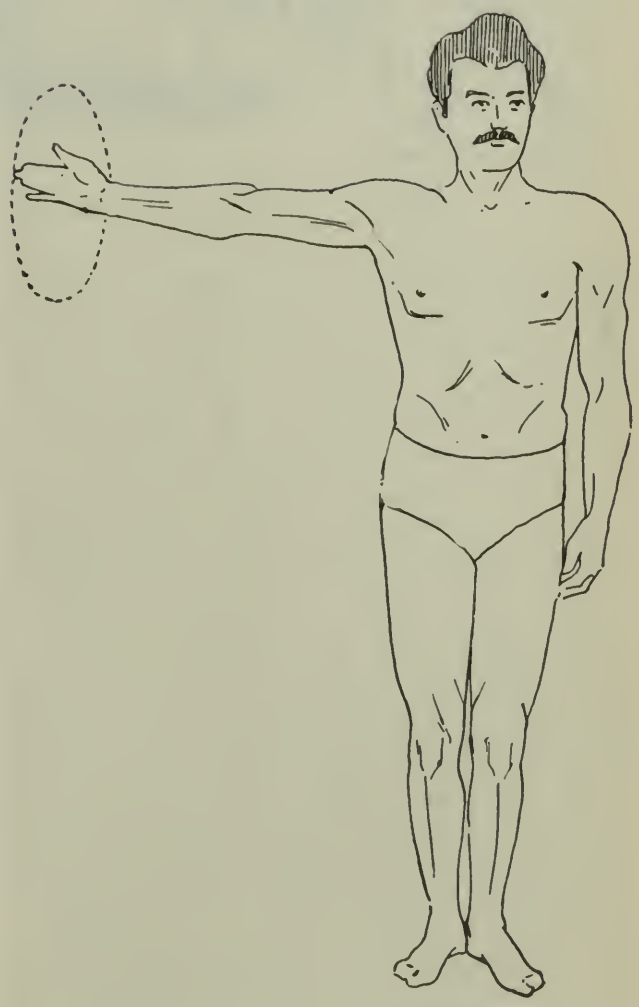


Fig.18.

Fig 19.

as if trying to lift great weights, slowly raise the arms as high as shoulders. Keep the muscles tense as you lower arms to sides. Repeat five times and relax.

(b) Assume position with every muscle tight and tense; slowly and with force, raise arms till palms meet squarely over head, then slowly return to first position and raise arms again. Repeat five times and relax.

(c) Stand with chest well up. Raise right arm to shoulder level, right angle to body, keeping the muscles of the arm rigid, elbow stiff, rotate it backward as far as you can then forward, forming a large cir- you can, then forward, forming a large cir- Repeat with left arm, then both arms. Be careful to keep body erect and chest well up and forward when swinging both arms.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN WEAPONS

IN FEW industries have there been greater changes during the last twenty-five years than in the gun and ammunition trade of the United States. Indeed, the last eight or nine years have witnessed remarkable improvements in firearms and ammunition, and the end is not yet. The next few years will see steady improvement on the line the manufacturers are now following, and there will, of course, be radical changes in some directions; but it is generally conceded that existing ideas are good ones, and that new goods will be bettered rather than changed about, as has been the case since the early nineties. Reliability and simplicity will be the motto, it is thought, during the next few years. And there is still room for improvement.

The average reader no doubt believes that nitro powder has been responsible for the radical changes in the firearms and ammunition of the past two decades, and this is to a certain extent true; but there have been other causes, too. For example, the drift in the gun trade is toward smaller bores, and the reasons for this are numerous, including the scarcity of the larger game, the increased cost of powder, the use of smaller and shorter shells which nitro powder has made possible, and the greater killing force of this new compound, which has made it possible to get as good results with small bores as it was possible to get with the big guages of the eighties. These are a few of the causes for the general adoption of the twelve, sixteen and even twenty and twenty-eight bores by the field and trap shooters of the present day. Again, the almost complete revolution in calibers of and ammunition for hunting rifles has, to a large extent, been due to the improvement in nitro powders, the use of which has made it possible to reduce the calibers and the size and weight of cartridges, entailing logically the radical reduction in both the weight and length of the rifles.

Time will tell whether the reduction in calibers to military sizes—about .30 of an inch—has been a fad or not. Some say this is not true, while others argue that hunting rifles have been made in these small caliber to a large extent merely because the drift in military arms has been in this direction, and continues so. True it is, however, that the arms companies of both England and the United States are now working on bigger calibers, so that the next few years will tell whether or not the thirties have been a fad.

Nickle steel barrels are necessary to the use of smokeless powders, and partly or wholly jacketed bullets, and as these are now made for both big and small caliber rifles, to order, while the cartridge companies are adapting smokeless ammunition to all calibers, it is likely that sportsmen who fancy large bores will use these, while the small bore men will stick to their favorites, and in the end every hunter will choose between the .30's, the .38's, the .45's and the .50's, according to his own ideas of the peculiar fitness of any one for certain kinds of game. One argument advanced by the advocates of the .30 caliber rifles cannot be ignored. This is, that it is an advantage for the big game hunter in this country to carry a rifle chambered for the Government cartridge, as this cartridge is standard, and may be purchased almost anywhere, in the backwoods stores, and at army posts as well as in the cities.

An exception to this general use of nitro powder by

the shooters of to-day is the rifleman who practices at target at 200 yards, both off hand and at rest. There are thousands of men who are devoted to this interesting pastime and so exacting are they that they will have no article in their kits which is not the very best that money can buy and human skill produce. So far they have not taken up nitro powder in preference to their old friend, black powder, but it will only be a question of time until they will adopt it, as their chief objection to it to-day is that it is not quite so regular as the old compound. To appreciate their stand, it need only to be said that the standard of these men is very high. At 200 yards, rest, they demand rifles that are accurate enough to place every shot in a string of ten in a space about the size of a silver dollar, while the offhand shooters make similar demands, as they are no longer satisfied with scores below 80 per cent, and not a few average near the 90 per cent mark, while some of them crowd the possible when they are in good shooting trim. Black powder requires careful and frequent cleaning of the barrels, but it burns very evenly, and if other conditions are fair, the marksman swears by his powder and lays the blame for erratic shots on his bullets, his primers, or himself.

The pistol and revolver shooters have adopted nitro powder to a large extent, especially in the favorite .44 caliber weapons, although recent improvements have brought the .22 caliber smokeless cartridge to the front so that the demand for them is great.

The changing about in firearms had a peculiar effect. The general adoption of nitro powders for shotguns came about very gradually, and the powder manufacturers kept pace with the demand; but with rifled arms it was different. So rapidly did the modern rifled arms come into vogue that the powder men were caught napping, and for several years their improvements were far behind those of the arms and cartridge makers, although they may be said to have caught up with the procession by this time. There were good reasons for this, for while it was comparatively easy to adapt a certain kind of nitro powder to shotguns, with rifled arms it was quite a different story, and for a time the combined influences of the powder, the primer, the bullet, the pitch and nature of the rifling, the material of the barrel, and the strength of the breech were hard to overcome and harmonize. The arms makers and the cartridge manufacturers worked in harmony, but as both depended on the powder manufacturer, his lot was not an easy one for a time. The help of the experimenting shooters was invaluable to all three manufacturers, however, and between them all were evolved rifles, cartridges, powder and bullets which are very nearly perfect.

Another factor should not be lost sight of. This is the vast improvement in sights for all rifled arms. The old hunting sights consisted of a so-called knife-blade front sight, while the rear sight was either a flat bar with a tiny nick in its center, or an affair with two ear-like projections and a deep notch between. The best modern hunting sights, the world-famous Lyman invention, consist of an ivory-tipped bead, which appears black when held toward the light, and white when pointed toward dark objects; a rear sight which is in reality a peep sight, yet offers less obstruction to the view than did the old bar sight on the barrel. Many still prefer some form of rear sight affixed to the barrel, however, and these are often flat, with a tiny, white line extending to the top in place of the notch. The telescope sight is much used, too, and it has been greatly improved. The old telescopes used prior to and during the War of the Rebellion were ponderous affairs, and even to-day many riflemen prefer a glass the full length of the rifle barrel; but others are short, twelve to eighteen inches in length, have a wide field, and the rear end does not interfere with loading or damage one's eye in shooting, as the relief is from three to six inches. In mountings, however, the telescope makers have not kept pace with their other improvements, and this problem has been much discussed. With a telescope it is desirable to have adjustments for both elevation and for the drift of the bullet, and it is difficult to provide mountings which are so rigidly affixed to the barrel that they cannot be jarred loose in the bumps which a rifle usually gets during a hunting trip, and at the same time have attachments for both vertical and horizontal adjustment. Telescope tubes are generally about an inch in diameter, or say as large as the rifle barrel, but it seems there is a demand for smaller glasses, with tubes about a half inch outside. This necessitates a smaller field, of course, and this is the chief objection to glasses of small diameter, for the hunting glass is best if it has a large field, in order that an object may be quickly found through it, as when game is moving. Glasses of low power are the favorites with hunters. Generally the power is four to six diameters, as with a glass of this sort the game can be readily found, but as shots are often taken offhand, and every error in holding is greatly magnified, the lower power glass gives the best results. For target shooting at rest the high power glass is chosen, and many of these will show a large bullet-hole distinctly at 200 yards.

Telescope sights are expensive, however, and cumbersome to a degree is the rifle that is fitted with one. This and other reasons have led to the use of lens sights for target shooting, and also, to some extent, for hunting. Lens sights consists of two parts, front and rear. The rear or tang sight may be any form of peep sight with a very small lens fitted within the eye-piece, while the front sight is a hood a half inch to one inch in diameter, into which is fitted another lens and a pinhead or cross-hairs. This combination is adjusted to the eyes of the owner, and has a power of two to four diameters. While with it the object may be far more distinctly seen, the rifle is not cumbered with a bulky tube. German inventors have for some time supplied these sights to their patrons, and some of them make a specialty of a combination which may be applied by means of elastic bands or metal springs, so that they can be attached to or removed from the rifle barrel in a moment, according to the nature of the hunting. They may thus be fitted to a rifle which has ordinary coarse, open sights, giving the owner a choice between magnifying sights for a long shot or for use in the woods where objects are not clear to the unaided eye, and the open sights for quick or close shots. Something similar to this combination is promised the American market soon. It consists of a front sight that is fitted over the fixed muzzle sight by means of spring clamps, and which may also be turned down at will, while the rear lens is so fitted that when not in use it is above the line of the fixed sights and does not interfere in any way with them. One of these, fitted on a Krag-Jorgensen rifle, has been shown to the trade by the inventor, and it is probable such sights will be manufactured for the trade next year, as a patent has been granted the inventor

Magnifying sights have been a very important factor in the improvements of arms of precision, for with their aid the marksman can see his object clearly enough to overcome most of the errors that are due to inaccuracies in holding, whereas with common adjustable sights the rifle will always shoot better than the marksman can hold, hence the errors of holding play an important part. As an illustration of the immense advantage of using a telescope sight on a fine rifle, with the finest non-magnifying sight it is possible to hold no closer than on an eight-inch bullseye at 200 yards at rest, whereas with the telescope the marksman can hold his cross-hairs on a half-inch white paster in the exact center of the bullseye. Hence the demand for rifles so accurate that on a still day most of the shots will hit very close to, if not within, that small mark. This is the whole story in a nutshell.

(To be concluded in October issue.)

H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE TRAINING OF THE FIELD DOG

By H. L. BETTEN.

FOURTH PAPER—YARD BREAKING.

"HEEL" or "Back:" In teaching this order it is advisable to place a choke collar on the puppy, using a short lead or cord in conjunction, so that he cannot escape or hang back. The whip also plays an important part in forcing compliance, and should be used in all cases, provided it is applied only when absolutely needed.

In enforcing obedience to this command, it is not necessary to confine yourself to the kennel yard, for the dog may be led on the street or afield, and the lessons given under varying conditions. Should the dog attempt to press forward, a cut from the whip will likely drive him to the rear, and this should be repeated each time he leaves his proper position, which is directly behind you or slightly to one side, but never ahead. If when he feels the collar about his neck

"BOOTS FOR A DOG."

he attempts to throw it off, allow him to tug and surge until he is tired, and he will soon realize that it is impossible to escape in any direction, and will thereafter lead properly. Obedience to this order should be enforced until it is no longer necessary to use the lead in keeping him in his place under the varying conditions which obtain in the field or elsewhere. Care should be taken, however. not to carry the lessons too far in the case of a timid or lazy dog, as he might seek a position behind you in preference to ranging out in search of game, and it would be found a hard matter to force him out.

"Ho" or "Stop:" This order is often useful in establishing staunchiness on game, as in the case of a puppy which is pointing unsteadily, or who refuses to back another dog's point, and seems inclined to press forward and flush the birds. Place the choke collar on him, and drawing his atten-

MODOC CHIEF.

Atkins Photo.

A BRACE OF WINNERS AND A CRITIC.

tion to a morsel of food in your hand, throw it a few feet distant, so that he will be tempted to secure it. As he presses forward restrain him with the cords, at the same time giving the order. Should he become too demonstrative, tap him over the feet with the whip and force him to assume a rigid standing position. When this is done, slacken the cord, but check any forward movement and bring him back to the original position if he attempts to creep up. Continue this until he will stand firm, even when the pressure is relieved from his neck. You may then send him on with the usual order, and repeat the lesson until you can enforce obedience at greater distances.

As a rule, professional handlers seldom use this order, but it has its value in the case of an amateur who has an abundance of time to devote to yard training but finds it difficult to get afield with his dog. In such an instance it offers a ready means by which the unsteadiness of a puppy may be checked, but it must be remembered that it cannot be applied with any degree of success unless the young dog has been thoroughly schooled to instant obeuience under all conditions; for if such were not the case, the excitement under which the dog labors when in the presence of game will cause him to ignore the order entirely.

LADIES AT THE TRIALS.

"Sit up" or "Hold up:" This order is associated with retrieving and is useful only in that relation, although a few handlers use it in enforcing steadiness to shot, in place of "dropping" the dog or giving the previous order instead. Use the choke collar and whip, and as the puppy stands in front of you put sufficient pressure on his back or sit on his haunches, at the same and hind quarters to cause him to squat,

Atkins Photo.

A FAMOUS HANDLER, D. E. ROSE (TENN.).

time giving the order. Repeat this a few times to familiarize him with the command, and then give him a cut over the hind quarters should he fail to obey at the next command. Continue until you find that he will "sit up" when ordered without the use of pressure or punishment. Should you find it hard to enforce obedience, you can try another method, dropping the dog first and then ordering him to sit up, lifting him to a sitting position by means of the cord and choke collar, at the same time applying the whip to his legs and feet. A few repetitions of this treatment will cause the majority of dogs to obey with alacrity, and afterward a failure to comply can be remedied by a slight tap of the whip alone. When thorough obedience is established, you can school

Photo by Aitkin.
KILLED AT A RECENT TRIAL.

tion, and will then have little trouble in enforcing the command.

"Dropping" or "Stopping to shot and wing:" As a rule it is best to enforce this order only when in the field, and after the puppy has had considerable experience on game; for if it is attempted in the kennel yard with nothing to hold his interest, and much to excite his fears, the result in many cases will be a gun-shy dog. To the writer's certain knowledge scores of dogs have developed gun-shyness through the firing of a single shot at an inopportune moment when their attention was attracted to the gun. In such cases the proximity of the shooter and the loud report is very liable to terrify the puppy, and thus by one thoughtless act you may render him so gun-shy that it will take months to eradicate his fear of the gun. Should you consider it absolutely necessary to acquaint him with the report of firearms while in the kennel yard, go about it in a cautious manner and commence with a light revolver or other weapon which will not make a loud report. By firing this at some distance from the kennel yard where the puppy cannot view your actions, and immediately thereafter bringing his food to him, he will learn to associate the firing of a shot with something pleasant, and will gradually look forward to the noise with some degree of expectancy, knowing that it is associated with feeding time, which is an epoch in the daily life of a confined youngster. Thus, in many cases, by gradually decreasing the distance at which the shots are fired your puppy may be made acquainted with the report of a gun, until he will not flinch even when it is fired close beside him. The safest plan, however, is to acquaint him with firearms when in the field, where his interest will likely be centered in hunting, and the report of a revolver or gun at some distance will not alarm him. However, in cases where it is deemed necessary to teach the young dog to "drop" or "stop" to shot, in the kennel yard, it is best to commence with a small calibered revolver, forcing the dog to "drop" or "ho," according to the position you wish him to assume, accompanying the shot with the oral command until he learns to consider the report in the light of an order to "stop," when you may dispense with the verbal command.

Stopping to shot or wing will also be taken up in a future article relating to field work, as it is in the field only that the order can be properly applied.

HERR SCHOTT-ILMA PUPS (DR. TAFT).

BOSTON TERRIERS

By Mrs. Henry Harris Carleton.

THIS breed originated from a cross between the English bulldog and the English terrier about forty years ago, and the type of those earlier dogs differed somewhat from the fashionable "Boston" of to-day. They were much heavier in build and lacked that fine quality and smartness present in a modern Boston terrier.

They are pre-eminently house-dogs, bright, cheerful little fellows, always ready for a good game of play, very intelligent and affectionate and ideal playmates for children. They have lots of grit and pluck, but it is a mistaken idea to consider them as fighting dogs, although if attacked they

"DABSTER."

will hold their own and not disgrace their owner by showing the white feather.

To show the increase of interest in Bostons on the Coast—in 1900 at the San Francisco Kennel Club show there were three of the breed present, while in 1902 there were fifteen shown. Any one who has ever been fortunate enough to own or know a good "Boston" will never be content with any other dog.

They were at first styled "Boston bulls" but the name was changed to "Boston terriers," as more distinctive of their present day appearance. They should convey an impression of strength, activity and

"TREMONT."

style. The head should be large and broad, the muzzle short, wide and deep; the eyes large, round and soft, body set moderately low, the fore legs rather wide apart, straight and well muscled; the hind legs rather straight, with well muscled thighs, giving a body rather short and well-knit; the limbs strong and finely turned.

Any color, brindle with white, or whole brindle with white markings are the colors preferred, and nothing conduces to the "swell" look of a "Boston" more than the fine white collar, stockings and "blaze" which constitutes the markings which are the *sine qua non* of the show Boston terrier of to-day.

To sum up the whole subject in a few words: There is no finer, truer friend to man than the dog, and no truer, more lovable dog than the Boston terrier.

"OAKSIDE'S QUEEN OF THE HUB."

FIELD TRIAL JUDGES

OWING to the fact that the judges selected at the January meeing of the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's executive committee have made entries in the Derby and are disqualified thereby, it has been decided to again secure the services of an Eastern judge to pass upon the merits of the dogs which will compete in the club's twenty-first annual trials.

It seems strange that among the many fanciers on this Coast the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club cannot find a few experienced sportsmen capable and willing to officiate as judges, but seemingly none are anxious to experience the joys of judging, or having once occupied the saddle, they seem reluctant to repeat the experience.

Whether this is due to modesty or to a realization of the difficulties which beset field-trial judges, I am not prepared to say, but at any rate, the club must look elsewhere for material, and no effort will be spared to secure the services of a capable Eastern judge.

The qualifications necessary to a satisfactory judge are so rarely met with that few fanciers can ever hope to attain high rank as such, even when inclined to make a bid for popularity, and so it is small matter for wonder that among the thousands who fancy field dogs and are patrons of field-trials, the number of judges with national reputations scarcely numbers ten all told.

The really capable judge is in most instances a sportsman who has had a long and varied experience in all matters pertaining to the field dog and field-trial competition, and who is, besides, naturally endowed for the position. He must be a man of rare executive ability and, though not necessarily a martinet, yet capable of enforcing his commands in a manner that holds the respect of handlers and field-trial patrons alike. The capable judge is clear-headed and can decide at a glance the proper manner in which to work out a piece of ground with due regard to the wind and without doubling or circling, whereby the range of the dogs is broken up and the competition ravelled in such a manner that spectators are constantly encroaching on likely ground which contains birds, while the dogs are sent here and there in an aimless fashion, irritating to the handlers and devoid of satisfactory results. Whenever possible he gives the dogs an opportunity to exhibit pace and range before ordering them to a locality known to contain birds, realizing that to place a brace of dogs, pitched to the highest key, down among birds at the very outset of their beat, would be almost certain to result in an exhibition of rankness which under the circumstances would be unavoidable, if not excusable. Furthermore he aims never to place more than one brace of dogs down on the same grounds where the foot scent of departed birds is yet discernable, and the tramplings of teams, dogs and spectators all but obliterates the scent of remaining birds, or forms such a puzzling labyrinth of odors that few animals can unravel them and perform with any degree of decision.

The capable judge is careful to note the varying conditions under which the competitors perform, and rarely if ever, obliges a dog to compete twice at the same time of day or on undesirable grounds of the same character on which he ran his first beat. He does not place unusual value on a number of points made under the most favorable conditions and unaccompanied by other evidences of merit, neither does he incline toward the fast flighty dog lacking in brains and whose performance is utterly devoid of merit outside of a mere exhibition of fictitious class which yields no results as to bird work. In the Derby he is not likely to sacrifice quality to training, and makes no arbitrary rulings which show a lack of consistence and discernment. Taken all in all, the ideal judge must possess so many qualifications aside from absolute honesty and an utter lack of prejudice or partisan feeling, that it is small wonder we have so few capable field-trial judges. Even with the naturally endowed, the paths of judging are strewn with thorns and, when in spite of all these drawbacks and pitfalls, we find men whose reputations are such that field-trial patrons honor them and seek their services we may know that in such instances it has been "the sur-

vival of the fittest," and their verdicts can be accepted as perfectly just and equitable.

In selecting a judge to preside at the twenty-first annual trials the executive committee will be governed by the popular demand of field-trial patrons, and this is best evidenced by the list of names submitted which includes those of sportsmen judges of international reputation.

Colonel Arthur Merriman, whose name is prominently mentioned, has been identified with field-trials since their inception in 1874, and for many years was one of the owners of the famous Memphis and Avent kennels, which developed so many famous field-trial winners, including the Roderigo-Bo Peeps, Canada, Peg, Ch. Jean, Nal Jean, Cassio, Joey B., Ollie S., Rowdy Rod, Harry C. and other winners. Col. Merriman first occupied the position of judge in 1886, when in conjunction with H. H. Briggs of San Francisco and A. A. Whipple he judged the Western Field Trial Association's trials at Abilene, Kan. Since that time he has judged various of the leading field-trial meets in America, notably at the Eastern, United States, Philadelphia Kennel Club, Champion Stake and Pacific Coast Trials, and so great has been the demand for his services that he has been obliged to refuse on a score of occasions. Absolutely cold-blooded and impartial and with a keen perception of all the qualities that go to make a high-class field dog, he embodies every quality found in an ideal judge, and should the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club succeed in securing his services it may indeed consider itself fortunate.

S. C. Bradley is another of America's foremost judges, a veteran in experience, possessed of rare executive ability and a perfect knowledge of field dogs. Mr. Bradley commenced his career as a judge in 1890, and has since occupied the saddle on innumerable occasions, and is to-day rated as one of the five judges that stand out pre-eminently as the best in America. No better choice could be desired by field-trial patrons.

Strange as it may seem, the Eastern Field Trial Club's Member's Stake brought together in 1890 three gentlemen destined to become famous judges, viz: Thomas Johnson of Winnipeg, Man., S. C. Bradley and W. W. Titus. As a handler and breeder of rare ability, W. W. Titus is well known to fame, while his reputation as a field-trial judge is second to that of no sportsman in America. Mr. Titus' friends are legion; his honesty unquestioned, and his ability is recognized as unusual and so great are the demands for his services that the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club may deem itself lucky indeed if the services of this sterling fancier are secured. With an experience dating back to the inception of trials and that keen insight for which he is noted, the value of his views and decisions cannot be overestimated, and for the furtherance of the best interests of trials on the Coast the executive committee should consider it a duty to secure the services of such men, and thereby institute new ideas and ideals, and acquaint us with the methods of the effete East.

In addition to the above H. S. Humphrey, who officiated at our trials last January, has been mentioned. Mr. Humphrey is well and favorably known as secretary of the Independent Field Trial Club and has also occupied the saddle for his organization. This season he has been named as one of the judges to officiate at the Virginia Trials, and is deeply interested in all that pertains to field-trial affairs.

There are others, no doubt, who should be induced to pass judgment on our dogs, and none more prominent than that veteran judge, N. Wallace, whose judgment is in as great demand to-day as it was twenty-one years ago. No judge served oftener or with greater satisfaction, and none are better qualified to render decisions than this member of the old guard, who in years gone by has passed upon the ability of such pillars as Count Noble, Ch. Rip Rap, Ch. Chance, Prince Lucifer, Ch. Antonio, King of Kent and Ch. Count Gladstone IV.

W. B. Wells of Chatham, Ont., Dr. M. F. Rogers, W. A. Coster, H. B. Duryea and W. S. Bell are others well and favorably known as field-trial judges who have not served on this Coast, and with such a list to select from the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club should experience no difficulty in securing a capable and conscientious judge. "A fair field and no favor" is the byword and with every condition pointing to the success of its twenty-first annual trials the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club is about to engage in an era of prosperity as yet unequaled in the history of field trials on this Coast.

ENGLISH SETTER BREEDING

THIRD PAPER.

N THIS my third article relating to prepotent lines of English setter blood (which embraces the so-called "Llewellin breed," or more properly speaking, strain of setters), I shall endeavor to bring to the notice of our readers individuals which occupy the front rank as up-to-date field-trial performers or sires.

I have already spoken of Tony Boy, with his wonderful record of thirteen wins and phenomenal list of field-trial winners to his credit as a sire, and will now pass to Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone, who is the greatest sire of field-trial winners in the public stud to-day.

Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone is one of the Ch. Count Gladstone IV-Dan's Lady breeding which proved such a remarkably productive nick and produced seven field-trial winners. Of these Dave Earl, Count Danstone, Count Ladystone and Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone are sires of field-trial winners, while Albert Lang, after proving himself to be an exceedingly high-class field-trial performer, succumbed early to the ravages of distemper, and Lady's Count possessing as much quality as any of his noted brothers, has had little opportunity to prove his worth as a sire, but will doubtless be heard from if used to the extent his breeding and field ability warrants. In addition to the above-mentioned winners, Lady's Countess and Lady's Belle are the dams of field-trial winners, and several others of this noted family will likely add to its reproductive reputation.

Coming as he does from a great family of winners and producers, and possessing splendid field qualities himself, it is small matter for wonder that Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone is proving himself a prepotent sire. Yet aside from this his blood lines are unexcelled in any dog of his age, not alone in regard to the almost unbroken line of winners and producers to which he traces, but also to the perfect balance of his pedigree. Given a strong top-cross of Count Noble's blood, coming through such a prepotent individual as Ch. Count Gladstone IV, and with a strong top-cross of

A FINE SPECIMEN.

Gladstone's blood on the dam's side, one would naturally expect good results, and especially so when the breeding showed heavy percentages of the blood of these two pillars without a trace of the incestuous inbreeding, to which many fanciers of Llewellins are resorting at the present time.

Such is Ch. Lady's Count Gladstone's breeding, and if fanciers will but use a fair measure of caution, and use proper judgment in selecting bitches to breed to him and his brothers, the prepotency of these individuals will be active for a number of generations (through their descendants). As it is, this dog's reproducing ability will cause his progeny to be held in high esteem, as he already has nineteen winners to his credit, and these out of ten different dams, a record without a parallel in a sire of his age.

A CHALLENGE.

The Stockdale Kennels have an abiding faith in Cuba Zep's ability as a sire, and in order to prove that their confidence is not misplaced have asked us to insert the following challenge:

BAKERSFIELD, July 19, 1903.

KENNEL EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: We have in our kennels a pointer puppy by Cuba's Zep, out of Nellie Wilson, whelped January 11, 1903, which we should be pleased to run against any pointer or setter puppy of his age directly after the close of the Pacific Coast Field Trials, January, 1904, the following conditions to govern running:

We will run Bot against any puppy whelped on or after January 1, 1903, Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's rules to govern the running; best two out of three heats, which must not be of shorter duration than 45 minutes; arrangements for the race to be concluded not later than September 25, with the privilege of selecting the competitor should there be more than one answer to our challenge. Date and judges to be mutually agreed upon.

STOCKDALE KENNELS,
R. M. DODGE, Manager.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTED—To exchange new Marlin safety rifle, with case and belt, for second-hand Luger or Colts automatic pistol in good condition. Address 307 Stuart ave., Redlands, Cal.

* * *

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Unmounted live game and other pictures, 5x7, $1.50 per dozen; 6½x8½, $2.50 per dozen. Bromide enlargements of live elk, 14x17, $5.00 each; all postpaid; satisfaction guaranteed. S. N. Leek.. Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred black cocker spaniel pups. Pine Hill Kennels, San Anselmo, Marin Co.

* * *

FOR SALE—Three English Setter male pups, one lemon and white, two black, white and tan; one fourteen months, others six months. For particulars address DR. F. D. TAFT, 1312 Market st. S. S.

* * *

FOR SALE—Best grade Mannlicher repeating rifle, 8 m-m caliber, all improvements, fitted with fine telescope sights, improved hair (double) trigger. Perfect condition; killing range two (2) miles. Cheap for cash. Will accept Luger or German model Colt's automatic pistol in part payment. "Mannlicher," care WESTERN FIELD Office.

* * *

FOR SALE—Litter of English setter puppies, sire Real John (Real English-Mallwyd Bess) winners of two firsts, New York; first Danbury, first Victoria, first Seattle; dam Albert Rosalind (Count F., Cassie Sheldon), winner of first open and winners New York; first Wissahickon, first open and winners Seattle, first open and winners, Portland, first open San Francisco, 1903. These puppies are evenly marked, white and black, ticked and white and orange ticked; strong, healthy and sure to be winners. $25.00 each, T. P. McConnell, 55 Johnson street, Victoria, B. C

* * *

FOR SALE—Liver and white pointer pups at reasonable prices. Out of Juno by Rollo. Box 111, Arroyo Grande, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—I am offering some choice straightbred Llewellin puppies by Llewellin Drake, also brood bitches both Lancrack and Llewellin. Particulars apply Thos. Plimley, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN owning a launch wishes to make the acquaintance of a party who would like to join in using the same for fishing and duck shooting during the coming season. Apply to editor WESTERN FIELD. Jos. Gilmaker, 114 Grant avenue.

A CORRECTION.

The following letter, recently received from Mr. W. H. Seaver, is self explanatory:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 31, 1903.

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD—Dear Sir: Referring to my letter of June 28th, written while at Dayton, Wash., and which was published in your last issue, I would like to make the following correction thereto. At the time this letter was written the Tournament Committee had me figured as making the third high average of the tournament, so such was mentioned in my letter, but upon going over the scores more thoroughly, which was after I had left Dayton, it was discovered that Mr. E. E. Ellis of Seattle, Wash., was the winner of the third high average with the score of 540 out of the 600 shot at during the tournament, while I came in fourth with the score of 539 out of a like number shot at.

Having this day returned to San Francisco and discovering this error, I hasten to correct same in justice to Mr. Ellis, and would thank you to make mention of this in your next issue, and oblige,

Yours very truly,
W. H. SEAVER.

* * *

GOOD MEN, GOOD RIFLES, GOOD AMMUNITION!

It is cause for much satisfaction to the manufacturers, and a source of gratification to riflemen and sportsmen that the Palma trophy was recaptured at Bisley last month largely through the character of the ammunition used by the American team. Heretofore expert riflemen have usually insisted, each for himself, on loading his own shells, but this time the contract was taken by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., and 313-317 Broadway, New York, for their machine-loaded shells, which were of .30-40 caliber, for use in the Krag-Jorgensen rifles, made at the United States Government arsenal, Springfield, Mass.

W. M. Thomas, chief inspector for the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, accompanied the team to England to be present at the match, the entire team using this ammunition, both at practice and in the match. The team took this ammunition (which they paid for) in preference to the government ammunition, which would have been furnished gratis. This is regarded by experts as proof of the perfection to which American arms and ammunition have been brought, the main feature being the absolute confidence the men had in both arms and ammunition. The particular merit of this ammunition, aside from the extreme accuracy of loading, is in the Thomas bullet, which gets its name from the company's inspector, referred to above.

There is cause for gratification, we think, from all sportsmen and those who take pride in the achievement of their country, that the American team, competing against all nations for the Palma trophy, should have been victorious from all points. It

seems to us that not only the men who took part in the shoot are to be congratulated, but also those who manufactured the ammunition and rifles should come in for their meed of praise.

With what elation must the following cablegram have been sent:

London, July 11, 1903.

President Roosevelt, Oyster Bay: American rifles, ammunition and men won victory to-day over Great Britain, Canada, France, Norway, Australia and Natal, and bring back Palma trophy.

(Signed) Lieutenant Albert S. Jones.
Secretary of the National Rifle Association of America.

The New York *Herald*, in commenting upon the event, said: "This sweeping victory for America and the extraordinary score of 1570 out of a possible 1800, were made with .30-40 regular factory cartridges, manufactured by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, and were selected after exhaustive trials by the entire American team in preference to all others for their wonderful uniformity and extreme accuracy."

* * *

SOME GOOD NEW BOOKS.

The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York, have recently published four good books, which appeal directly to readers of this magazine.

The Call of the Wild is to issued simultaneously in three countries. This promises to be one of the books that count. The fact that it takes hold of the universal things in human and animal nature in a large way, fits it to endure. People who have read it say that Jack London has found himself at last.

Trapper Jim, by Mr. Edwyn Sandys, shows every boy who reads it how he can better enjoy his summer in the country. Mr. Edwyn Sandys has lived outdoors a great deal, partly as hunter and fisherman, partly as artist and naturalist. His writings on sport have made him well known, and he is one of the authorities on the subject of swimming. In this book he has endeavored to tell growing boys how to do many useful and interesting things, such as trapping, camping, swimming, drawing, shooting, fishing, sparring and preserving the skins of wild creatures.

Athletics and Out-Door Sports for Women is a revelation of the number and variety of out-door sports and pastimes in which women nowadays engage.

The title of Dr. James Henshall's volume now coming out in The American Sportsman's Library, *Bass, Pike, Perch and Others,* does not fully indicate its contents. In this book of about 400 pages, the author has included all the game fishes of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, except the salmons and trouts, and the tarpon, jew fish and other fishes of large size, which are described in other volumes. That is, he has described the haunts and the habits of the sunfish family, the bass family, the perches, minnows, sheepsheads, mackerel, groupers, grunts, snappers, porgies, graylings, drums, and innumerable other miscellaneous kinds of fish which are caught in streams or lakes or ponds or off shore. Forty years' experience has given the author opportunity to learn all that any sportsman knows of these different kinds of fish and the methods of catching them, and his book at all points indicates that the author is drawing upon a wealth of knowledge.

* * *

Our Feathered Game, by Dwight D. Huntingdon, is more than its modest sub-title ("A Handbook of the North American Birds") suggests. It is easily one of the best reference books ever written on our game birds, its chiefest value being the hundred and five excellent half-tone portraits of birds, which in faithfulness of life have never been excelled. These afford a peculiarly convenient means of identification of each species encountered afield, and are very satisfactorily arranged as to family and genera.

The text, which is especially well written and full of interest, will commend itself to all readers, sportsmen and the laity as well, and is further embellished by eight full-page shooting scenes in color. Altogether, we regard this book as a very important addition to sportsmen's literature. It is most attractively bound with an exquisite cover design. It is published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mrs. Dr. N. Rowe of the *American Field* for a copy of the third volume of the Field Dog Stud Book, which exceeds in typographical beauty and general value any previous issue of this valuable register. We cordially recommend it to fanciers as being the only authentic and reliable registry of pedigrees now issued from any American source.

* * *

PARTICULARLY GOOD GUNS.

The new Davis hammerless guns mentioned elsewhere in our advertising columns are peculiarly well made and dependable weapons, considering their disproportionably small cost. There is no gunmaker in the world to-day, who is giving better value for the money than are N. R. Davis & Sons, Assonet, Mass., and the enormous adoption of these excellent arms by sportsmen the world over proves this conclusively. The product includes hammer and hammerless types of both single and double barrel guns, each made in varying gauges, barrel lengths, and other dimensions to suit the most exacting individual requirement, and the shooting and wearing qualities are not excelled by any other guns of our knowledge. We advise any of our friends who are looking for full value for their money to examine into the merits of these justly favorite weapons. Catalogues may be had by addressing either the makers or this office, where they are kept on file.

* * *

A NEW MARLIN GUN.

Sportsmen the world over will be pleased to know that the Marlin Firearms Co., has now ready for distribution their new 16 guage repeating shotgun, which embodies all the characteristic excellence of the Marlin products to an unusually high degree. This is the smallest and lightest-weight repeating shotgun ever manufactured, and opens up many new possibilities to the up-to-date sportsman. It is not a 16 guage barrel on a 12 gauge action, but a new, well-balanced, properly proportioned gun that with modern smokeless powders enables a shooter to use a powerful load in a small shell, and reduce materially the weight of shells and gun to be carried. The small, light gun handles fast, results in close holding and increased accuracy.

These new guns are all made to "take down" and will be furnished in three grades. The "A" grade has a special rolled-steel barrel with a tensile strength of 66,000 pounds to the square inch, blued frames, rubber butt plate. Standard dimensions are 13½ 1⅝, 2½, but special handmade stocks of any dimensions will be furnished to order at a small extra charge. The full choke barrels are guaranteed to pattern 240 or better in 30 inch circle at 35 yards, with one ounce of no 7½ chilled shot. These barrels are specially bored for smokeless or black powder, and are proved with excessive loads. Modified, cylinder bored or full choke barrels are furnished at same price. The magazine holds 5 cartridges, making the gun, with one cartridge in chamber, a six-shooter. The grade "B" has the famous Marlin "Smokeless" steel barrel, tensile strength 100,000 pounds, has checkered grip and forearm, and is specially bored and finished. The "C" grade has same barrel as "B," but the stock and forearm are selected fancy figured walnut with extra fine handwork checkering and finish throughout, the action being tastily relieved and ornamented with hand engraving. Barrels are finished in all grades either 26 or 28 inch. The weights are: "A" grade about 6¼ pounds, "B" grade 6⅛ to 6¼, "C" grade 6⅛ to 6¼. For further description write the Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., for their complete catalogue, which gives much general valuable information to all shooters. Enclose three stamps to pay postage, and don't forget to mention Western Field.

* * *

SOME PETER'S POINTERS.

At the recent tournament of the Watseka, Ill., Gun Club, C. B. Wiggins, cashier of the Citizens' Bank of Homer, Ill., won high average, scoring 200 out of a possible 215. At North Branch, N. J., June 30 and July 1, Neaf Apgar won the two-days average. At Waynesboro, Va., July 4, E. H. Storr won expert average 93%, and D. E. Snow 90%, tied for amateur average. At Easton, Pa., July 4, E. F. Markley, an amateur, scored 97%.

All the above used Peter's factory-loaded shells.

* * *

A SHOOTERS' FRATERNAL EXCHANGE.

The Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., evince their characteristic progressiveness in the following announcement, which we are quite certain will appeal favorably to our readers. The idea is a good one, and we hope that the Western Field family will respond to a man. These individual experiences have been responsible for nearly all the progress made in fire-

The candlestick here illustrated is one of four, all alike. They are very old hand-wrought copper, covered with a thick plating of hammered gold. They are over six feet high and are wonderful examples of old repoussé work

McCANN, BELCHER & ALLEN

(Incorporated)

600 SUTTER STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

One of BENGUIAT'S Rugs

Mrs. George Gould has in her Louis XVI room an Antique Giordes (Yordes) rug which is believed to be the biggest in the United States. We are the lucky possessors of a larger one which undoubtedly is the biggest of its kind. We will sell it accompanied by a few small Antique Giordes prayer rugs for fifteen thousand dollars, ($15,000.00.) To be shown only by appointment.

H. Ephraim Benguiat & Son

OPP UNIVERSITY CLUB 723 SUTTER ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"Cordova"

The Wine of Quality

FOR $9.00

DIRECTORS:

FRED'K COX, President.
Pres. California State Bank.

FRED. W. KIESEL,
V. Prest. and Gen. Mgr
Cashier California State Bank.

GEO. W. PELTIER, Secretary
Mgr. California State Bank.

W. E. GERBER,
V. Pres. California State Bank.

JOS. STEFFENS,
Director California State Bank.

C. W. CLARKE,
Director California State Bank.

F. J. KIESEL, Capitalist,
Ogden, Utah.

We will deliver **by prepaid express** at the door of your home, a quart case of **PREMIER CORDOVA WINE**, the peerless vintage of California. You may select any variety, or we will assort the twelve bottles as you direct.

THIS OFFER EXTENDS TO ANY EXPRESS POINT IN THE UNITED STATES

ADDRESS DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICITY

CALIFORNIA WINERY SACRAMENTO CAL.

Growers, Bottlers and Distillers of "CORDOVA," the Wine of Quality

arms, and a collaboration as proposed below will have a great effect upon further ballistic evolution:

"Our long experience and acquaintance with shooters, have convinced us that there is more of a fraternal spirit among them than with any other class. When they have found out a good thing in the way of shooting they are willing to share it with other brethern

"The exchange of experience is of the utmost value to all shooters. If after experimenting for a time, a gentleman has secured good and satisfactory results by loading thus and so, this information is of interest to all shooters, and we will be pleased to be the happy medium through which the exchange can be made.

"If any shooter will give us his experience as indicated below, we will be pleased to pass it along to other shooters who are interested enough to inquire of us for information relative to the same caliber. Give name and caliber of arm used. If a rifle, state whether repeater or single shot, pistol or revolver. If automatic, state whether used as automatic or single shot. State make of shell used, U. M. C., Winchester, Peters, or others. Give number of primer used, U. M. C., Winchester. Peters, or others. Name and grade of powders used; also the quantity by weight or measure. Also state whether the charge is primed with other kind of powder, and give name of it and quantity used. If wadding is used, state thickness and material. Designate kind of bullets. State if factory, metal patched, soft nosed or lead, and give weight of each. If Ideal bullets, state catalogue number of bullet, also give weight and the alloy, and what lubrication is used. State how far bullet is seated in shell, with what tool it is seated, and whether crimped or not. State whether shooting was off-hand or with rest. Give name of sights. State whether open or peep. State difference in elevation of sight in comparison with the regular ammunition for same distance. Give size of target, and distance shot. (Sample target, made by you will be appreciated.) Designate top of target and give date. State weather conditions. Clear or cloudy. Direction of wind. Light, strong, steady or fitful, and such other information as you think would be of value to your brother shooters.

"Give your name and address, and state whether you would be willing for us to refer shooters to you."

The above, with any extra information, kindly communicate to Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A., who will be pleased to furnish printed blanks for your convenience.

* * *

CANON CITY, COLO., July 17, 1903.

Messrs. G. W. Cole Co., New York City.

Gentlemen:—I have much pleasure in saying to you that I have used "3 in 1" for the past six or seven years and that there is no other gun oil that I have used that I consider to be as good as "3 in 1."

I have used it on my various trips to Alaska where there is a long sea voyage going and coming, and where the hunter is continually in a damp, foggy atmosphere and where a gun will rust unless the greatest care is taken of it.

I have used it also on my recent trip around the world during which I hunted in Japan, China, the Malay Peninsula, India and several other points. In all this time my guns were exposed to all manner of climatic conditions and by being careful of them, and a very free use of "3 in 1," was successful in bringing my guns home in as good condition as when they left. Yours very truly,

[Signed] DALL DE WEESE.

* * *

THE LOCAL TRADE.

The merits of the "Oliver" Typewriter are well exemplified in the following testimonial, which Fred. W. Vaughan & Co., of the Mill's Building branch, are showing with pardonable pride:

CHICAGO, Jan. 14, 1903.

The Oliver Typewriter Company,

Gentlemen: Replying to your request to favor you with our opinion as to the merits of the Oliver machine, we wish to say that we have now about one hundred Olivers in use in our establishment, and this number will be added to shortly. The Oliver machine gives us the best of satisfaction, seems to wear as well as any other, and above all things, the fact that the work is visible to the operator, appeals to us very strongly. Yours very truly,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
WM. C. THORNE, V. P.

The Tracy Engineering Co., of 151 Fremont street, will be pleased to submit estimates for complete high grade power plants for Electric Light Plants, Relay Stations, Office Buildings, Water Works, Factories and Irrigation Plants. Perfectly equipped for such undertakings the company stands ready to guarantee satisfaction.

* * *

Some one is always thinking up some clever little trick which seems so simple the wonder is we never thought of it ourselves. In this class is Gillette's supplemental chamber for using pistol cartridges in 30.30, 30.40, 303, 32.40, 32 special and 8 m-m Manlicher rifles. Slip one in the barrel for use in killing small game, or target practice about the camp. Address the S. C. Company, Roseburg, Ore., for particulars.

* * *

San Francisco is famous for her French restaurants, and perhaps the most popular among them is Paul's French Restaurant at 337 Bush street. Private rooms are a feature, and game dinners a specialty at Paul's. Take your appetite there and let Paul doctor it.

* * *

Nature has no monopoly in the production of stone. The secret of her laboratory may remain locked in her rock-ribbed bosom, but George Goodman of 307 Montgomery street, patentee and manufacturer of artificial stone can discount nature's productions for use in sidewalks, gardenwalks, etc. He also makes a specialty of concrete foundations.

* * *

An important improvement recently adopted in the loading of Selby shells is meeting with high favor among sportsmen and trap-shooters. The feature referred to is known as the "Pump-gun crimp," which entirely obviates the aggravating tendency of shells crimped in the ordinary manner to stick in the barrel. The new style, which is a Selby idea, is a radical departure from the former style, and is a decided improvement over the Eastern crimp.

At the recent three-days tournament at Dayton, Wash., these shells were extensively used, and shooters were enthusiastic over their merits. Not content with having the best shells on the market, the Selby Company is constantly endeavoring to better its products, a fact universally recognized and appreciated by sportsmen.

* * *

Fifty-two years in the belting business naturally gives the Graton & Knight Mfg. Co., of 459-461 Mission street, a tremendous advantage in producing a superior line of leather belting. "All one quality" is their trademark and that quality the best, since all leather for belting is cut from one portion of each hide. Only pure oak bark is used in tanning, and every effort is made to maintain the high standard of the goods turned out by this company. If it is possible to produce better grades of leather than Royal Worcester, Crescent or Heart, the Graton McKnight Company will be glad to know it.

* * *

To the firm of E. I. DuPont De Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del., belongs the distinction of being the pioneer commercial manufacturers of powder in America. From a modest beginning upward of a century ago, the business has grown to its present magnitude solely and wholly upon the superiority of its products. The policy of the management has always been to maintain a position in advance of the age, and not to be merely up to date.

The phenomenal success with which this company is meeting on this Coast in the sales of its products can be attributed in a large measure to the popularity of its agent, Mr. C. A. Haight, who enjoys a wide acquaintance among sportsmen. Mr. Haight calls attention to the fact that Mr. Becker, who made the top-notch score of 92¢ at the recent Northwest tournament at Dayton, Wash., used DuPont powder exclusively, and that more DuPont powder was shot during the match than of all other makes combined.

The offices of the Company have recently been removed from 226 Market street, to 519 Mission street, rooms 311-312, on the third floor.

* * *

A visit to the salesrooms of the Indianapolis Furniture Co., at 750 Mission street, is an education and an inspiration. From their immense stock of furniture and carpets, desks and office furniture it will be possible to make a selection which for style and finish cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

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IN SEASON.

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 3. OCTOBER, 1903. NO. 3.

AN OUTING IN OREGON

By M. J. ROCHE.

IF OLD Isaak Walton were to return to earth and have his pick of the entire universe, the spot he would select as the angler's paradise would be Seal Rocks, on the coast of Oregon.

This place is located about eight miles below Newport, Oregon's prettiest seaside resort, which were it a little more easy of access would be the most popular, as it is the most picturesque spot on the Coast from the California line to the mouth of the Columbia. As it is, Seal Rocks, as the place is called, is not unknown to the people of Oregon, who are wont to visit Newport. Ex-Governor Lord, Squire Farrar of Salem, Ed Stone of Albany and a number of others have cottages there.

While at Newport last week, Ed Stone, who is the popular manager of the Corvallis and Eastern Railroad, invited a party of us down to his place.

From Newport we were rowed across Yaquina Bay to the south side. There teams awaited us and an eight-mile drive down the beach followed. The weather was perfect and a more delightful drive was never had. To our left were the rugged bluffs which skirt the Oregon shore, and to our right, the rolling billows. Wave and wave, until they were six and eight deep broke upon the sandy beach, ofttimes, though the tide was out, reaching to the horses' hoofs and our wagon wheels—a grander sight one could hardly picture.

Flocks of plover and curlew flew ahead of us, and occasionally we would frighten off a bunch of buzzards that were feeding upon the carcass of a sheep killed by some wanton sportsman or run off the bluffs by dogs. As the big birds of prey would wend their way gracefully through the air they presented a sight most pleasing to the eye.

It was dinner time when we reached Mr. Stone's place, and though not expecting us, Ed Gores, Mr. Stone's man in charge, was not caught unawares. It so happened, it being Sunday, that he had put in the day fishing. The result was a fish dinner to which we did ample justice. Cracked crab, fried clams, mussels, kelp, rock cod and flounder were a few of the choice morsels set before us.

Early the next morning, while the tide was out, dressed in what old clothes we could find, we started after the succulent rock oyster and rock clam. The rock oyster, which is found only in one place on the coast of Spain and here at Yaquina, is a most curious bivalve. He builds his own home in the solid rock and enlarges it as he grows in size. Little is known of his natural history, and a brief description might not be amiss.

Scientifically the rock oyster is known by the name of *Pholas*. Like all bivalves, it has right and left valves, each valve having on its middle portion a triangular, rasp-like valve. It is this rasp-like organ that enables it to excavate and keep its burrow open. The rasp is not hard enough of itself to cut the rocks, but the hard quartz sand that rests in the folds of the rasp gradually wears away the stone as fast as needed, corresponding with the growth of the oyster. When the eggs hatch in the sea water they look like small patches of jelly-fish, and for several days swim about with the outlines of their future shells forming slowly about them. By

instinct each looks for a vacant spot on a rock surface, and when found, he backs against it and goes into the business of house-building.

The rock oyster, as well as the rock clam—the latter not unlike the little-neck clam in appearance, but far more delicious to the taste—are only to be gathered at very low tide. The clam is found by turning over the larger rocks, but a pick-axe is necessary to get at the oyster. He has to be dug from the rocks in which he has built his house. It is a favorite local divertisement and in the early morning, when the air is fresh and pure, and before the sun has attained any great altitude, crowds may be seen wending their way with pick and shovel to the now famous rock oyster beds which abound about Newport. Having secured a mess of the oysters and clams we returned to our quarters and prepared for a fishing trip up Beaver Creek. We drove to the creek, which is about a mile and a half above the Rocks. While the boat was being put in readiness for our party, Ed Stone and the writer, took our rods and reels indulged in a little fly fishing. How they did bite! In no time we had a basketful of the prettiest brook trout you ever saw.

For a mile and a half or two miles we rowed up the river, the ladies trolling, and Ed casting his fly from the bow of the boat. Ed had many nibbles, but landed nothing. The ladies were more successful for each pulled in a magnificent specimen of salmon trout. They were equally as fortunate on the homeward journey, and the result was we had a nice mess of trout for supper, as well as rock oysters and clams.

The next morning, for variety, we dug razor-back clams, and later went out on the rocks for some sea fishing. In less than two hours we had caught a string of kelp (which, to my way of thinking, is the most delicious of all salt water fisn) and more rock cod than we could carry. Our largest catch was a rock cod. It weighed exactly twelve pounds, and had a head which, to the successful angler, looked like the head of a whale when it first came out of the water. To vary our menu card, Mr. Stone, who is a crack shot as well as an expert angler, killed a number of plover and curlew, which were dressed and baked into a pot-pie.

GATHERING FUEL AT SEAL ROCKS.

If you are ever in Oregon and want a day or two of good sport, stop off at Albany and get Ed Stone to take you down to his place at Seal Rocks. Ed. as Boniface, in bib and

SEAL ROCKS, LOOKING NORTH.

DIGGING ROCK OYSTERS.

tucker, is prodigal in joviality and good fellowship, and as such you will find his reputation without a flaw.

Jack Mayo, he of the Astoria and Columbia River Road, and Stone's greatest rival as purveyor to the people of Oregon in the matter of seaside attractions, will vouch for what I say regarding Stone, and the only criticism he can make of the Corvallis and Eastern terminus is that it lacks the sea serpent so well advertised at Clatsop.

REMEMBRANCE

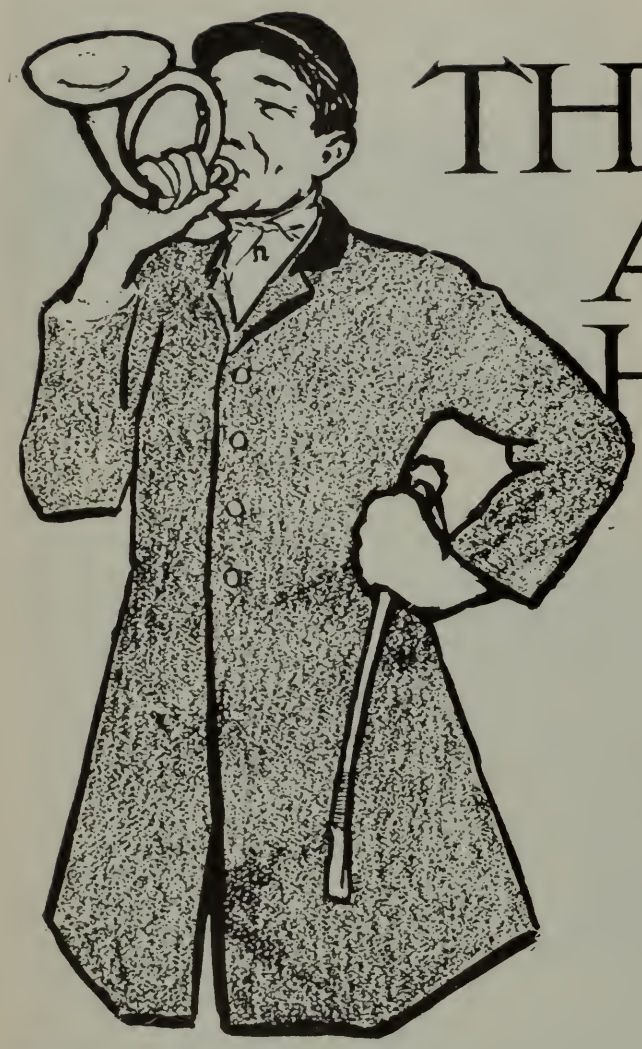
AS TWO seashells are cast side by side
And sing of their home 'neath the wave
Till one is caught in the changing tide
And the sea reclaims what it gave.

So on Life's broad and glittering strand
Human waifs are together thrown
In sweet communion, and hand clasps hand
Till one grieves on the shore alone.

Other shells may come out of the sea
But their songs lack the chord we loved.
Other friends may affectionate be,
Yet we dream of the one we proved.

O'er the heart, with unheeded refrain,
Will Emotion's seas surge and glide;
For our souls are adrift on the main
With the Love gone out with the tide.

—*Hattie Washburne.*



THE HORN AND THE HOVNDS

By A. G. PARK

WHO of the sporting men of the Pacific Slope but can recall—yes, vie with his hunting chum—in telling of the fox-chases of the East? But how many realize that there is at our very doors facilities for like sport far surpassing that of the East?

We refer to the wolf going under the Mexican misnomer of "coyote"—symbol in our vernacular of innate meanness—sought to be poisoned, trapped and shot ,with a bounty upon the scalp, and legislated against, yet surviving it all. He leaves the poisoned morsels for the neighbors' dogs; evades the trap; is seldom shot—for he knows when a man is armed, and if armed he knows the range of the gun. He pursues his accustomed way, feasting on lambs, calves, pigs, turkeys and chickens—lives on the fat of the land, in short—and goes on multiplying and replenishing, despite the premium on his scalp; being of uniform color over the entire body, one hide makes twenty "scalps" in the hands of the experts, and so bankrupts a State by inspiring coyote farms, coyote bills, coyote boodle, and waxes fat and saucy and plentiful in doing of it.

But he has some principles that command admiration. The writer has seen him when his companion, soon to become a mother, was hard pressed by the scent of the baying hounds, dash boldly between her and the oncoming pack, and stopping in full view of the hounds, utter a thousand notes at a breath, apparently saying "Shame on you! Leave that mother alone. Try the fleetness of my heels or the steel of my teeth." Why, by example he could teach both morals and religion to some of his traducers.

It is the fox's agility, fleetness, endurance, grace of action, and the cunning to evade the hounds that makes him the ideal game for the chase. But our wolf also possesses these qualities, and that, too, except the third above mentioned, in a higher degree than the fox. He knows that the hounds are trailing by scent and he exercises great ingenuity in evading them. He will back track, follow in the tracks of others of his kind, seek the sand and gravel in the beds of dry creeks and rivers, suddenly turn at acute angles, and in fact do everything that the cunning of the fox could suggest, to escape. Then it follows that the hounds must be both well-bred and well-trained to capture him. Our course was to procure from different kennels some well-bred dogs of both sexes and train them to chase, capture and kill these wolves—for the anticipated killing of the game is the pleasure which inspires the hound to chase and "stay" until he captures and kills his game. Our experience has been that the

pups from stock so trained will show an instinct and inclination for that kind of sport, and are more ferocious in the fight with the wolf than are dogs of untrained parentage. Dogs bred in this locality are also better adapted to the chase here than are the imported dogs from England or from the East, for physical conditions are different; some notable local differences being the presence of alkali, and generally dry soil during the greater part of the year.

The pair of pups in the accompanying cut, "Muse" and "Clarion," were five months of age when the photograph was taken.

The open plains, in which the Pacific Slope abounds, are ideal places for the chase with the fox-hounds, for those unaccustomed to ride on horseback can go in their carriages and enjoy the sport. The wolf is found every where on this Coast, even within the suburbs of many of our towns and cities. The writer, in company with fourteen others of like taste, all residents of Los Angeles, with three packs of fox-hounds (six make a pack in America), recently went just outside but adjoining the city limits of Los Angeles on the west, on the Baldwin ranch, some on horseback, some in carriages, and a few on foot. A few blasts from the horn and the dogs assembled, each joining his voice in harmony, for they knew we wanted noble game. We started along the foothills, near a lagoon, and soon the bay of "old Trailer" assured us that a wolf was near; all the dogs joining him, they hied away to the southwest in the direction of the ocean. In the distance, ascending a hill barren of vegetation, we could see the wolf moving as gracefully as a sailing eagle, followed by the hounds; both he and they as they topped the crest of the hill seemed to pass into the rolling. clouds beyond. Some on horseback were anxious to follow, but most of the company, which included both men and women, took stands on the hills, every one looking and listening for the return of the chase. In the course of an hour and a half a sound was heard, similar to that of the sea lions at the Cliff House, and it came nearer and nearer, but the direction of the dogs seemed uncertain, for they were in a cañon, and each ravine sent the music of their bay in different courses. By and by one of the company espied the wolf as he passed out from the hills on to the open plains, and soon all eyes were riveted on him. He leaped into a ditch to cool himself, but soon reappeared to mark the distance, ever shortening, between him and his pursuers. He made a sudden turn at right angles and stopped, a mile distant, in some brush. The hounds came baying and dashing up to the ditch, the younger ones plunging in for a bath, but the older ones were too wise for that; a few laps of water was sufficient for them. As they passed beyond the ditch not a bay was heard. The wolf made a dodge. All were silent, but the trained dogs were circling in search of the trail. Then we heard the long-drawn musical voice of Clarion and every hound joined him, and they speeded on toward the ambushed wolf. He started from his place of concealment, but his legs had lost their agility, and with belabored efforts, and with his bushy tail drooping (sure sign to the hunter that the coveted prize will soon be won), he moved slowly on. But the avalanche of baying hounds, no longer trailing but each with head up and distended nostrils, taking his course from the air, soon closed upon him. His long ears, intended by nature to fan the scent of the cold trail from the ground, were now folded gracefully backward, and

"MUSE" AND "CLARION."

flitting over him like banners borne upon the shoulder of the rider of a fleeting steed. Again the wolf turned toward the hills, in full view of the hunters. Every man and woman, relieved of the rules of strict conventionalism, vied with the hounds to make a thousand echoes reverberate from the hills. The hounds now in full view of their game, renewed their efforts, each one anxious to be first to set fangs in the retreating enemy. The latter attempted to leap but could only canter. He lost ground rapidly but struggled on, occasionally looking back as if to measure by steps the few moments of his existence, his long, ruby colored, waxen tongue dangling over his shoulders. Over the din of baying hounds and yelling people was heard, clear and distinct, a voice prompted by a woman's sense of fair play, "Stop the dogs and give the wolf a chance." But no skill of the hunter could stop that rushing army of maddened hounds. The wolf, realizing that escape was impossible, suddenly whirled around and defiantly displaying his sharp steel-like teeth, seemingly turned all to mouth; as the braver of the dogs approached he lashed and gashed, hither and thither, and the blood flew from every hound that came within range. But at last he was overcome; the teeth of "Old Trailer" craunched into his chest, the wolf made one surge and his limbs were straight and stiff, his tail bushed to its full capacity, his clear brown eyes closed, and the battle was over. Noble animal! He received the plaudits of the entire company, many of whom wished that he had made good his escape.

READY FOR THE HUNT.

The hounds were rolling in the bedewed grass, all panting, some attempting to lick the wounds inflicted by the wolf, but a blast from the huntsman's horn brought them all baying to their feet again, and the company repaired to the home of John Joghins, a farmer near by, for dinner. And such a repast as we had! We ate as only hunters can eat, each reciting some hunting reminiscence of the past, and it was unanimously resolved that we would organize a "Roosevelt Hunting Club" and keep up the sport.

JUMPING A DEER

By T. S. Van Dyke.

THE expression "jumping a deer" has for many a cabalistic meaning that is very attractive. That is, if you cannot find a deer on foot by getting out of bed early enough or staying out late enough in the evening, you simply hunt in the middle of the day after your game has gone to bed and make it jump out of bed. This is very attractive to the chap who can do nothing until duly breakfasted and shaved, but few things in this world will surprise him more than the practical meaning of "jumping" a deer.

It is first assumed that one can find where the deer is lying. It is next assumed that he is going to jump when you are near enough. This carries with it the tacit assumption that the game will not jump until you are near enough. And to this the imagination of the tenderfoot readily adds the assumption that the deer, being dazed by being routed out of sleep, will stop to see what is the matter and give an easy shot.

All these assumptions are true—sometimes. They all concur—sometimes. When they do they are apt to make the tenderfoot think himself a born hunter—that all this climbing out of bed at daylight is all nonsense, and that you can just as well have things comfortable as uncomfortable.

The days when some of these assumptions fail, and the days when all of them fail, are not generally counted by the novice for the very good reason that he generally fails to notice then. Unless you have a fair knowledge of the habits of deer, of the ground on which you are hunting, of the way the deer are acting, of what they are feeding on, whether it is rutting time or not, and unless you are sufficiently interested in knowing what the deer are doing to keep a close watch on all tracks and all passes and points on which tracks are likely to be found, you will be quite apt to spend most of the day wondering where the deer do their lying down.

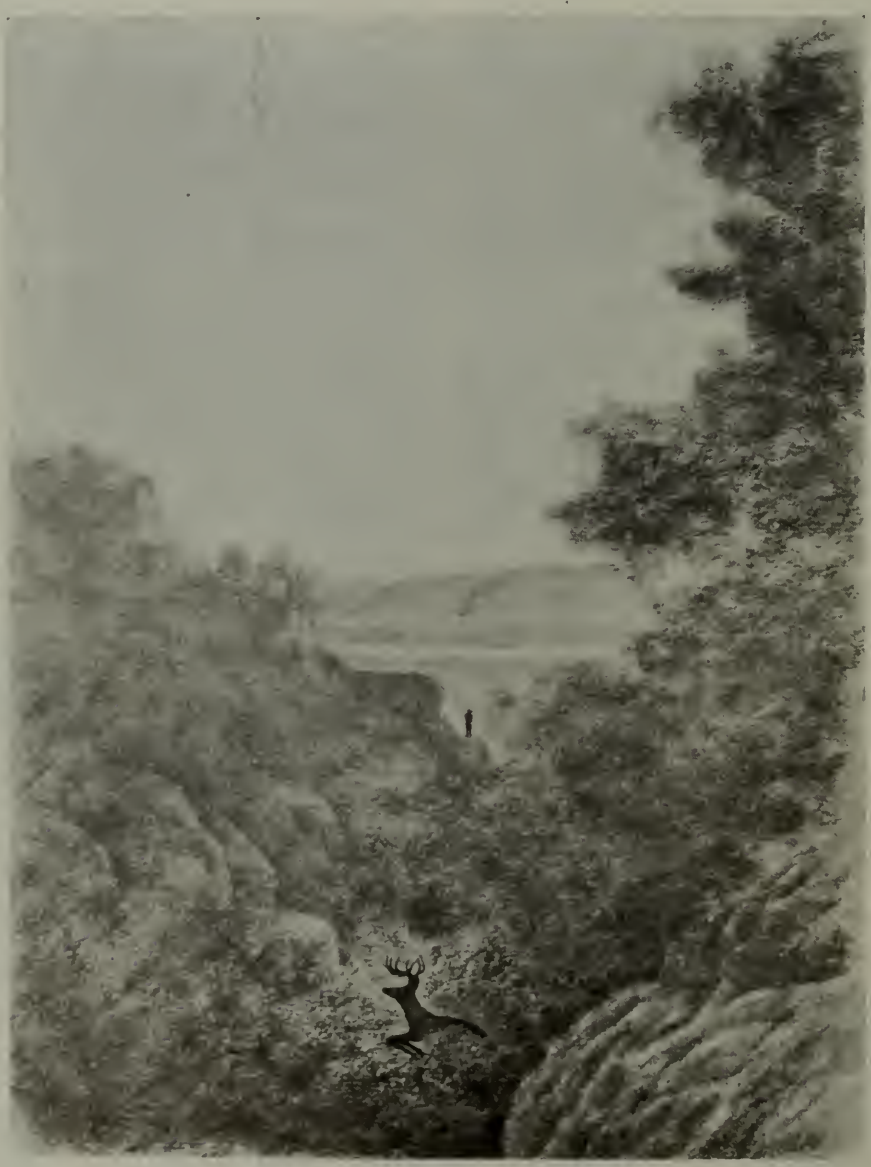
The chances are you will jump some easily enough. But it takes long for one to realize that most of the time it means jumping them not only out of sight but also out of sound of their hoofs. Unless you are hunting by tracking, the chances are many against your seeing even the long jumps leading away from his bed, where the deer has torn up the ground with his sharp descending hoofs. Once in awhile you will meet a fool of a deer and the oldest buck is quite as apt to be one as a younger deer. He may lie until you are quite near, and then rise directly up in bed and stand and look at you long enough to give you a good shot, or he may take several jumps and then stop. But this is and always was the rare exception. You can draw no conclusions from anything of the sort—least of all the conclusion that you are a great hunter. For if you keep on long enough you will find the rule all the other way, and be forced to the conclusion that like all of the wildest animals the deer sometimes is off guard.

But how is it that so many times when you have the wind just right, the ground soft for still walking, are shod in the softest of moccasins and using the utmost care to make no noise, you still find places where the deer has sprung from bed and bounded away with loftiest leaps, yet at such a distance that you can neither see nor hear him? Has he a sixth sense that he can thus discover you when out of sight on the other side of a ridge, and with so strong a breeze blowing in your face that sound as well as scent should be stopped? It takes many days in the rolling home of the deer to learn how often you are thus

victimized, to learn how absurdly rare are the times when the deer plays the fool, compared with the times when he does not.

I have crept many times within a few yards—and several times within a few feet—of a deer lying down for the day without his knowing I was about, and so had a good chance to watch him. It is about impossible except by keeping behind something and moving like a snail, with a good breeze blowing from the game to you. In raising your head or moving it one side to look if you have a tree between you and the deer the movement must be extremely slow. I have several times found a deer asleep or in a doze, with head lying over on the side and eyes half open but never entirely closed. By a singular coincidence I was out of meat at the time; it was in the time of year, too, when deer are hiding closely and on ground so brushy and rough that one bound or two would take the deer out of reach. Therefore I must tearfully confess that I did what several others have done in the past—made a potshot without experimenting on how far the ears or eyes could be trifled with. I have always intended to do so but, as it is only when deer are very hard to find that I can afford the patience to do such close hunting, anxiety for meat overcomes the loftier ideal. I wouldn't wonder if others had found the same trouble.

But in the great majority of cases deer spend the day with head up and ears all attention. It is quite likely that their



"JUMPING" A DEER.

senses cannot be trifled with even when they are dozing, but it is certain that they cannot be when wide awake. Years ago it was quite common to see them lying under a tree on some high point. And as late as 1880 they often lay under trees along the edge of some valley, and in the years preceding I have seen many a one lying in open shade under a sycamore or live oak, well out from the edge of the brush.

In all such cases a deer is as hard to approach as when on foot, and generally harder than when feeding. For now he is all attention, while he is only half the time on the watch when feeding. And the case is no different when lying down in thick brush with head up. If you hunt much by tracking on snow you will find that a deer lying down will so often run away from you when he could not have seen or smelled you, that it is plain he heard you all the better for being with head near the ground. It is easy to understand how sounds like the slow packing of snow under foot, as well as the grinding of gravel and the scrape of hobnails, can be carried along the ground better than through the air. And even through the air they can be heard better by an ear near the ground and less affected by wind. Moreover, a deer lying down has nothing to do but watch, and all his senses are generally used to the full.

The consequence is that jumping a deer is generally quite different from jumping a rabbit. Instead of the big idiot you so often see in pictures, which no one but a brute would raise even a brick at if such were the nature of the game, you are more likely to see only a distant whirl of sunlit brown or grey, so small that if you had the largest camera with full time exposure it would still be invisible in a picture the size of this page. When you raise the rifle on that same brown or grey it fades to a more neutral shade with startling rapidity. And when the sun is flashing into the sights of your rifle, the way you can't catch that neutral tint in line with those sights is quite marvelous. Yet the number of these is small compared with the number you never see and never know about unless you are hunter enough to read tracks rapidly and go over that same ground often enough to see what has taken place there.

In addition to this is the trouble that many deer do not jump at all; or if they do they merely rise silently and sneak away. They are quite likely to do this in all places where cover is very dense. Like the cat family, they soon learn it is more easy to remain unseen than to escape after being seen. In the dense tangle of lilac and buckthorn, manzanita, choke berry, mountain mahogany and *adenostoma* that robes so many of the California hills in eternal green, the temptation for the deer to do this is so great that unless you can find your deer on foot before he has gone back to lie down for the day you have a very small chance of jumping him, unless you follow his tracks to the bed he has chosen. And then you may merely find where he has risen and walked slowly away. And he may still be within a few yards of you, with head down, quietly listening to learn whether you are coming. Few things are more amusing than to sit on some lofty point where you can look down with a good glass into a small sea of brush and see a deer bothering a companion in this way, often with the deer so near your friend that you dare not shoot at it.

The consequence is that if you want to see deer where you are likely to get a shot you should be on the ground by the time it is light enough to see the sights on your rifle—not be getting out of bed at that time. You will probably have all the time you want to "jump a deer" later in the day. The first part of the program is likely to keep you at your wit's end, though there are, of course, times when it seems very simple. But such do not come often enough to spoil the play. For the greater part of the pleasure is in the hunting and not in the shooting. For me it is nearly all there. From my earliest days I felt nothing but contempt for such shooting as is described in Scotch deer stalking, where the man is a mere machine in the hands of some gillie. I can scarcely imagine an American sportsman finding pleasure in hunting deer that a big man in great boots and stiff leggings can march him up to, point out and then hand him his gun to shoot at. I am thankful I have never run

across such deer though I have hunted many a day in the wildest parts of the United States and Mexico, often where the step of another hunter was never heard. And I am equally thankful that I never saw the place where one can kill fifteen or twenty in a day, and all bucks at that, like the Emperor of Germany. More dreary murder it is impossible to imagine. All the pleasure I have ever found in the chase has been derived from the fact that our deer are so sharp that no amount of experience, endurance or patience will enable one to average even one a day. With special opportunities to swine, such as are some times offered in certain sections during the migrating season, this may be done for a short time, as also where snow sometimes concentrates deer. But this is not hunting. And hunting is a pleasure for its own sake.

THE ANGLER'S SONG

OH, THE joy we feel in the water's flow
Through the aisles of the gladsome wood,
When we take our rods and their cool depths wade
To prove our skill at our well-loved trade,
We of the Brotherhood.

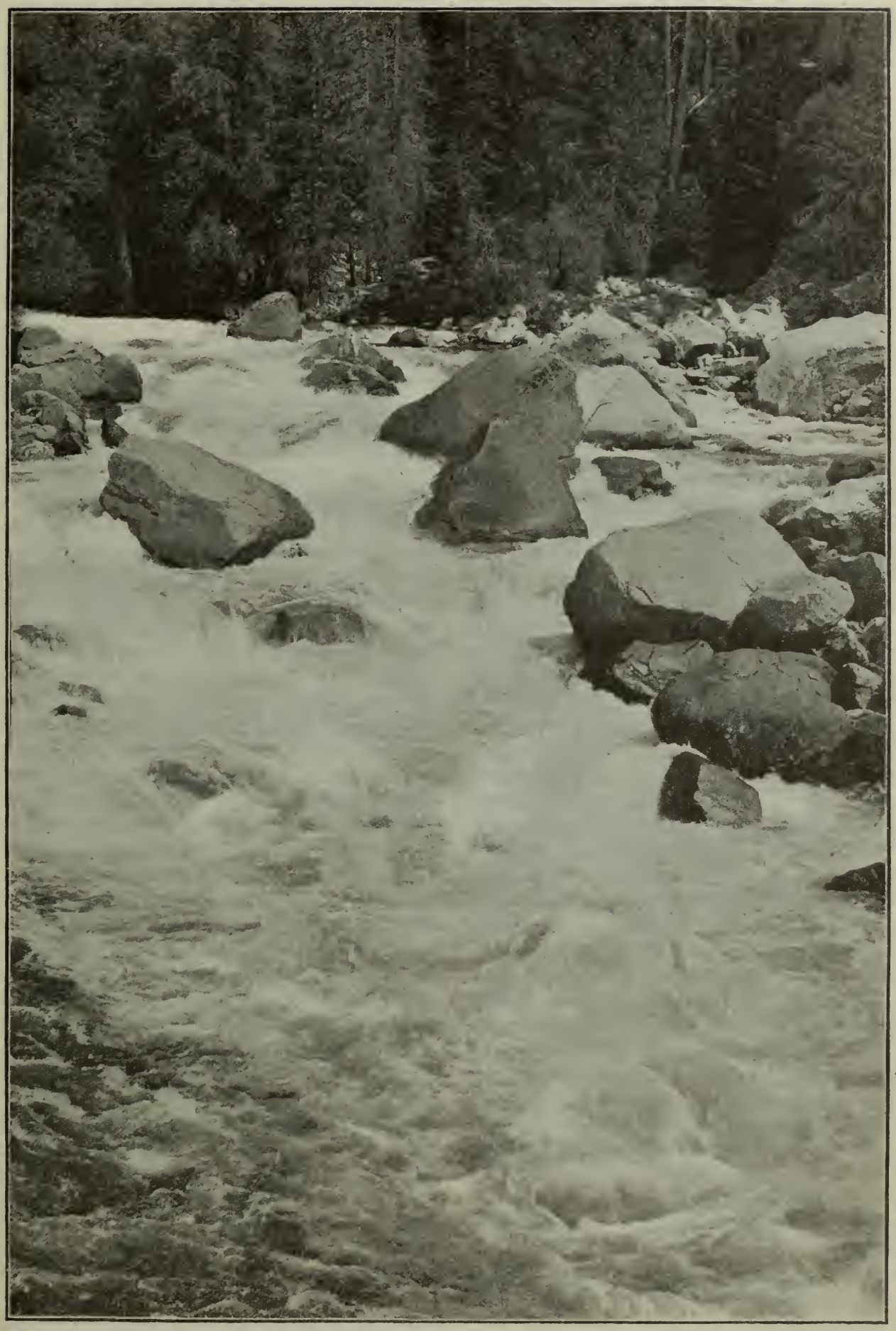
When the waters roar through the cañon rifts
And over the cataracts fall,
Dashing 'gainst rocks into feathery foam
Where the speckled beauties do make their home,
And the ousel songs enthrall.

Where they pause anon in the spreading plain
To ruffle in coy pretense
At the sun's fierce kiss; or in dusky glade.
Eddying, rest in the grateful shade
Of the willow's thick valence.

'Tis then that we find surcease of care,
And the quick pulsations feel
Of new life flooding our stagnant veins,
While Hope an eminence high attains
At the music of the reel.

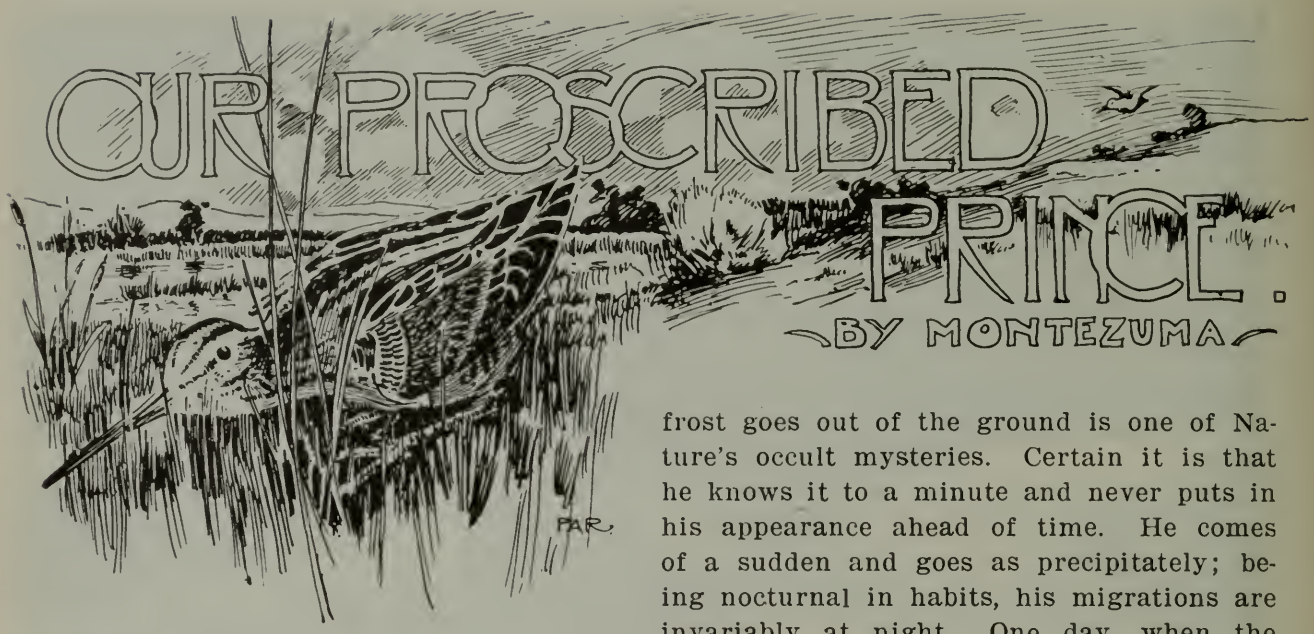
Then hey! for the merry brawling floods
Where the sly trout waiting be.
The slaves of mammon may have their wealth—
Give us the peace and the rugged health
Of the anglers life so free.

—*Guy Stealey.*



W. J. Street Photo.

"DASHING 'GAINST ROCKS INTO FEATHERY FOAM."



NEXT to the regal woodcock—that conceded king of game wading-birds—most American sportsmen will unhesitatingly rank the Wilson, or as he more familiarly known, the "Jack" Snipe; and here on the Pacific Coast where the lordly *Philohea* hath not condescended to reign, the Jack royally heads the flushes in the game of shore shooting.

Though scientifically classed with the "mud-dwellers" (*Limicola*), he can inspire more lofty flights of perplexed profanity from a novice in the art of wing shooting, than can any bird of our present acquaintance, not even excepting the elusive woodcock himself. The derisive "*sca-a-ipe*" with which he insolently announces the beginning of a series of corkscrew evolutions in mid-air has provoked inutile waste of good powder and shot enough to keep half a generation of sportsmen in full supply. It is only after an extended acquaintance with the russet-brown little phantom of the marshes that any man, whatever be his skill, can confidently count on regularly cutting short the thread of his eccentric gyrations, and the best of us are satisfied with a bag of forty per cent. This will, of course, be exceeded at times under favorable and selected conditions as hereafter noted, but even when these are at their best, few men living have ever scored twenty jack snipe straight when unassisted by pointing dogs.

Just how the snipe arrives at the knowledge of the very day in Spring that the frost goes out of the ground is one of Nature's occult mysteries. Certain it is that he knows it to a minute and never puts in his appearance ahead of time. He comes of a sudden and goes as precipitately; being nocturnal in habits, his migrations are invariably at night. One day, when the marsh is frost-bound, you may tramp in vain over every rod of it and the very next morning succeeding a thaw he will pepper the horizon in every direction, as you retrace your steps of the day before. For a while you revel in a sport worthy of the gods then, after an unusually warm day, if in the Spring, or at the coming of the first hard frost in Autumn, you find him gone—silently, mysteriously and completely disappearing like the unaccountable ghost that he is. This is why, in the Eastern marsh regions, he is termed the "shad-bird" or "shad-spirit." Like the shad in those waters, he comes without warning and departs without notice. His other local names of "English Snipe," "Marsh Snipe" and "dodger," evidently are referable to his size, habitat and characteristic flight. Ornithologically considered he is the *Gallinago delicata* of the savants, a handsome and graceful bird averaging about eleven inches in length, of which two and a half inches is tail and about three inches is bill. The top of his head and entire upper parts are brownish black, each feather spotted and edged with light rufous; back and rump barred and spotted in the same way. Over each eye and on top of head is a buff stripe and the neck is buff color with fine lines and spots of black. The wing feathers are also marked with brownish black and the tail, which has sixteen feathers, is blackish brown tipped with bright rufous and with a narrow black band near the end. The breast is buff spotted with brown and the other under parts are grayish white

with dusky tranverse bars and spots. The bill, legs and feet are greenish gray, and the iris is a most beautiful brown. The upper protective markings are lengthwise of the bird, and he is peculiarly hard to see when crouching among the similarly colored sedge and marsh litter. The wing is comparatively small and weak looking, being only five and a half inches in extent.

In habitat he ranges from the Arctic coast in summer, to Brazil, South America, in the winter, breeding northward from the high mountains in Colorado (occasional) to the Arctic Sea. The eggs, usually four in number and of a light olive ground color dotted with small dark spots, largest and most abundant near the broad end, are pyriform in shape and comparatively large for a bird of this size, measuring one and a half by one and a sixth inches in length and breadth. The nest is usually a mere depression in a tuft of grass, preferably near a clump of trees, and is lined with only a few dead leaves. June is the month of incubation.

Like the woodcock, the Wilson snipe lives chiefly on worms, larvæ, grubs and other low organisms which he obtains by boring with his long bill into the ooze and soft earth of the marshes. It is a mooted question as to whether he locates his food by pure scent, or detects it through some refined supersensitiveness of touch, as he mechanically wiggles his flexible bill tip around at the bottom of his borehole. Besides the food taken in this way, the jack snipe catches and devours many grasshoppers and other surface insects, eight out of eleven stomachs opened by Prof. Aughey of the U. S. Entomological Commission containing from thirty-eight to sixty locusts each, besides many other injurious species.

The jack snipe is a voracious and industrious feeder; so much so that despite his poor condition when he first arrives, he gets extremely fat and lazy in a few days, and if the weather be at all still and warm, will lie fairly well to the dog. During the earlier stages of the April-May northerly migrations they are often found in places unsuspected by the unobservant gunner whose thoughts of snipe are invariably associated with the bogs. Frost invariably goes out of uplands earlier than it does from the lowlands and, if there

A GOOD SNIPE RIG.

be any deeply plowed high fields in the vicinity of still frost-bound marshes, it is much more than an even chance that some birds will be found there when the marshes are yet solidly frozen up.

Corn and alfalfa stubbles have yielded me many a good bag when the tules were still ice-locked and one could walk dry-shod over the sloughs we usually hunt snipe in. Many a brace have I killed along the soggy banks of elevated irrigation ditches, near living springs and in the soft places where cattle had "mushed up" creek beds, long before the sloughs were penetrable by their sensitive bills, and it is a point well worth remembering. In this connection I recall a certain marsh in central Colorado, kept soft throughout the whole year by thermal springs, where I made daily bags of eight to a dozen "jacks" in midwinter.

On their first appearence in the Spring, snipe are very wild and hard of approach.

They soon get logy and indifferent, however, and if the day be warm, and the hunter approaches them *down* the wind, he will get comparatively easy shooting, as jack snipe invariably arise and fly *against* the wind. This is a rule diametrically opposed to grouse and quail hunting, but is a dependable one, nevertheless, when hunting snipe. Another point to be observed is: go silently. The noisy shooter will invariably flush his birds wild and then wonder why he is so "unlucky." Reload your gun immediately it is discharged, for snipe are gregarious in their habits, bunching up into immense flocks in September particularly, and you will more usually find "wisps" (flocks) of snipe, on a good feeding ground, than you will single individuals; and these birds, so apprehensive of the human voice, will often disregard a gun-shot entirely and lie perdu under your very feet during a fusilade, only to frantically saw the air in eccentric zigzags at your next bog-sucking step or command to your dog.

Eccentric as he is in all respects, the Wilson snipe has one queer foible in particular, which has always mystified me. On wild, windy days he will fly to a great height and then let himself suddenly tumble earthward, as though stunned by striking some obstacle. This performance is attended with a sort of roaring or booming noise unlike anything else I have ever heard, and is repeated over and over again. The descent is always checked before he gets within gunshot of the earth and is kept up until the wind ceases and the air gets warm, when he nonchalantly pitches into the marsh again and gets rational once more. If it be true, as claimed by some naturalists, that this is his regular form of courtship—on which head I confess to a mild skepticism—then Sir Gallingo may easily lay claim to the distinction of being the most strenuous lover on earth. But why should the wind and cold alone so arouse his passion? St. Anthony, we remember, was reversely affected.

I have observed one thing about the habits of these interesting birds which is very suggestive. They are extremely partial to open, miry places which have been trodden over by cattle. Whether it be because of the constant hoof maceration of the soil which loosens the earth for their more convenient probings, or because of the breaking down of the rushes, grasses, etc., thus exposing a greater surface of soil to the mellowing action of the sun and rain, or, still more problematical, because the ordure of the stock promotes a plenitude of acceptable food, or the stock sheds parasitic organisms that they like, I cannot say. Certain it is that "jacks" are always found most plentifully where cattle have harbored for any length of time in sloppy meadows, and at least two excellent new snipe grounds have been created to my certain knowledge by this very means in places where these birds were never known previously. The burning off of densely vegetated tule grounds has also resulted, it is said, in the attraction thereto of largely increased numbers of snipe of various kinds and the suggestion may be of interest to the snipe-lacking clubs of this section.

For the hunting of this satrap of the swamps, a light, short gun that can be easily carried and quickly handled is a prime desideratum. Personally I incline to a hammerless featherweight, sixteen guage ejector of twenty-six inch barrels (modified choke left and modified cylinder right), a moderate charge of smokeless powder and number ten shot early in the season, increasing the size of the shot to 6's or 8's if the birds are very wild; this combination I have used with entire satisfaction for a number of years. Such a weapon will be found amply effective at the ordinarily close ranges which are achieved by a snipe hunter who "knows how"—the man who goes down wind silently and can snap-shoot a bit. For the best practice is to "snap" every bird as he rises on his *first flight* with your "open" right barrel, and then do your fancy guess work with the longer reaching left when he begins his perplexing twists. The chances are against your guessing resultfully unless you are a cool, old hand, for like the proverbial flea, the snipe in his erratic flight is awfully hard to put your finger, or rather the center of your charge, on. The latter is not absolutely indispensible, however, for if you catch him anywhere well within the circle of your pattern he will drop like a plummet, being

easily killed and seldom flying on like a duck or partridge, when fatally hit. Jack-snipes when flushed usually fly a fair distance to right or left on the first rise; then suddenly reverse the course and go in an opposite direction, repeating these departures more rapidly each time, the twists being shorter and more quickly made the farther they get from the gun. The flight generally, but not always, steadies down after a dozen or more swerves and ends in a long descending sail into cover.

The book-writers advise the shooter to "wait until he stops twisting;" this is all very well—in books. My experience is that "jack" is no fool and has learned to a nicety the exact range of a smokeless cartridge and acts accordingly. When he stops twisting there will be nothing doing with a gun of ordinary capacity. Better try to

antedate his twisting with a load of number 10s, or to treat him as a right or left quarterer and dose him in the middle of his antics.

Snipe shooting has always had a peculiar charm for me. In this pursuit I use a dog only for retrieving, except in rare instances where a well broken cocker spaniel can be advantageously used for flushing birds from spots inaccessible to the gunner. A small spaniel is best adapted to the work encountered, and a plucky specimen will kill off a dozen pointers or setters where the ground is at all heavily vegetated. I long ago emancipated myself from the unhealthy and even more unwieldly high rubber boots and now go a-marsh in snug-fitting shoes and leggings, with skeleton coat and knee breeches, preferring to be comfortably wet with water rather than to carry useless weight, and be saturated with perspiration. There is no danger of taking cold if one keeps moving, and there is, besides, a time limit on man's endurance in wading bogs, and the snipe hunter in consequence usually gets home in good time for rehabiliament.

Imagine yourself afield on a cool, brown day in October, with your favorite brier well under way and your spaniel frolicing about your heels. There is a healthy crispness in the air though the adjacent salt slough lies an unrippled azure behind you, and the tules are absolutely motionless. As you approach a "tide rip" half filled with muddy water ahead, you change the 10s in your gun for a heavier cartridge with 6s in anticipation of some straggling teal or premature mallard. Ah! I thought so. A spiteful crack, a cloud of downy feathers and a soulful splash as the big bird hits the water—your first and, therefore, best mallard of the season.

"NOW IT IS A PAIR OF WOOD DUCKS."

Far out over the sea of olive and browns, a team of blue wings hurtle away in affright, but you mark them down with a smile for they are going your way, toward the fresh water bights where you are headed. It is a good half mile and you unconsciously quicken your steps. Teal are too good an incident to be overlooked on a snipe hunt, and you are congratulating yourself on having brought some 6s along with your 10s.

They are certainly in that pool just beyond those willows, and warily you make your approach. There is a sudden splashing patter of wings on water, a double report, and one teal alone cleaves the air in his terror. You cannot repress an exultant chuckle and rush to the pond, closing your gun en route over two more shells charged with 6s—for there may be cripples among those three left behind.

"*Sca-a-ipe!*" and from under your feet darts a nut-brown ghost that finds an easy outlet through both your patterns of 6s and squeaks derision as it drops into another bight two hundred yards away. Funny, isn't it, how your exultation of a moment ago resolves itself into an altogether disproportionate dejection! "Confound that jack!" you say, "What business had he here. Just my durn luck to have 6s in when I needed 10s." And you don't recover your equanimity even when the spaniel lays the painted trio of toothsome beauties at your feet.

"Hang the ducks! I'll get lots of them later. Its snipe I'm after and I won't do a thing to that fellow, later on."

You don't. He flushes wild and again creaks his contempt for your doubly voiced invitation to stop. Your blood is up now, and as you regain your wits and beat down the wind against his last hiding place, he rises again out of range and flying clear across the salt slough beyond is seen no more that day. But the next one is not so fortunate, flushing at easy distance and not getting more than fifty feet away. As the spaniel rushes in to retrieve, you wisely reload just in time to make a beautiful double, right and left, and the world has grown suddenly fair and bright again. You don't exactly know why, but you feel like hugging the pup as he safely brings that last and doubtful one to hand.

And so throughout the whole gladsome day you go, missing and hitting alternately. Now it is a plump mallard or pair of wood ducks killed in an unexpected hole, with 10s; again it is an abnormally fine jack

A LIKELY PLACE FOR TEAL.

that unaccountably twists out of your hail unharmed. The memory of that beatific double abides with you and softens the minor asperities that befall. You are in a complacent mood and everything is all right! In the exquisite autumnal afterglow you wend your way cheerfully homeward, satisfied with the world and with yourself. Your bag is heavy enough; not too many: a half dozen duck and thrice that many snipe. You are a little tired, but your tobacco never tasted so sweet, and later on the broiled ambrosia of the marsh princes tittilates your ravished palate. You have had an ideal day's snipe shooting and are physically and mentally the better for it.

One of the most satisfying traits of the Wilson snipes to me is their absolute disregard of decoys. You can't "toll" a snipe in to his destruction or seduce him with bait, for he eats food beyond your providing and scorns the trash that inveigles the gluttonous duck. Neither can he be brought to destruction by "calling," for his only known vocal note is one of alarm and cannot, therefore, be used to his prejudice. Nor can you murder him sitting, for the eye of man is too grossly dim to discern him when he crouches. You must, therefore, perforce give him a fair chance for his life and he generally makes the best of it.

In conclusion, I wish to enter my humble though sincere protest against the ill-advised laches of our California legislators in leaving this king of all our marsh birds outside of the pale of protection. There is no argument which can be advanced in support of this really criminal neglect of, or what is worse, maliciously premeditated lethal designs upon this superb game fowl. If any man—I will not say sportsman, for such a term cannot logically be used in this connection—can show one single tenable reason why the snipe should be permitted to be killed at any and all times of the year, I would be interested to hear it.

It is not a destructive fowl. It attacks neither the crops of agriculturists nor the bees of the apiarist. It is neither predacious, herbivorous nor carnivorous; it destroys no beneficial insects nor any other life or organism useful to man. It does not offend by its habits, and inhabits only the waste and drear places. On the other hand it is the gamiest bird which flies; an unequaled food delicacy whose capture affords more genuine sport than does any other game fowl of this section. Why, then, this inexplicable discrimination against one of our worthiest entertainers? Why this senseless casting of these sportsman's most prized pearls into the maw of that degenerate species of swine yclept, in the contempt of all good men, game hogs?

Let the answer be a logical amendment, next legislative session, of the infamous law which presently brings a blush of reproach to every California sportsman's brow. Let us consistently protect this best of birds before it is too late.

GAME IN EARLY CALIFORNIA DAYS

By J. M. Scanland.

HEN the Spaniards first came to California, nearly a century and a half ago, they found the streams abundantly stocked with all kinds of fishes; waterfowl and other birds covered the lakes, marshes, valleys, hills and sloughs, and the wild animals, roaming at will in search of prey, were almost tame so far as the fear of man was concerned.

The Indians hunted only from necessity, when they wanted food—and they were always in want—but their primitive weapons made little inroads on the fast multiplying game in this lotus-land of luxuriant verdure. The Spanish-Mexican population was also comparatively small, and they found little amusement in hunting, except for bears. There is a "Bear Cañon" in nearly every settlement in California, and volumes of hair-lifting stories have been handed down to future generations of hunters. The Indian hunted the bear with his bow and arrow and obsidian knife. The Spaniard hunted him on horseback with his riata and gun. With the advent of the American trapper with his great proficiency with firearms, game rapidly grew scarcer and some of the species once very numerous have practically become extinct. Elk were numerous on the northern side of San Francisco bay, and droves of them swam over to Yerba Buena Island to browse upon the sweet, nutritious herb that gives its name to that island. On one occasion, says Soule's History of San Francisco, while a trial trip was being made with the first steamer built in the bay, it collided with a drove of these swimming animals, which came near sinking the frail craft. Antelope were also plentiful, the Spaniards hunting them for their tallow, preferring it to that of bullocks.

From the earliest settlement of the Spaniards at the spot now known as San Francisco, until the discovery of gold and the subsequent rapid settlement of the country by gold seekers, the rivers and creeks in this vicinity were abundantly supplied with salmon and other fish. A narrow and crooked path, through a dense wood, led from the Presidio to the Mission Dolores, across little valleys and sand hills, and here the bark of the coyote and the howl of the lean and hungry wolf were nightly heard. The prowling bear also left his track as a mark for the hunter, and in going from one point to the other, the inhabitants always carried thir guns, either for safety or sport.

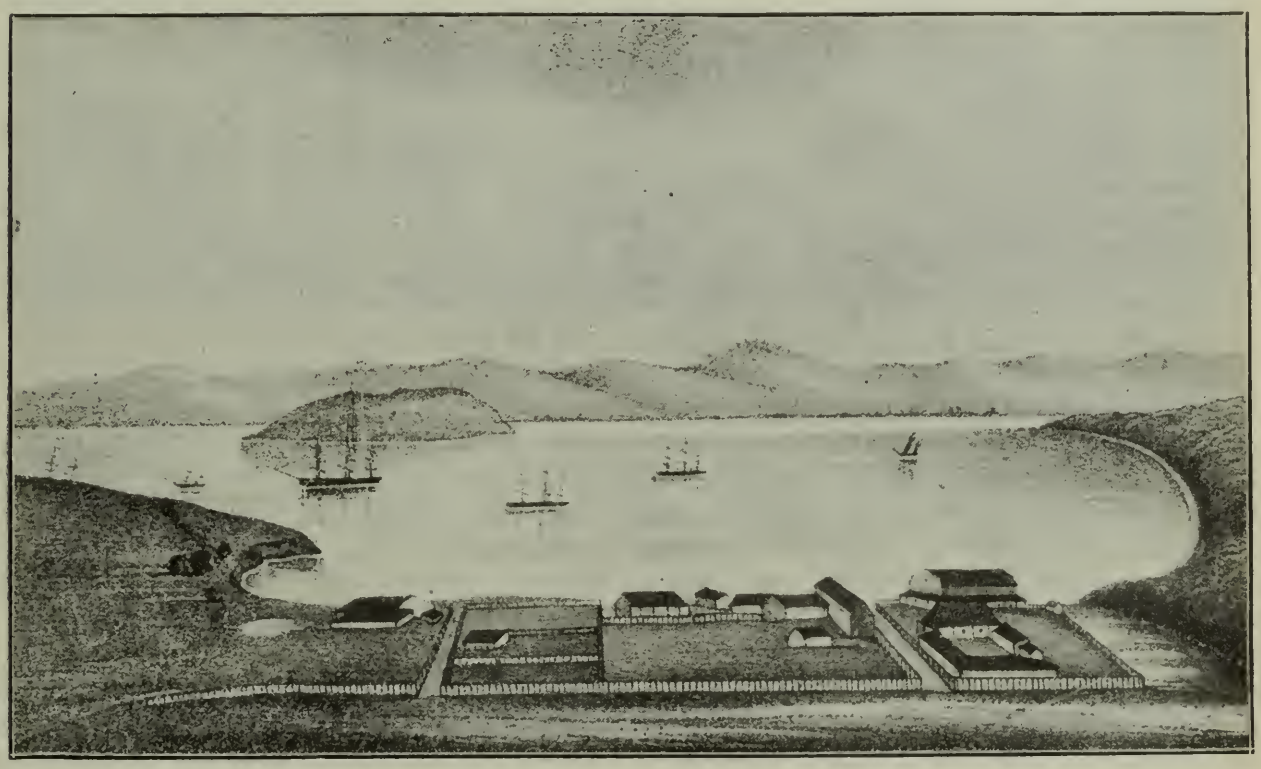
The aristocratic section now known as "Nob Hill" was a favorite hunting ground for years after the settlement of Yerba Buena in 1836. Prior to that time, there was only an anchorage in the bay, and a few freight sheds along the "cove," swerving round from the base of Telegraph Hill, whose waters extended up to what is now Montgomery street. About the beginning of the second quarter of the last century there were five thousand Indians in this vicinity, and only about two hundred Spaniards. Each of the Mission establishments had about a thousand head of cattle, and a corresponding number of horses, cattle and sheep.

San Francisco bay was then alive with fur-bearing seals, but the Spaniards saw neither sport nor profit in catching them. Neither did the aborigines, so far as history records. The Russians made a small settlement of the southernmost and largest of the Farallone Islands, and in their first season took eighty thousand seals from this one island. Before the Russians took possession of this island, American trappers ventured out in pine canoes, climbed up on the rocks, and clubbed the seals to death. Sailors, looking for sport, came to the islands to shoot the myriads of birds that covered them. Had the Russians discovered

gold it is very probable that the grasping Russian bear would have wrested California from the Mexicans, and the United States would have a harder fight to dislodge the Muscovite than it had to overcome the Mexican.

The Farallone Islands, because of their almost inaccessible position and lack of accommodations, are seldom visited by sportsmen or tourists. They are still virgin fields for sportsmen, and game is more plentiful there in proportion than at any other point in California. On these bleak and dreary islands are found myriads of sea-fowl, especially shags, gulls and murres, and there are also sea-lions by the acre. The islands are remarkable for the absence of snakes, a fact in favor of the sportsman. The Spaniards caught the sea-lion with the riata when they condescended to catch them at all, deeming it but poor sport on account of the ease in its capture. In later days, murre and sea-gull egg-hunters, who supplied the local markets, shot seals for their oil to use in lamps, but the government put a stop to this slaughter. The Spaniards estimated that about one hundred thousand murres nested on the southernmost island, the only one of the group inhabited by fowl, fish or sea-lions. The number has considerably diminished, for the Russians slaughtered them by the thousands, and then came the American poachers, who not only killed the murres but took their eggs by tons for the San Francisco markets.

There were about one hundred thousand Indians in California when the Spaniards came in 1769. They neither planted grain nor cultivated the ground, but lived by hunting, fishing, and upon the wild fruits of the soil. With such an abundance of fish and game, the sportsman would consider the country a paradise, but the Indians, naturally lazy, indulged in sport only from the necessities of their appetite. They moved their residence from place to place as the fish and game grew scarcer, or more difficult to take; the skins of the animals furnished them the little clothing they wore, and their time was passed mostly in making bows and arrows for the chase and nets for fishing. Fowl were also caught in nets. Fish-hooks were made of bone, and arrows were tipped with bone, or obsidian. A hunting expedition was a state affair with the aborigines. When the "astrologer" of the village said the signs were favorable the captain sent a crier around, who announced that the chase would take place next morning. The men were dressed in their best, painted, and armed with their bows and arrows. In single file they passed before their god



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1825. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

MAIN STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1836. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

which they worshipped by dancing. The captain then jumped as high as he could, gave a yell, and let fly an arrow into the air. Each hunter then prepared as if to shoot an arrow upward, signifying that they were now after meat and that all game had better look out. They then ran, in single file, to the mountain or valley where the game was supposed to be. This ceremonial was an invocation of success and to implore protection from any game that might turn upon the hunter.

With the invasion of the Spaniard there was a new era in hunting as in everything else. The "wild Indians"—those who refused to be enslaved in the Mission establishments and by the ranchers—fled to the foothills and the mountains and their game fields were narrowed. The pop of the fowling-piece of the Spaniard frightened the game, and made hunting less successful for the Indian. For a while the Spaniards found good hunting at their very doors and reveled in the slaughter. They usually had a pack of forty or fifty dogs in their trains, and also when after bears carried along two or three Indians to watch the "bait" bullock which was killed and the carcass placed where the bear would likely find it. This was a favorite sport at night. When the coyotes and wolves scented the feast and began to bark and howl, the hunter then knew that the bear was not far behind, and he had a choice of game. The red panther or "American lion," the "spotted leopard" (?) and jaguar, the black, white and gray wolves and the blue, red and black foxes were very plentiful and afforded great sport betimes. After the discovery of gold, hunting and trapping was mostly abandoned as a livelihood, and when the country became more thickly settled it ceased to be profitable owing to the scarcity of game.

Sea-otter were very plentiful in California in the early part of last century, and were found from the Sacramento River to San Diego and beyond, according to a work entitled "Early California," by an unknown writer. The Spaniards trapped them for the trading vessels. The otter sought these mild waters where there were no storms and where clams and sea-crabs, their principal food, were abundant. San Francisco bay was full of them, and the Indians who lived here hunted them with spears, going out into the bay in canoes. The Indians ate the flesh and used the furs for ornaments in their religious dances. When the Spaniards came they hunted the otter in cedar canoes, and introduced the gun. When the American trappers began to percolate through the mountains, they introduced new methods of

hunting the otter, and their success established a lucrative trade with the American and English vessels that found their way here in the second quarter of the past century. The otter was comparatively tame until the evading trappers began to shoot for the market, and then they kept further from shore, scarcely ever venturing within a mile of land. The hunters then erected derricks of poles about forty feet high, and upon this was a box seat for the hunter, who was provided with a rifle and a field-glass. These derricks were erected on rocks or in shallow water along the coast, and on some of the islands the hunters lived and carried on the business of preparing the otter skins for the market. Even when the hunter saw an otter within range it required much skill to hit his game, for he had to estimate not only the distance and the force of the drift of the wind, but the voluntary or involuntary action of the animal in the breakers as well. When killed, the animals were brought ashore by dogs or by men in canoes with riatas. These otter were of fine, dark color, weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds. Professional hunters and sportsmen have driven them from the mild waters of California to the far Northwest, and they are now almost unknown along the California coast.

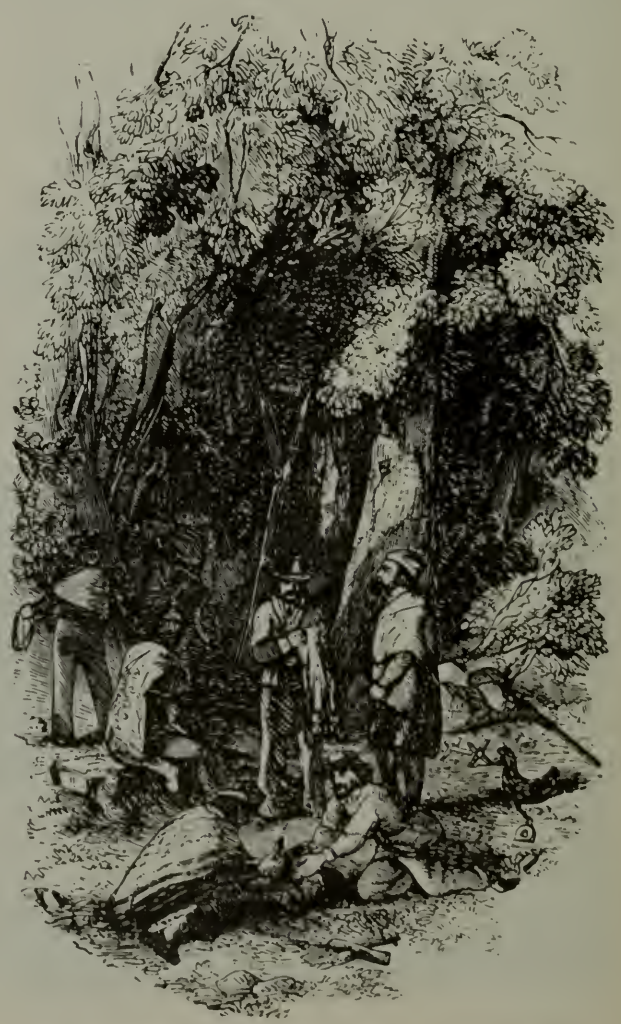
According to the authority above mentioned, the Sacramento Valley was a fine hunting district in the aboriginal and Spanish-Mexican days. Game was most abundant along the Rio Buena Ventura (Sacramento River) to its confluence with the bay. Here were turkey, pheasants, "*peacocks* of a brownish white and *guinea-fowl* (!), grouse, quail, partridge, prairie hen and the *green parrot*." There were myriads of land birds, and rich ranges of hazel nuts upon which they fed. The Indians had their huts of reeds upon the banks of the river, and waxed fat upon the game and fishes. American trappers, some of whom reached this valley in 1825, found large numbers of fur-bearing beaver, and hunted them for their fur. The beavers are now nearly extinct. After the trappers thinned them out so that the business was no longer profitable, "the farmers killed the beavers in self-defense to protect their farms and the river banks from the depredations of these animals." Ducks and geese were abundant, also elk and grizzly bear. The hunter used an "ark," or floating hut of reeds, which was anchored in the sloughs or along the shallow waters of the river, and then drifted along with the tide, fishing. When he went ashore for game, he used a canoe. During the mad rush for gold, this valley being the central point, many hunters killed bears for the mining camps, selling the flesh at fifty cents

SACRAMENTO IN 1836. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

FROM AN OLD PRINT. (A. D. 1726.)

to one dollar per pound. As a bear ranges from six hundred to seven hundred pounds, the sportsman struck a "pocket" if he killed one bear a day. But the bears have mostly fled to the mountains, and there are a few elk remaining in the high mountains, but they are very shy.

The river now known as the Sacramento, and its tributaries, still abounds in trout, but they are not so plentiful as in the early days. The Sacramento Valley has ever been famous among sportsmen for fish and deer, and even in the early days there were "inns" along the roads for the accommodation of sportsmen. In June and July, when the salmon go up the Sacramento to spawn, fishermen found good sport by casting their lines in the deep pools where the salmon are mostly found. The Indians used to come from long distances to spear and trap these fish, which they dried for eating in the winter. The Indian method of catching the salmon was to set a crotch of two sticks in a pool, and lay a log from the shore to this crotch. The Indian spearman walked out upon the log, carrying a long spear with two prongs at the end, and which were tipped with bone spear-heads fastened to the shaft of the spear by a strong cord, usually of deer's sinews. The Indian stood straight and motionless with his lance poised and his keen eyes upon the black pool. When he saw the bright sheen of the salmon he cast his spear; there was a commotion in the water, and he landed a twenty-five or thirty pound salmon. The bone spear-heads were unloosed from the spear as they penetrate the fish, and were held by the cord. A squaw stood upon the shore with a club, and when the fish was hauled in she beat the life out of it. The salmon was then roasted on hot stones, the meat picked off the bones, and the squaws rubbed it to a fine powder which was then packed for future use. In this manner the aborigines stored away food-fish, and, to some extent, it is still done. From one of these pools three or four hundred salmon would be taken in one day, each Indian averaging about fifty. Thousands of female



OLD CALIFORNIA HUNTING CAMP. (PRINT 1836.)

salmon were killed, before the white man came, by the Indians who had no regard for closed seasons.

Tulare Lake region was the happy hunting grounds of the aboriginal Tulare Indians, and they were in almost continual war with their poaching neighbors. Here were canvas-back ducks and snipes by the thousands, with geese by the acres. The rustling sound of their wings was like the rushing wind of a coming storm, and their "honk-a-tonk" cries were almost deafening. Their white and gray wings almost obscured patches of the sky as they wheeled over the tules, and when they swarmed upon the surface of the lake flapping their wings, the water broke in white foam for miles around. These birds fed along the margin of the lake in the long grass, and the Indian with a club waded out, and attacking a flock, knocked over dozens with a few blows. All along the margin of the lake the Indians had ambuscades where they waited for game and wild animals, armed only with clubs or bows and arrows. On the eastern margin of the lake, in Tulare Valley, the American pioneers found the ruins of Indian villages, the history of whose occupants was unknown to the Tulare Indians. From the closeness of these villages to the margin of the lake, and the hunting implements found, it is evident that they were mighty hunters and lived solely upon the fish and game found in the lake and its vicinity. American hunters found game abundant and for a half a century this valley has also been a hunting ground for the pale face and the Mongolian pot-hunters of the adjacent Chinese villages. Until within a few years ago, there were many droves of wild hogs in that valley which gave a zest to sport, but the only porcine species found there now are game hogs.

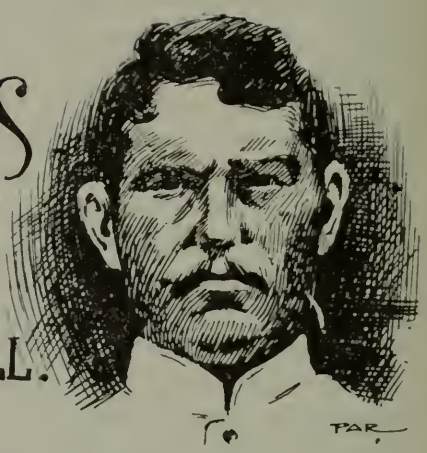
Monterey Bay was a great fishing point in the early days, as well as for many years after the American occupation. An American visiting this ancient capital in 1830, states that the beach was daily "alive" with sardines, wriggling and struggling in the sand. In their attempt to escape from the mouths of the big fish, the waves washed them ashore where they were gathered by the Indians, who were thus supplied without the trouble of fishing for them. Birds also flocked to the feast, and the Spaniards would kill them with their old-fashioned fowling-pieces. The great quantity of small fish in the bay attracted whales, which cruised along the coast, coming across from Alaskan waters. Whales scooped in these fish by hundreds, and sometimes the Indians and Mexicans, with their spears and guns, rode out in a canoe and dispatched a whale, affording a feast for a week or two. Porpoises and sword-fish were also numerous. Bears were "friendly" to the Spaniards and often came trotting down from the mountains into the pueblos. The Spaniards mounted their horses, and with their riatas soon had the bear secured by his feet. There were howling wolves and barking coyotes in great numbers, and they often stole down to the beach at night to feast on the fish thrown up by the waves.

In the foothills of Southern California, during the Mexican period wild horses were found, which were hunted by pioneers both for the sport and with the view of taming the animal, as it was of the Andalusian stock. Indians hunted the wild horse for his flesh, which is said to be tender and sweet.

Stalking mountain sheep was a favorite sport with the early American settlers; but these wily animals are very scarce now, and have learned to keep their distance on the most inaccessible heights. As these animals scale the smoothest glaciers and run up a steep mountain side where the hunter cannot find a footing, there is hard sport to hunt them. They have an elastic hoof, and seem to stick to a rock like a fly to a wall. The Indians formerly hunted them by wearing stuffed sheep heads over the head as decoys.

On Loo-Maï's Preserves

By ALEX RUSSELL.



DURING the short and inglorious reign of King Thebau upon the throne of upper Burmah brigandage (or as it is better known under its native name, "Dacoity") impermeated the unhappy country through its entire length and breadth, and was mainly kept in subjection through a liberal use of money in the form of subsidies from the king or his ministers to the principle chiefs of the Dacoits.

Occasionally the sword was used to settle a point where some minor chief, puffed up by his own importance, dared to demand more for his acquiescence than the Woon Douk (*i. e.* governor) of the district cared to give, but these cases were few and far between, and as Thebau's reign drew near a close, his grip upon the government of the country progressed in like manner. But it was not until after the occupation of his capital by the British that Dacoity had a full fair inning.

The rapidity of this exploit had for a time demoralized the lawless element among the population, and following the lull which ensued came a time when, from lack of sufficient troops to occupy the different districts, Dacoity in its most virulent and hideous forms ravaged the country from end to end.

In all parts of the country leaders of more or less note sprang up with a mushroom-like growth that for more than two years kept the authorities hustling for all they were worth.

In the district behind and around Mymoo the celebrated Bo Shay painted the heavens with the torch and the earth with blood, while in the more immediate vicinity of which I write Loo Mai and his two brothers followed the example of the aforesaid great luminary, but in a manner which by comparison was mere candle light.

Some six miles north of Mymoo and near to the confluence of the Moo with the Irawadi River, Loo Mai owned a village named Ooyin, and this Ooyin in turn owned a population who were cut-throats of the first order, the exception portion of the population being the children in arms, and they of course merely lacked years to fit them for the occupation of their fathers.

Under the accommodating rule of Thebau, old man Loo had become a fit representative of that man whom King David mentions in his Book of Psalms, "He shall be like a tree that grows near planted by a river," etc. He had waxed fat on the subsidies which had been contributed by the people in adjacent districts in return for permission to wear their heads upon their own shoulders instead of upon the pointed ends of bamboos, but the advent into his life-dreams of the British with their mistaken notions about justice and the security of life and property, had rudely shaken his nerves as does a nightmare, and left him, like Othello, without an occupation. He bitterly resented their intrusion, and took every means in his power to show it; that is, he robbed and murdered just the same.

True, Mr. McDermott, the head inspector of police, and Mr. Colquhon, the deputy commissioner for the district, had cojointly taken a nice strip of palm leaf about an inch wide and two feet long, and with a sharp iron wrote thereon a nice letter, telling him that his former sins would be forgiven him if he would reform his ways, and in the cactus-walled precincts of his village

home lead the quiet orderly life of a country gentleman. But no; Loo Mai had been nurtured in strife and pampered by fortune, and he demanded a sum so fabulous in return for such a concession of his rights that diplomacy and negotiation stood equally aghast.

Nay, to show his contempt for all law other than his own, he had mounted his piebald pony and rode down to within five hundred yards of where our steamer landed its cargo and passengers, and in broad daylight murdered in cold blood a worthy cattle dealer and British subject, by name Ahmed Ali, while the sack of money which was intended for the purchase of cattle was taken by Loo Mai and deposited in the bank of Ooyin.

But what has all this to do with a hunting story? perhaps the reader will ask. Well, it has got a great deal to do with it, for it is meant to show how high priced a measly old hare, or a brace of jungle fowl might become to the sportsman who went shooting on the preserves of Loo Mai.

So much then for the history; now for the story.

It was one of those sweltering hot days in the month of August, 1886, and somewhere about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the Kah Byoo dropped her anchor and swung easily into her "ghaut," several hundred yards above the fort at Mymoo, with her usual complement of troops and supplies; and scarcely had the gang-planks been run out and declared ready for traffic ere the genial voice of McDermott was heard as he strolled leisurely on board, sans sword or belt.

I had doffed a white drill suit in favor of a semi-military one of khaki, and as I struggled into my hunting boots his eye fell upon me. With a pleasant smile and a warm hand shake, he asked: "Going hunting again? Well, be careful! All's quiet just now, but you never know." Even Captain Terndrup, as he passed me on his way to the gang-planks, took occasion to utter his note of warning, with a slight Danish accent: "Vell, they will be making a spread eagle of you some day."

Perhaps, under ordinary circumstances I would have wilted at so many presages of disaster, and postponed my hunt to some future occasion when Loo Mai and his band of Dacoits had been improved from off the earth (as was the ultimate result), but unfortunately I had, in a moment of foolish exaltation, boasted of my prowess with the shotgun among the hares and jungle fowl at Mymoo to Georgie Hyslop, and he (sly old dog that he was) immediately put me under bonds for the next pair of hares which I shot, and as I had made up my mind to settle the debt on my return trip to Mandalay, I felt that there was no such thing as turning back.

I observed as I climbed up the river bank a Burmese peon with the chevrons of a sergeant on his arm, and a *dah* (sword) in his lap, sitting on the edge of the bank;

HPO THIT.

thinking that here indeed was a golden opportunity for a companion and protector, I requested him to follow me. Now, if there is any thing the average Burman delights in, it is to accompany a *kalah* (foreigner) even in the capacity of a menial, and be considered a part and parcel of the entourage. A hunting trip is his delight of delights, for, although the Buddhist religion strictly forbids the taking of life in whatever form, still John Burman will take human life without any compunction. He draws the line at animals, birds and insects,

yet he will cook and eat any animal or bird after it has been killed by some person other than himself.

Perhaps it was the prospect of a toothsome hare or jungle cock, combined with the sport, that made him acquiesce so readily to my request, at any rate Hpo Thit and I wended our way through the sun-baked paddy fields behind Mymoo, toward the patches of jungle scrub that clothed the slopes of the low range of hills which formed the dividing line between the Moo and the Irawadi.

It was my intention on starting to make my way to the top of the range and then wait till the first shadows of evening ere I returned to the steamer, for I knew from past experience that while the hot sun lasted animate nature was either asleep or in hiding, so that when Hpo Thit and I consented to rest, it was on the ruins of an old pagoda which had at one time adorned the crest of the range.

Looking north, the dim outlines of the hills (which almost cross the Irawadi at Sagine) could be seen edging the horizon, while at our left, so close to us that we could hear the voices and see their owners ploughing in the fields with their oxen, lay the valley of the Moo, with its silver strip of water and its broad-reaching delta, laid out in numberless squares, each marking with its low earth walls the existence of the ever-present paddy field. On our right, the broad majestic Irawadi rolled past, still swollen with the snows of the Himalayas and the rains of summer, silent and irresistible on its way to join the ocean. At intervals along its banks the villages of Ooyin, Mymoo and others were conspicuous by the open fields around them and the gilded spires of their pagodas peeping from out the clusters of palms and tamarind trees which surrounded them.

Further to the south, where the Irawadi was lost from view, the high range of sand hills that broke the line of the horizon, marked the confines of the Chindwind, and as I looked, memories crowded back upon me that were at once commingled with suffering and pleasure, days when disease kept me hovering between the known and the unknown, when all around sickness and disaster pervaded the atmosphere.

Then again, there were days when the sun shone a little brighter and the long weary vigil of waiting was relieved by rambles among the hills around Kyoukmet with a shotgun, or a canoe trip to Ahlone or Amyn Myo.

But the brighest day of all was when Tyndal and I left the Kah Byoo high and dry upon a sand bank in the middle of the river at Kyoukmyet, and drifted in a canoe down to Kooniwah and freedom, and left, as I thought, the Chindwind, and its associations forever and ever.

And now here I was again, looking toward Pakyyan Nya and the Chindwind, and the old hunger just to see it again was gnawing at my heart just as it had done five years ago, and I looked at Hpo Thit and said, as I pointed to the dark line below the sand hills, "Some day I shall go there."

I had intended to time my return to the steamer so that I should have the benefit of the short twilight on the hillside, but wearied by the prevailing quietness, and impatient to bag some hares or jungle fowl, I concluded to return before darkness set in, so, telling Hpo Thit to follow, I strode down hill into the thorn scrub with eyes and ears on the alert for game. But animate nature must have deserted the district, for not a bird or beast was to be seen or heard. Cautiously I stole through thickets, down ravines, across open spaces where "toddy" trees stand in clumps, and all the favorite places where the jungle cock and his family were wont to disport themselves; but even the irregular lines of thorn hedges which had often before provided a covey of quails or a brace of hares, seemed now silent and deserted, and with a parting anathema on my luck I slipped the sling of my gun over my shoulder and waited for Hpo Thit to rejoin me.

As we walked across the open rice fields toward the dark belt of trees which fringed the river and hid the steamer from view, Hpo Thit attempted to be communicative, but my knowledge of his language being somewhat limited, and hastily concluding that he wished me to stand between him and his chief for deserting his duty and following me, I paid little or no attention to his words, till we arrived at the cactus hedge which bounded the road which led to the steamer's ghaut.

The track we had been following led through a gap in this hedge out upon the other, and as we passed through in the dim

twilight, my heart almost stopped beating, for there strung out in a long line stood a host of ox-teams with their drivers, beneath the shadows of the trees, waiting silent and grim, while back a little from the head of the line and apart sat a small group of men mounted on ponies.

There was no need to ask whose the piebald pony was, for Hpo Thit breathlessly whispered "*Dacoit she the lai!*" ("These are Dacoits"), and bolted behind the hedge toward Mymoo.

For a moment I had mind to follow his example, but pride was too strong within me; for was not the steamer almost within stone throw of me? and the thought of slinking a mile round to acomplish a hundred yards was too much for me, paralyzed and all as I felt. So slipping a couple of buckshot cartridges into my gun I stepped out into the open, prepared to shoot and run should it become necessary.

My appearance, however, was all that was necessary, for with shouted orders the mounted men whipped up their ponies and disappeared, while the drivers of the ox-teams goaded their animals in frantic efforts to be gone.

With my heart thumping like a steam hammer, I walked on without deigning to notice them, and never looked behind till I was safe on board the Kah Byoo.

As I walked across the gang-planks something about the appearance of the cargo on the decks attracted my attention and denoted that something unusual had happened in my absence. Numberless tins of kerosene oil was strewn higgedly-piggledy about the deck, without regard to the usual order with which such articles of cargo were kept while in transit, while the crew stood in groups, talking as I fancied rather excitedly, and the traders from the adjacent villages, who usually lent animation to the scene by their presence on the by-weekly arrival of the steamer, were now conspicuous by their total absence.

It is strange how apathetic a person can become when continuously confronted, day after day, by untoward incidents that would startle a civilized community into a fit of nervousness, but which here would hardly evoke a passing remark, save by the Kalasies, and they of course were merely looked upon by the European element as a superior class of monkeydom.

It was more with a vague feeling of astonishment than aught else I know of, that I laid my gun away, and after the customary bath and change of dress, sat down at the dining table in the saloon. I had asked my boy "Jan" what the matter was, and received the rather vague answer, "*Bot bobbery, sahib*" (big row).

Captain Terndrup and I evidently had the table to ourselves, and I was soon in receipt of the history of the last few hours. He informed me that, noting the unusual number of tins of keresone with which the steamer was loaded, his curiosity became aroused, and he determined to investigate the matter before he allowed the natives to take them ashore, and he found on trying to lift one of them that the handle came off without moving the tin.

Carefully cutting several of them open, he discovered their contents to be nothing less than gun-powder, precussion caps, and moulded bullets, suitable for the smooth-bore guns with which the natives were armed, all in sufficient quantity, he declared, "to retake the country."

Terndrup was not only excited, but he was considerably puffed up with importance over his discovery of the ammunition, which he declared was intended for Loo Mai or possibly some other "Big Fellow," and when I quietly told him about meeting Loo Mai and his retainers just behind the line of trees over on the bank, he almost burst a blood vessel in his excitement, while he poured forth all the expletives that his vocabulary contained in his efforts to extract from me the very simple answer to his question, "Why in —— didn't you shoot him?"

It was in vain he speculated upon the amount of money which would have accrued to me for such a simple act; all I could do was to wish he had been in my place at the moment of meeting Loo Mai; for had my feelings been analyzed at that juncture, the result would have shown that I preferred the sanctuary of the steamer to the ownership of the Bank of England. John Terndrup was nothing if he was not sarcastic; he had also an abiding faith in his own abilities and a corresponding contempt for the possession of ability in others, so that when I announced my intention of rising early and prosecuting the hunt by moonlight, I was met by an incredulous sneer. When

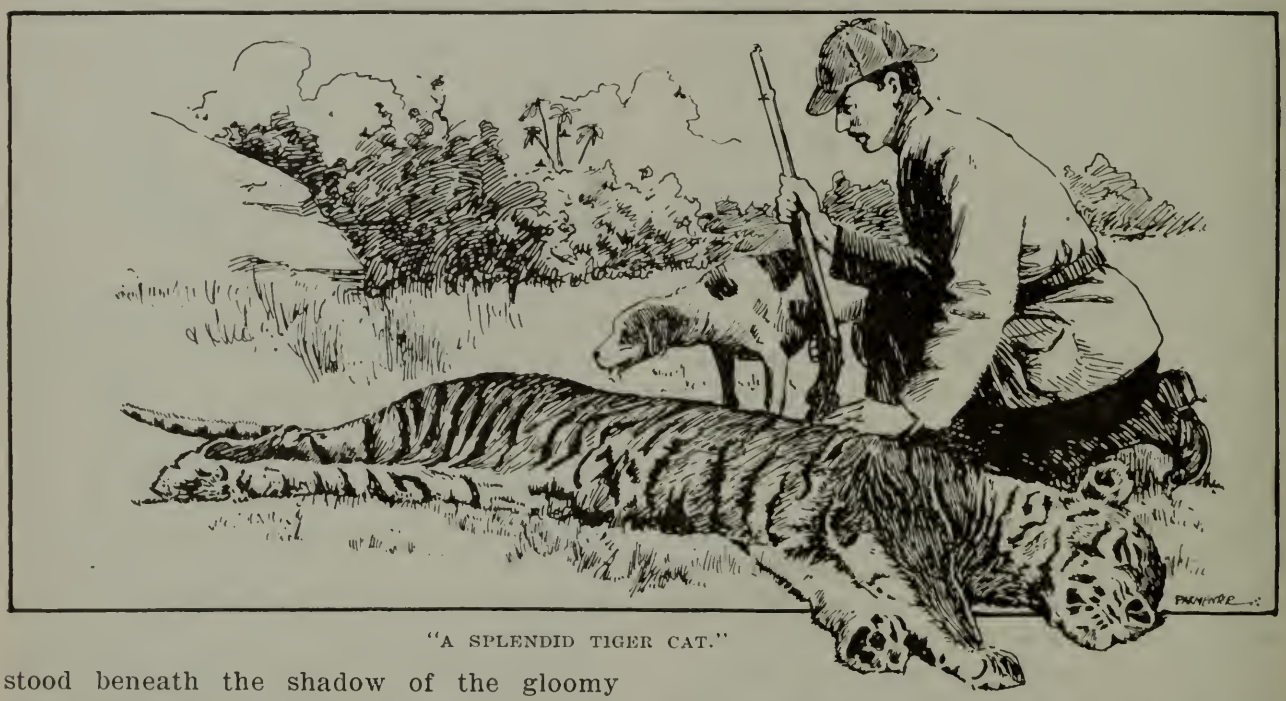
the voice of the *pooriwallah* (watchman) at my cabin door announced that it was two o'clock I slipped a couple of buckshot cartridges into my gun as a preliminary before stepping ashore. Again I was destined to have a companion in the shape of a young pointer dog belonging to the sub-inspector of police, and which kept continually deserting his master's bungalow for the more comfortable quarters and solid meals which he acquired on board the steamer.

In conformity to his markings I had renamed him "Spot," and what with fondling and caressing him I had forever alienated his affection from his master. It was with a feeling of companionship that I followed "Spot" across the gang-planks and scrambled up the bank in the bright moonlight; as I stood beneath the shadow of the gloomy mango trees and took a parting look at the steamer, I could hear the *pooriwallah* as he sat by the glow of his lantern on the hatch near the gang-planks, plying his needlework and softly crooning to himself some refrain in his native dialect. Overhead the moon was sailing along in all the glory of its fullness, bathing the broad smooth bosom of the Irawadi and the silent hills with its steel blue rays, and annihilating distance with its indistinctness.

Not a sound save the low monotonous gurgle of the river broke the reigning silence on shore; not a leaf quivered on the trees nor a blade of grass bowed its head in token of even the faintest breeze; not a light glimmered on river bank or hillside to betoken human life—nothing but oppressive loneliness and ghostly shadow, and even Spot seemed to feel the general uncanniness that pervaded the atmosphere, for now and again he would lick my hand and look up at me as if he would fain say "Let us be going."

As I moved along the road, scrutinizing every brush and detached clump of thicket, visions of Loo Mai and his cutthroats rose in my mind at every step, and when I came to the little square (but now deserted) paddy field, where poor Ahmed Ali had met his death, I was almost ready to believe I saw the brown barrel of a Dacoit's gun protruding from every successive bush, and I half regretted that I had ever had the temerity to leave the steamer on such a fool quest.

With an effort I threw off my fears, and reasoning to myself that I was much too small game for Loo Mai or any of his followers to bother with, I lengthened my stride, called audibly to Spot—as a means of strengthening my courage—and settled down to a good long walk which eventually brought me to Kilogrady's.



"A SPLENDID TIGER CAT."

Leaving the road behind me I skirted for a time the edge of the jungle till I came to where a scattered patch of palmetto trees towered their heads above the surrounding scrub, and thinking that here was a good place for a retrospective view of the path I had lately come, Spot and I walked in below the nearest and had a breathing spell. For nearly fifteen minutes we stood there with eyes and ears strained to their utmost, but without reward, till a monster lizard came from a point somewhere to our rear.

and silently stole across the open space in front of us, and so astonished Spot that only after its disappearance did he make a half-hearted attempt to follow it. A little later the withered frond of one of the trees behind me fell with a crash and sent the cold chills up my spine, so hastily concluding that it was just as well to be shot as scared to death, I entered the thorn scrub and made for a disused paddy-field which I knew to be somewhere in the center, and which formed quite a little clearing of some five acres in extent.

It was here I had often heard the jungle cock at sundown calling on his harem to follow him as he strode out into the open, unconscious that while he woke the silence of the hills with his clarion calls a hidden foe watched his every strut and step, and but awaited the moment when himself and flock stepped within range of the deadly gun; but to-night the jungle retained its silence and for a time I stood on the edge of the clearing, undecided whether to proceed or to return to the steamer.

It was nearing the hour of dawn and I knew that the sun would rise beyond the river and pour his fierce rays down upon the jungle, and animate nature would then seek the deepest and darkest recesses for cool and quietness. Presently Spot growled and crouched behind me, and as my eyes roamed the clearing in the uncertain light for the object of his displeasure they fell upon the shadowy, indistinct figure of an animal which I at once took to be a large-sized dog, coming toward me with long, undulating bounds.

I mentally noted as the animal became more distinct that if he persisted in his present course he must strike the jungle close to where I was standing, and as I had no wish to be the hunted one I determined to let him have the contents of my gun.

Whether the animal was aware of my presence I could not tell, but certainly I was not afraid of him, as his long willowy bounds brought him nearer to the spot which I had marked out as a safe gun range, I aimed directly at his head, pulled the trigger and stopped his further progress. But he was not yet dead, for placing his head on the ground he spun round like a top till I gave him the second barrel and thus quieted him. I walked forward to where he lay and discovered that the supposed dog was no less than a splendid tiger-cat ringed with black stripes from head to tail.

Some two years previous to this I had seen a similar animal in the hands of an Italian collector at Bhamo (Mr. Leo Fay), who was at the time engaged collecting all sorts of specimens in natural history for the Museum of Florence, Italy, and from him I learned for the first time that such an animal ranged the jungles of Upper Burmah. I had now had all the hunting I cared for, and being unwilling to burden myself with such a gory trophy I made a straight line for the steamer and from there dispatched a couple of Kalasies to bring the quarry in.

About two months later the Kah Byoo was steaming past Ooyin on her way to Mymoo when we were signaled from the shore; when the gang planks had been run out, a bullock cart guarded by a company of Goorkhas and accompanied by McDermott and his police, unloaded three prisoners. There was little need to ask who they were—the old fox and his brothers had at last been run to earth. They were placed upon the deck, bound hand and foot, and with a grim-looking Goorkha, *kookri* in hand, standing over each.

As I moved up for a closer inspection, the youngest brother (a man about my own age) seemed to know me. He looked up at me with the pleading inquiry, "Sir, will they shoot me?"

I was moved to compassion by the memory of a night some two months ago, and I answered gently and compassionately, "*Houtoi*" (yes), and then moved away.

AN EIGHT o'clock Oregon sun looked down upon us—a merry crowd bundled into a lumber wagon with guns and camping outfit—headed for the Buck Ford of Myrtle Creek. Sam Boyless, Phil Rice and myself were after venison. Sam's father and mother, natives of Tennessee on a visit to their son, were intent on seeing the wonders of the Oregon mountains and forests and enjoying the novelty of camp life in the Cascades; while Sam's three little youngsters, aged respectively three, five and seven years, were bent on fun and mischief.

Our road lay through a valley yellow with ripening grain and clothed here and there with orchards laden with peaches and prunes. The hills on either side of us were green with scrub oaks and stunted laurel, while the naked hillsides were brown and parched. When out a few miles from town Phil suddenly shouted to the driver and began clambering out of the wagon. All eyes turned in the direction of his gaze, and there, on the hillside in a little sag about four hundred yards away, stood a splendid buck. In a moment another buck stepped out of the bushes and stood beside him. How we did tumble out of that wagon! Sam's .30-30 threw up a cloud of dust where one of them stood, but a bush screened him from view. Phil with a .25-20 dropped a shot or two thirty feet below his mark. Meantime I was tugging at the guns packed away under the luggage. One shot from the .45-90 struck the spot just left by the big fellow as he bounded up the gulch. We went after them, and gave them a hot and lively chase—but they live to fool some one else. It must have been amusing to hear each one in turn explain just how he happened to miss his deer. But as we jogged along the dusty road our drooping spirits were quickly revived by a bucket of luscious peaches donated by a neighboring orchard.

We stopped for lunch in the shade of some fragrant myrtle trees beside a cool mountain brook, and after a charming drive up the narrowing valley, hemmed in by steep fir-clad mountains, winding our way through groves of giant trees, and over a lonely road overhung by the manzanita and sweet-scented Indian balm, we reached the end of the road. It was a long, narrow meadow, with a deserted house and dilapidated buildings, surrounded by high and steep mountains mantled completely with dark, green forests.

We pitched our tent close to the creek whose clear, cold waters rippled away over the smooth stones, stole through many a deep pool and hurried down the noisy rapids. The wide-spreading alder branches promised refreshing shade in the noontide heat, and abundant dry wood was near at hand. It was an ideal camping ground. An hour before sunset we shouldered our guns and took a run up the creek and over the mountain. Many deer signs were found, and Sam jumped two deer, but failed to get a shot.

Our tent was just large enough to shelter the party. As we rolled into our blankets that night, dense black clouds were rising

in the western sky and the thunders were lifting their voices. The clouds soon dropped rain—and then it came down in bucketsful. It was an eventful night. All but Phil and I slept the sleep of the just. We watched the fireworks and listened to the bellowing thunders. Sheets of flame played along the mountain crests; chain lightning lashed the skies; things got wet, and Phil arose and made many pilgrimages out to bring our plunder into the tent. He went in his stocking feet. I upset a can of molasses, and he got his foot in it. Our sorrows seemed to be over at last and we were dropping into a doze, when he awoke with a start and said the horses were munching the sack of potatoes. After another race out into the fiery, noisy dampness he settled down for the night. We resigned ourselves to slumber, when the rain began dripping down on Phil's face. It started a flood of ejaculations. Then we raised an umbrella over our defenseless heads, and when, nearing dreamland, Phil muttered "Im glad mother didn't come, or I'd had to sleep out in the rain," I punched him in the ribs and declared that it was downright selfishness. But we finally slept as sweetly as babes in the woods.

At dawn Sam arose. As he pulled on his watersoaked shoes he made a few desultory remarks. He said cutting things about Phil and I under the umbrella. No sooner had he kindled a fire and started a little wreath of blue smoke skyward than he disappeared. As we sat down to our camp bread, coffee, bacon and potatoes, zest was given those luxuries by music on the mountain top. Sam's .30-30 played a rat-a-tat-too down the echoing cañon. It made our mouths water —and our eyes, too, for he soon came into camp, wet and bedraggled. The last he saw of the deer it was running, and I guess it is running yet.

Phil planned great things. He had splendid attractions to offer us each day of the hunt. We began with a trip to the "lick," a famous summer resort for black-tails. Yes, it was near by—only three miles over two tremendous mountains and on the further side of the second abysmal cañon! But hunters always camp at the hub of the happy hunting ground and then hunt around the rim of the universe. We did. My feet smoke and my knees creek yet from that fearful zigzag up and down those forest-covered steeps, with their clumps of plumed arrow-wood and ever-present poison oak.

Sam started a deer in the creek bottom, but Phil drew first blood near the top of the mountain. While he was hanging up his venison a big buck with three smaller deer bounded past him. The big fellow stopped long enough on the ridge to invite a shot, but Phil only tore a great hole in the atmosphere. We soon afterward met and moved down the park-like ridge planted with great oaks and sugar pines, Sam keeping along the hog-back, while Phil and I dropped down the cañon. We had gone but a couple of hundred yards when a lusty buck, with tail erect and head held high, trotted away among the trees just at the line of vision below us. We separated, and I attempted to head him off, but he got into a thicket and out of sight. While I was treading on air and straining my eyes a shot rang out. Phil invited me over to see a mighty buck. A hard scramble across several little gulches and through tangles of briars and fallen timber brought me to Phil's second triumph. There beside a log lay in all his silent majesty a buck with ponderous horns—an inch long. The innocent little thing had eluded Sam, only to walk into Phil's murderous .45, which let daylight through him at thirty feet. We sat down and reminded Phil that any pot-hunter could kill unwary fawns with a rock or sharp stick, but sportsmen didn't miss a lordly buck standing broadside at one hundred yards!

THE CREEK NEAR OUR CAMP.

But Phil had sweet revenge. He began to dilate on the glories of the deer lick. He declared herds of deer were that very moment stamping flies and lapping the saline mud in that far-famed resort—just over the ridge. Then he led us through a maze of perpendicular briar-clothed gulches, and over stony points covered with dead brush and blackened logs. We had quit hunting deer and were hunting in desperation for that deer lick. But it was as famed and as far as ever. We made a circuit of a league or so, and arrived at our starting point in the bottom of the cañon. Phil diverted our minds from the notion of his being lost by pointing to the vertical sun, the limpid waters and the sack of grub. We were easily diverted. So we threw ourselves down in a little glen in the deep shade by the gurgling rivulet and forgot our troubles. How refreshing is such an hour in the mountain solitudes, far from intruding care, lulled by the whispering leaves, the note of the forest bird and the fragrance of the woods.

But we found the lick. In the depth of the forest by a little stream a hole thirty feet across had been gnawed out by the deer of many generations. Countless tracks covered its marl-like bed and cut the paths in all directions. But all the tracks were ancient. When we asked Phil to show us that herd of stamping deer, he dryly remarked they heard us coming and stampeded.

PHIL'S INCH HORNED BUCK.

The next day Phil had a still more attractive diversion for us. It was a "slide" away up somewhere toward heaven—black with berries and also with bears. It was only five miles up there—but think of the fine shooting! So he led us away as lambs to the slaughter. We traveled miles up the creek in a well beaten path through thickets of alder and vine maple, crossed grassy

glades and passed abandoned placers. We saw some noble ridges rich with grass and pea vines; we trudged by many sightly shrub-dotted terraces, where many an old buck was snugly tucked in bed, no doubt, and chuckling as he thought of the "innocents abroad." But we reached the inevitable sooner than we expected. At the four-mile fork, Phil confessed he didn't know whether that bear-trodden, berry stained slide was up this cañon or that one. But he had a sweet morsel of comfort for us. If we would only follow up the lofty ridge between, we would find the famous twenty-eight mile ditch of some defunct mining company. So we followed. What else could we do? We were not hunting deer—or slides. We had now lost a twenty-eight mile ditch, and must find it. Our way took us skyward. We passed through splendid hunting grounds. It was a not and weary climb, but we found the ditch. In fact, we couldn't miss it—unless, like the Irishman, we sat down by the river and waited for "the dom thing to run by."

Phil told us the ditch passed through a four-hundred-foot tunnel in a mountain. So new wonders were to burst upon our astonished vision. It gave us new courage. He told us if we followed the ditch nineteen miles it would bring us out just above camp. We felt immensely relieved. So we buckled our belts a little tighter, and started for camp in high spirits. But the mountains stretched away to infinitude above that ditch, and to eternities below, while before us in that narrow path lumbered three lusty steers. There was no getting around them, no driving them from the path. They lumbered on with switching tails and tinkling cow-bell. The drowsy tinkling relieved the oppressive silence and added a sense of security to our chagrin.

A four-mile walk along that dry ditch gave us glimpses of landscape unutterable in its magnificence. The majesty, the mystery, the antiquity of the mountains—once under their mesmeric spell they never lose their fascination! Our path lay among towering firs and cedars, past yawning chasms and frowning cliffs. The deer kept out of sight. But little cared we, while nature thus unfolded her charming features to our eyes.

Phil in triumph pointed out the tunnel. It had caved in, but we were glad we found it. Here we found some signs of panther, and also a few deer tracks. We determined to carry game into camp that day, so we separated. Sam started off down a long sloping ridge toward camp, while Phil and I made our way down to the creek. We threaded the dense, damp undergrowth for some time, when suddenly a deer flashed into view and out of sight like a phantom. Phil shot another great ragged hole in the air. We now began to use our eyes and ears in good earnest. We crept along the creek, now walking on the stony bed, now winding among the little alders for a hundred yards, when a deer leaped from his bed on a little bench about fifty feet above the stream. Both .45's cracked at once. The deer was instantly out of sight behind an upturned root, but in a moment stepped into view. A bush partially concealed him, but a hasty aim, a quick pressure of the trigger, a bright flash and sharp report—and he dropped in his tracks with both shoulders broken. As I pulled the plump two-point fellow down hill, Phil told me confidentially that he might just as well have shot it, but he waited to see what I could do. Kind, generous soul! How my bowels yearned in gratitude and sympathy to him. Dropping the deer, I ran to him and promised then and there I'd not tell his mother what he said in the tent that stormy night. It was only a mile and a half to camp—but I carried the deer and shared his fleas and ticks all the way.

When we reached camp supper was ready, and Sam was there ahead of us. He had had a thrilling experience. His eyes still had a wild look, and his hair had turned a trifle gray. When a half mile from camp, and almost in sight of it, he stumbled on to a small cabin in the woods. It looked just like one we saw near that famous deer lick, many miles in another locality. He concluded at once Phil had got razzle-dazzled and unwittingly led us into that vicinity So with the terror of desperation born of visions of starvation or death by wild beasts and burial in the world's forgetfulness, Sam struck out for camp in a new direction—the northeast. But before he completely lost his senses he bethought himself to take a peep into that cabin and he retraced his steps, which saved him from oblivion. The cabin was a new edition and was inhabited by some homesteader—away from home that

"SHARING HIS FLEAS AND TICKS."

day—while the cabin by the deer lick was a back number. That settled it. He turned his trembling footsteps down the hill again, and in fifteen minutes saw our peaceful camp nestled in the valley. But his hair is permanently gray.

After a rousing supper, though stiff and sore I bantered the boys to go over the mountain above camp on a little hunt to round out the day. So we seized our guns and scaled the heights once more. We went about two hundred yards apart, and carefully scanned the brush patches and open glades. Signs were plentiful. Some Oregon jays were scolding in a near by laurel. Striped chipmunks were scampering over the mossy logs. The balmy air and glowing sunset filled the soul with exhileration. While we drank at the fount of inspiration, the far-off blue ridges were growing somber and the shadows were lengthening. Just then Sam's .30-30 broke the stillness and sent the echoes resounding from a dozen hills, and when we gathered about the camp-fire at last, Sam brought in a fine fat deer. With a soft-nosed bullet through its lungs close to the backbone it had run a hundred yards and plunged into a fir thicket. It was by great good fortune Sam found him in the gathering darkness.

But Phil had not exhausted his list of splendid attractions. He next planned to take us to the "old mines." They were miles away to the northwest, but no matter; it was a famous place for old bucks. They lay up there in their sandy beds, in the bright sunshine, hardening their horns. That was just the place for us—deer out in plain view, and then the joy of beholding the old mines! So we toasted our shins, sang plantation melodies, and at last rolled into bed to dream of old bucks with spreading antlers dozing in the sunshine.

The morning was rainy. The mist hung in the tree tops on the mountain rim, and drifted into all the gulches on the mountain sides. It looked dubious. But it saved us from another snare under the guise of the "old mines." It was decided we'd choose our own ground that day and do our best, as it was the last day of the hunt. So we hiked for the hills. The trees dripped and the air reeked with liquid. Every leaf held a spoonful of ice-water. The deer stayed in out of the rain that day. After a fruitless hunt, Sam and I met among the clouds about noon, and returned to camp. Phil came in at three o'clock after a ten-mile tramp, wet and hungry, but without seeing a tail.

An old woman from a neighboring camp visited our camp that afternoon to chat

with mother Bayless. She was one of the tobacco-chewing and smoking class, with leathery skin and eyes like leached ashes. Her black clay pipe hung from the corner of her mouth at an angle of forty-five degrees. She thought the modern girls were shocking, for some of them would ride a horse a-straddle! Mother Bayless had made a bucket of lemonade, which stood on the table. She handed the old woman a cup and told her to have some lemonade. The old woman took her pipe from her weather-beaten teeth, spit like an old-timer, put the cup on the table and drank out of the bucket.

After dinner father Bayless, Sam and I took our guns and went up the steep mountain lying east of camp. We soon separated, and after following the top of the ridge for a half mile through open timber carpeted with rank grass and wild vetches, I dropped down into a deep cañon, and zigzagged the whole mountain side for a mile. I hunted carefully along the creek bottom, worked stealthily through bushy terraces, and then crossed the heads of several gulches—but the deer were not at home that day.

I was amused by the antics of a silver-gray squirrel getting his dinner. I stood within a few feet of where he was gathering hazel nuts. He would creep out on a slender branch; it would bend almost to the ground, but there he would hang, clinging by his hind feet, while reaching around and grasping the nuts with his fore paws. Then seizing the nut with his teeth, he would right himself up on the swaying twig, and with bent back and arched tail, would deftly extract the kernel.

As we gathered about the cheering fire that night, Sam had hung up another fine deer. He had brought it down at a single shot at two hundred yards, and had only one shell left for his .30-30. He promised us another deer with that.

In the morning we broke camp. As we neared an old placer mine, Sam suddenly pulled up his horses, seized his rifle, took rapid aim and fired. All eyes turned, and one hundred and fifty yards away, above the placer gulch, stood a deer broadside. How bright he looked in the sunshine! Sam had forgotten to let his aged father have a shot at the first deer seen that day. A general fusilade began, and the deer leaped out of sight. We quickly ran up, and Sam and Phil both saw the deer across the gulch. Phil aimed, but Sam shouted, "Hold on, hold on!" Sam had given the spike buck a mortal shot just back of the ribs, but Phil was in at the killing. It was Sam's last shell.

We drove on. Even the little boys were in high glee. They had fattened on roasted chipmunks and crawdaddies. About noon Phil told us that just beyond the next old house we would come to where used to be a deer lick. When we reached the place, Sam drove into the shade, and we got out and went over to the stream which wound away through the meadows. The old lick had been washed out by floods, and we were about to return to the wagon when I looked down stream, and out into a little opening in the bushes stepped a deer. He was about one hundred and twenty-five yards away, and walking toward the creek. Taking hasty aim at the disappearing deer, I sent a shot after him. He switched his tail and bounded away. I crossed the stream, while Phil ran down to the bend. Before I reached the spot, Phil's rifle cracked, and when I went into the bush where the deer had vanished—there he lay. A shot had struck him just back of the ribs, cut several holes in the neck, passed out a little below the eyes, spliting the nose wide open. Phil thought it was his deer. So we loaded him into the wagon, and I bided my time. The balance of the journey was uneventful, and we reached home in fine spirits. When we skinned that deer we found Phil's shot had cut off all the ribs on one side, traversed the neck, and lodged in the throat. My shot had entered the throat and passed out below the eyes. The sun went down that night on a number of tired but happy sportsmen, and we separated with the hope that we may one day meet again.

WESTERN FIELD.

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OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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A SECOND DANIEL.

IN THE person of Judge Henry C. Smith of Helena the people of Montana possess a jurist whose integrity, conscientiousness, intelligence, and great moral courage adds dignity and honor alike to his commonwealth and the bar over which he so ably presides.

It was recently his trying duty to pass sentence upon an old acquaintance and friend for the abominable crime of fish dynamiting. The offender was a man high in standing in his community, and speculation ran rife as to what the sentence would be. Those who speculated, however, little knew Judge Henry; his sentence was the full maximum fine (four hundred dollars) provided by the statutes, and in addition thereto he poured out upon the culprit's cringing head the vials of an indignation so withering and drastic that even the Montana dreadnaughts stood in silent awe. It is safe to say that the classic precincts of Prickly Plan River will never more resound with the murderous thud of giant powder, for in closing his address the honorable judge plainly declared that the next conviction for a similar offense would be punished by a term in the penitentiary.

All honor to Judge Henry! May his shadow never grow less. A man who will subordinate all considerations of personal interest and friendship to his higher sense of duty, and who performs that duty unflinchingly to completeness, deserves well at our hands in these degenerate days. In common with all clean-minded sportsmen of America we take off our hat to Henry C. Smith of Montana.

BE FAIR.

NO MATTER how thoroughly conscientious and energetic a man may be in the discharge of his official duties, he will inevitably be subjected to the carping criticism of some envious and disgruntled "kicker," whose ignorance is generally his most irritating quality. From just such sources as this come the occasional disparagments that we hear of the work done by the State authorities in regard to game-law enforcement.

The fact is that the fish commissioners and their deputies and wardens are entitled to unqualified credit and commendation. It does not reflect upon them at all that there are constant violations of the law, many of which go unpunished. The critics should remember that there are, for instance, many thousands of policemen, detectives, magistrates, and other law and order enforcing authorities in this State, whose business is to prevent and punish infractions of the law; yet does that stop the commission of crimes, petty, grave, and capital? And are all the criminals apprehended and punished by this vast concourse of guardians?

How much more stupendous is the task assigned to a comparative handful of men whose labors and responsibilities are spread all over this vast State!

SHOULD BE THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATED.

THE pollution of the waters of this State by refuse matter from tanneries, sawmills, chemical and other factories should be drastically discouraged. This evil has been steadily growing for years, and has presently attained to very alarming proportions. A notable instance of the damage done by this nuisance is that of the recent killing of thousands of trout and other fine food and game fish in the San Lorenzo River at Santa Cruz. As nearly as can be ascertained, their destruction was caused by the discharge into the waters of the river of a large quantity of poisonous liquid refuse from a tannery located on its banks. The facts in the case seem to be that, in apparent regard of the repeated warnings of the State Fish Commission, the owners of the tannery in question constructed certain

tanks or ponds to impound such refuse and so keep it from contaminating the waters of the adjacent stream. A rather peculiar feature in the construction of these tanks were concealed discharge outlets, which by some agency or other were opened one night and the poisonous filth discharged into the stream with the results stated. These secret outlets were only discernable when the tanks were empty, and the whole thing has an ugly look.

The question naturally arises: If these tanks were to effectually and perpetually impound this refuse what was the object of these discharge outlets and why were they concealed? If this offense was deliberate and premeditated the perpetrators should be summarily and severely dealt with. The fact that the owner of this tannery death-trap is a State official and one who is supposed to be primarily interested in the preservation of the fish—he being actually a member of the Big Basin Commission—exaggerates the offense. There are sins of omission as grievous as those of commission, and neglect and carelessness is often as much a crime as premeditated violation of the law. It is up to this man to show reason why he should maintain on his premises a nuisance so menacing both to the public's health and its enjoyment of the State's natural resources; and the authorities should not be backward in giving him effective legal assistance to that end, aided by a California edition of the Henry C. Smith type of presiding judge.

THE COLD STORAGE EVIL.

THERE is one potent factor in the ruthless destruction of game which is apt to be overlooked even by the most zealous of protectionists; one which contributes more to the impending annihilation of the game than is commonly recognized and which cannot be too closely watched by the friends and officials of the cause. We refer to the cold storage of game, which has attained to proportions as enormous as they are illegal.

Broadly stated, the cold storage of game as commonly carried on is a crime; for it is generally resorted to by parties who are degenerate and vile enough to kill the pitiable "legal limit" each day of the open season when possible, thus necessitating the indefinite storage of a large percentage of their victims—for even the most gluttonously appetized game-hog in this State could not devour one-tenth of his legalized kill daily, and generosity in the way of game gifts to friends is not a distinctive swinish virtue. It thereby follows that his cold storages invariably exceed the number legally held in possession, and this possession is even still more illegally extended into the closed season, thus aggravating the offense.

Logically and legally considered, the proprietors and conductors of cold storage houses who aid and abet such practices are accessories to the crime and amenable to punishment therefor. Any man who receives and accepts pay for the storing of such illegal possessions is as morally and legally guilty as the game-hog malefactor himself; he is virtually a "fence" for the game thief, and should suffer in company with him. The possession of more than a certain quantity of game at any one time, by any one man, is a misdemeanor; the possession of any game whatever during close season is another fully as actionable. The game in cold storage is legally in the possession of the storing concerns, and they are responsible alike to the storer thereof and to the law for its safe and legal keeping.

Game never passes into the absolute possession of any one man; his claim thereto is conditional, and is regulated by law prescribing such conditions. It is the violation of such conditions which makes a misdemeanor, and cold storage of game in greater than legally allotted quantity, especially when held in close season, is obviously such an offense. Aside from this legal aspect there is a moral phase that effectually damns cold storage of game. It makes possible an unholy and selfish enjoyment of game, in and out of season, by a despicable class who are thereby incited to abnormal slaughter. Even game-hogs might shrink from daily limit butchery if they were unable to preserve their kill and, were it not for the cold storage facilities afforded them, would annually spare the lives of thousands of game birds and animals which would in the course of natural events keep up the supply for future generations. The cold storage of game should be prohibited by law in every State; such concerted action would do more for the preservation of the game than all the farcical bag limit absurdities now on the books.

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TROUT KILLED IN SAN LORENZA RIVER BY DISTILLERY REFUSE.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.

WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover,	*25 in one day.*
Doves, Ducks,	*50 in one day.*
Rails,	*20 in one day.*
Deer (male),	*3 in one season.*

	January.	February	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	Sepiember.	October.	November.	December.
DEER,							Jul. 15					
DOVES,		Feb 15										
MOUNTAIN QUAIL, GROUSE, SAGE HEN,		Feb 15										
VALLEY QUAIL, DUCKS, IBIS, CURLEW, PLOVER, RAIL,		Feb 15								Oct 15		
TREE SQUIRRELS,												
TROUT,												
STEELHEAD TROUT,									Sep 10	Oct 16		
SALMON (Above tide-water close season extends to Nov. 15),									Sep 10	Oct 16		
LOBSTER or CRAWFISH (Not less than 9½ in. long),								Aug 15				
BLACK BASS,												
SHRIMP,												
CRAB (No Crab taken less than 6 in across the back),												

N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants, or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured *written* authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or *without* your name and address.
To *buy* or *sell trout* less than *one-half pound* in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish, in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on enclosed land without permission.

COUNTY ORDINANCES

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may *shorten* (but not *extend*) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game *within* the dates fixed by the general State law.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are, however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted.

El Dorado.—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno.—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern.—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings.—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Los Angeles.—Doves, July 31 to October 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Madera.—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to Feburary 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrels, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino.—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced.—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey.—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa.—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange.—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Riverside.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Benito.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino.—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrels, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck, trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Mateo.—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrels, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara.—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), *except* hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrels. Black bass cannot be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Siskiyou.—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma.—Male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Trinity.—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare.—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne.—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and twonship 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, August 15 to October 1.

Yolo.—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

THE SANTA CRUZ SHAME.

THE GAME ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL MEETING

The fourth annual meeting of the California Game and Fish Protective Association, which will be held in Paso Robles on the second Friday in November, promises to be the most important in the history of the organization.

At the convention of 1902 Paso Robles was unanimously selected for the next meeting place, owing both to its geographical location and the facilities for drawing a large attendance. The town is beautifully situated on the banks of the Salinas River, the distance being about midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, affording an opportunity for the visitors from the San Joaquin Valley to reach it either by San Francisco or Saugus. The train service is all that could be desired, there being three trains daily from San Francisco, three from San Luis Obispo, and two from points further south. It is expected that the Southern Pacific Company will extend a very low rate to delegates to the convention, and the tickets, contrary to the usual custom, will be honored on all Coast line trains, limited and otherwise.

W. A. Junker of the Paso Robles Hotel has offered a flat rate of two dollars and fifty cents per day to delegates, which, considering the magnificence of the hostelery and excellence of its cuisine, must be deemed exceedingly reasonable. In addition, the management proffers to the delegates the freedom of both the mud and sulphur baths, noted for their wonderful curative properties.

While the executive committee have not as yet decided upon the details of the programme, it may be stated that the business meeting of the association will be held on Friday evening, and that Saturday will be devoted to the reading of papers and general discussion of subjects interesting to game protectionists. It is the intention of the association to have an open meeting either Saturday afternoon or evening, to which the public will be cordially invited, and this invitation will be especially extended to the farmers, orchardists and vineyardists of Salinas Valley in order that they may become more fully informed as to the objects and intentions of the association.

The sportsmen of Paso Robles, ever noted for their hospitality, promise entertainment which no doubt will long be remembered by the visitors. Their intention is to gain permission from the owners of large ranches lying near by to allow delegates the freedom of their grounds on the day following the close of the convention, and as these places have generally been closed to hunters for several years the quail shooting will be especially good. Outside of these preserves there is also an abundance of quail, and doves are nowhere more abundant than in the wheat fields which bound the Salinas River. Another form of sport, new to many, is the wild pigeon shooting which may be enjoyed during the fall and winter months in the oak groves lying west of Paso Robles. The number of birds is dependent on the crop of wild acorns, and during the seasons when the mast is heavy the pigeons congregate in countless thousands, affording sport which can be found nowhere else on the Pacific Coast.

Present conditions indicate a heavy flight this fall, as the oak trees are bending with acorns, and should early storms occur in the Sierras the heavy flight should be on by the middle of November.

After the morning shoot, when the hunters have returned to camp with their limit of quail or doves, they will be tendered a grand barbecue by the Paso Robles Club, whose fame as caterers in that particularly line is known throughout the State.

Following a meeting of the executive committee which will be held within a few days, Secretary E. A. Mocker will confer with the Paso Robles Club in reference to final details, and will then be in position to give full information regarding railroad rates, train service and other matters of importance.

Every association in the State is entitled to representation, and it is to be hoped that a full complement will be present from each organization.

THE VICTORIA FISH AND GAME CLUB.

ABOUT two years ago the citizens of Victoria got together and decided to organize a "tourist association" in order to attract the attention of pleasure-seekers and those in search of a beautiful place in which to live, with a temperate climate, to the city of Victoria. The association has done a great deal of work all over the continent in advertising the city, and has also done a great deal of valuable work at home in the way of providing amusement and recreation for tourists and residents.

There are several institutions now in existence which are off-shoots of the tourist association, the last to be organized being the Fish and Game Club. This club has so far been a most energetic institution, and has done a great deal of practical work in the short time it has been established. It has not been content with making complaints about the troubles and tribulation of the sportsmen, but has sought to remedy whatever evils existed, and in a practical way increase the opportunities for sport.

There are many magnificent sheets of water and lovely streams adjacent to Victoria, which have always been considered excellent for trout fishing, and the club has decided to do what it can, not only to preserve the sport in these nearby waters, but to increase it. Although the club has onlv been in existence some three months, it has, at considerable expense, erected fish ladders at a point known as the Three Falls on Mill Stream, the outlet of Shawnigan Lake to the sea, so as to encourage and help fish to overcome these natural difficulties in their way back to their natural spawning grounds. The log jambs in the stream have also been removed.

Applications have been made to the Dominion Government to secure a large amount of trout fry to be placed in some of these streams, and steps have been taken to secure from England a supply of Loch Levin and Fontanalis trout eggs, and these will be matured and placed in Shawnigan Lake, which is a perfectly natural home for these fish.

It is by such means, and the securing of necessary legislation to protect the fish and game of the province, that this club hopes to accomplish good work.

Charles Hayward, the president of the tourist association, is president; I. T. Mann, B. L., vice-president; Herbert Cuthbert, secretary of the tourist association, secretary; P. C. MacGregor, treasurer; and the following prominent citizens form the executive committee: George Weiler, E. Musgrave, W. N. Lenfesty, H. Fleming, O. C. Bass.

STOP THE "SCIENTIFIC" SLAUGHTER.

CAN it be true that the scientists employed by our Government have really slaughtered 50,000 birds, as stated recently in WESTERN FIELD, for the purpose of merely making an examination of their stomachs? The ornithologist who slays hundreds of birds that he may make an examination of their stomachs and thereby prove their vast benefit to mankind, as much deserves to lose that benefit as did the lady, who threw her glove among the lions to test her lover's affection, rightly deserve to lose the love she proved.

When injurious insects are found in a bird's stomach, that bird's previous benefit to agriculture is proved beyond a doubt; but the little life with its hours of usefulness and songs of cheer is blotted out forever, and were there not others to continue the natural good works of the feathered tribes, the misguided naturalist in time would perish amid the insects that had wrought their own destruction with that of every living thing.

In obtaining a knowledge of the food habits of the birds, a sacrifice of life is not required. A pair of field-glasses, with a little time and patience, will not perhaps yield so definite and immediate knowledge as would accrue from the use of a gun, nor give the so-called "naturalist" the barbarous satisfaction of destroying life, but their use would be more economical, and the birds could continue their good work and delightful songs indefinitely.

When I see an army of swallows flying all day long about our buildings, which are nearly free from flies, while our less fortunate neighbors have to wage war upon the pests with darkened rooms and poisoned paper, I do not require a diagnosis of the contents of my benefactors' stomachs to know where gratitude is due. So it is with the king-bird's killing of countless moths, the robin's foraging upon the lawn, the grackle's digging grubs from the loosened mold, the great family of sparrows toiling in the fields, the ever-present warbler's pursuing insects of every size from the tiny plant louse to the large moth, which must be carried to a convenient perch and there beaten asunder, the goldfinch's daintily pecking of vermin from the leaves in the orchard, and others of the army whose name is legion, and whose songs of triumph over the insect pests shall echo through the ages as they have ever echoed since the world began. I do not need to destroy their lives in order to elaborate posthumously on their virtues.

True, we see them eating of our fruit and grain, but who begrudges a faithful servant his daily bread? As every powerful nation supplies the guardians of her liberties with the necessities of life, so should the agriculturist supply the guardians of his prosperity, and the consolers of his sorrow, if he will but listen to their songs of cheer.

Oh! that I could form an army of all mankind, and on its banner emblem write these words o'er a field white as angel's robes, as pure as my purpose:

"PROTECT THE BIRDS!"

HATTIE WASHBURNE.

Goodwin, S. Dak.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE SALMON

By Lawrence Irwell.

WHETHER we consider the salmon from a naturalist's point of view or from that of a sportsman—or even from an artistic standpoint—it may easily be seen to be a model of its kind. It's outlines are full of grace; its steel-blue tint above, and silvery luster below, make its coloring attractive, even to the casual observer; and regarded from a gastronomic fashion, *salmo salar* will hold its own with any fish.

When a salmon attracts our attention in a fish market, few of us concern ourselves with the history of the beautiful fish, or care to inquire into the story of the days of its youth. It is true that some phases of salmon-life are by no means as clearly determined as we might wish or expect, but on the whole we have materials at hand for completing a fair account of the fish from its birth till it ends its days on the marble slab.

The salmon's relatives form quite a numerous assemblage. As a family we find included in the salmon group not only the various "trouts," but also the char, the smelt, the graylings, and other related fish. The genus which recognizes the salmon as its head includes in itself a goodly number of species, ranging from the great lake trout of this continent to the river trout, the sea trout, and the Irish gillaroo.

Naturalists are not agreed as to the distinct character of some of the members of the salmon group, for they display an inconvenient habit of differing in size and color and markings at various times and under the influence of varying surroundings, while certain distinct species seem to breed together, and produce in turn offspring which are fertile, this last condition being a point which some authorities contend decides the identity of the species of the parents. There is, however, no doubt that some hybrids—not necessarily fish—are fertile.

The story of the salmon begins in the river, and this is true whether we have regard to the female parent's duty in laying the eggs or to the first appearance of the young on the stage of existence. I may here say that a very large amount of light has been thrown on the salmon's history by the practice of "salmon culture"—the artificial breeding of the fish for the purpose of stocking rivers. The imitation of nature's processes, in this case, as in many other aspects of scientific work, brings to light many new facts and solves many difficulties of the investigator. Observation and experiment together have given us the following information.

In the autumn and onward to the beginning of the next year, the mother-salmon ascends the rivers to deposit her eggs, and thus to secure the continuance of her race. In connection with this periodical visit to the river must be mentioned a curious circumstance. The idea is entertained very strongly by some authorities that a salmon invariably returns to its native river or that in which it was bred. It has even been asserted by some fishermen that, when several rivers enter the sea in one stream, the salmon bred in each river will pass back into their own water and will avoid the strange streams. The late Frank Buckland, a high English authority, regarded the sense of smell as that which led it to its native river. Perhaps the truth is that for the most part salmon do

return to their own rivers, but that the practice and habit are not necessarily invariable. We know that salmon swim great distances along coast lines, where they are often captured, and it may well be the case that occasionally a fish will turn into a river that is near in preference to seeking its own and distant water.

On arrival in her river, the mother salmon begins to scoop out a kind of trench in the bottom of the stream. This she effects by plowing into the gravel with her body. This trench is to be the nursery of her young. The eggs are laid in the furrow and are duly fertilized by the male salmon. Then the trench is filled in by the combined efforts of both parents, and the eggs are, of course, covered up. In Scotland, the mound thus formed is called a "redd," but the term is seldom used on this continent. How many eggs a mother-salmon will deposit is a difficult question to answer, but it has been asserted that she produces nine hundred eggs for every pound which she weighs. Each egg in its diameter measures about a quarter of an inch, and it is estimated that twenty-five thousand eggs would fill a gallon measure.

SALMON JUMPING TWELVE FOOT WATERFALL ON WAY TO SPAWNING GROUNDS.

Left in its gravel nursery, the egg undergoes the mysterious process of development. Into this process one could not enter without the use of highly technical language, which would be out of place in this article. It is sufficient to say that in nature's own ordered way, the living matter of the egg is in due time formed and fashioned into the likeness of a little fish. The hatching, like other incidents of salmon life, varies in duration. A little over ninety days is assumed to be a fair period when the temperature is even—about 40° or 41° Fahrenheit. In the spring the baby salmon appears. It is not in the least like an adult salmon, and it is called an "alevin." We see a big sac or bag attached to the infant fish. This is the yolk-sac, which is destined to nourish it in its early days, and to provide food for it until it is able to forage for itself. In about six weeks' time a crisis occurs in its history. It is then in length a little over an inch, but it grows rapidly, and when it has passed its babyhood, it assumes a banded appearance through the development of dark bars on its sides. It has now become a "parr" (called also "samlet," "pisit" and "blandling"), and it was

this stage of salmon biography which formed the subject of much controversy in by-gone days, some naturalists insisting that a "parr" was a distinct species of salmon.

It is not an uncommon thing for the young of animals to exhibit marked differences in color from their parents. We see this exemplified even among the quadrupeds. In many cases the young are striped, while the adults exhibit no such markings. Many of the salmon family show this same peculiarity. Growth is very rapid in the young salmon after it has reached the "parr" stage. In about sixteen weeks it will have increased to double its original bulk, a length of eight inches being generally recognized as the usual limit of parr size. The parr always stays in the river. It has no liking for the sea. Indeed, if kept in salt-water it will die. But at the end of the second year a more gorgeous costume is assumed. Attaining to the days of its full-fledged youth, the parr is fitted out for fresh pastures by the growth of scales of bright appearance. When about two years old, the parr markings disappear. Clad in its bright armor, it becomes the "smolt," and passes for the first time to the sea.

Although the change which I have described takes place in ordinary circumstances at the end of the second year of the parr's life, it must be kept in mind that some parrs may exhibit a precocity in the fact that they go to the sea at the end of their first year. Others delay till the third year; but in such cases we are once again reminded of the impossibility of reaching mathematical certainty when we are dealing with the affairs of the children of life. Variation is not only a characteristic of life, but it is also a wonderful factor in inducing the great variety of form which marks the living world.

Down to the sea in the early part of the year, not sooner than March and not later than June, go the smolts. Change of abode works wonders in their history. They pass to the ocean as minature salmon a few inches long. In a few months they return to the river as "grilse," each of which may weigh from three to five pounds—or even as much as nine pounds—according to the length of the sojourn in the sea. The grilse is practically a salmon. It can produce eggs, and is therefore to be regarded as a perfect fish; and although one must keep in view the fact that the male parr itself may exhibit a forwardness in development, and be capable of fertilizing salmon eggs in this admittedly immature stage, yet there is no doubt that ability to reproduce the species is a fair test of maturity in fish. All that is now required for the grilse to become a salmon in every detail, is to return to the sea in the autumn or spring, when, after further growth, it appears in its river in all the glory of its adult life. The grilse, of course, breeds in the rivers, as does the salmon. In Scotland, after spawning the fish is called a "kelt," a word which seems to be unknown in British Columbia, where salmon are very plentiful. Except in the rivers of Maine, *salmo salar* is a species that is not abundant in the United States.

During the stay of the salmon in fresh water at the breeding time, the male abstains almost entirely from food. As a result, his body becomes emaciated. It changes, in addition, in other respects. The snout becomes attenuated and somewhat hooked, the lower jaw being modified in a similar manner. The skin is decked with glowing red colors.

Various estimates have been given of the remarkable changes which occur in salmon after their visits to the sea. Some thirty years ago, a Scotch gentleman, the Duke of Athol, marked three salmon captured on their way to salt water. They weighed respectively ten, eleven and a half and twelve and a half pounds. Each fish was marked by having a copper wire placed around its tail. Six months afterward, these same fish were caught on their return to the river. They then weighed seventeen, eighteen and nineteen pounds respectively. "A change to the sea" evidently benefits many living things besides the human subject. Another observation records that a grilse, after spawning, was found to weigh two pounds. This fish was marked on May 31. On August 2 of the same year, it was recaptured, when it was found to weigh eight pounds as a salmon.

The sizes to which salmon may attain are almost beyond belief. A Scotch salmon from the river Tay weighing seventy

pounds and measuring four feet three inches is mentioned by Buckland. A German (Rhine) salmon ran its Scotch neighbor very close with a weight of sixty-nine pounds, and a length of four feet eight inches. These were, no doubt, exceptionally large fish, but a forty pound salmon is by no means uncommon.

Those who are fortunate enough to be able to indulge in salmon fishing as a sport cannot complain of unexciting times when the fish are biting, and when the mastery of fishing pole and reel comes into play to secure the active and lithe prey. In the sea, salmon are captured by means of nets, a method which, of course, ought always to be prohibited in rivers and estuaries.

What is the age of a thirty pound salmon? This question cannot be answered satisfactorily because there is a great disparity in the rate of growth of different fish and in different rivers. The Scotch river Tay seems to furnish more heavy salmon than any other European river. There is a well-authenticated instance of a smolt that was marked on its way to the sea, and that when captured the next year on its return from salt water, weighed twenty pounds. It cannot, of course, be assumed that all salmon grow at a similar rate; but had this little fish, which was marked when a smolt, continued to grow with the rapidity of its grilse year, it would have attained a weight of forty pounds under four years from the date of its birth. This estimate is made without taking into consideration that the fish had spawned, in which case it would take another year before it could be called a forty-pound fish. It is very evident that we could only in isolated cases ascertain the age of salmon of such a heavy weight as forty pounds—or even thirty pounds—and when we consider the infinitesimal number of smolts that are marked, and also the very small proportion of salmon that ever attain a weight of forty pounds, the chances of ascertaining the weight of even marked fish of such a weight are very small, while to give an approximate estimate of the age of salmon of thirty pounds weight in general is almost impossible. The age of individual fish of lighter weights can be and has been ascertained, notably in the case of the marked smolt which was caught the next year, weighing twenty pounds. We have ample proof of the astonishing rate at which immature salmon grow, but who can tell whether they continue to grow rapidly after they have reached the adult stage. The human being, animals generally, and birds especially cease growing at a certain age. Is it then unreasonable to assume that in like manner salmon grow very little, or not at all, after they have reached a certain stage of their existence?

SALMON JUMPING.

A PACIFIC COAST SALMON.

Is it not probable, in addition, that those fish which have access to the same feeding-grounds, may, like other living things, be differently constituted, and that some may grow fat in much less time than others? If this is so, it may account for the disparity in weight of immature fish or the same age, which are natives of the same river. The feeding-grounds in the sea appertaining to each river are likely to vary in richness of food, as do pastures on land, so that salmon having access to the richest feeding-grounds would grow to a far heavier weight than those which have access only to poorer feeding-grounds. There is a difference of opinion among the best authorities as to the nature of the food which salmon consume when in the sea; some believe that they feed on shrimps alone; others say that they devour various kinds of fish. As food is seldom found in the salmon's stomach when caught, we know little upon the subject.

The conclusion as to the probable age of any heavy salmon must be that, at present, we cannot arrive at any reliable opinion, because the necessary information is not at our disposal. Further research may throw much light upon this problem.

WE HAVE THEM IN THOUSANDS.

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: I have just finished reading Dr. R. W. Shufeldt's article on "Western Zoology: A Comparative Study," in the current issue of the WESTERN FIELD. I find this author makes the statement that "neither is the Wilson snipe and the dowitcher found in the Pacific Coast region."

Surely Dr. Shufeldt is in error here. Both birds are common in California, as every sportsman knows, and in many parts of this State are found in large numbers.

In fact, the Wilson snipe (*Gallinago wilsonii*), called indifferently jack snipe, meadow snipe, English snipe, and shad spirit, its names differing with different localities, is found distributed certainly from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Members of this genus—*Gallinago*—differing but very slightly from each other, are widely distributed all over the temperate and tropical zones. In fact, no birds, except perhaps the mallard and teal, are found more widely distributed. Thus, the *G. media*, or true English snipe, found throughout Europe and the British Isles, is so nearly like his American half-brother, *G. wilsonii*, that only a careful examination will disclose a variance.

Dr. Shufeldt's assertion that the dowitcher is not found in the Pacific Coast region is equally an error. I have shot hundreds of them in the late summer and early autumn, along the margins of sloughs and ponds in this county. Yours truly,

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

[The statement of Dr. Shufeldt above referred to was purposely passed by our proof-readers in order to arouse an interest which is painfully latent in our Coast writers. It was also intended to draw Pacific Coast sportsmens attention, during the controversy that we foresaw would inevitably ensue on its publication, to the fact that this most valuable species is wholly without the pale of legal protection in this State. An article on these birds appears elsewhere in this issue, to which we invite our readers' special attention.—ED.]

By Arthur Inkersley.

AUGUST was the busiest and most noteworthy month that the automobilists of Northern California have ever had. At about 3:30 on Thursday afternoon, August 6, several machines were taken over on the Creek boat to Oakland, whence the run was made to San Jose. The automobilists made the Hotel Vendome their rendezvous, the management having decorated it prettily with Chinese lanterns in honor of the visitors. E. Courtney Ford, vice-president of the Automobile Club of California, was in charge of the run and of the tournament at Del Monte, which followed it. He worked very hard, and much of the success which attended the affair is due to his untiring efforts, which were highly appreciated by the members of the club and the many visitors to Del Monte for the automobile races.

At various hours up to about 10 o'clock on Friday morning, August 7, the automobilists left San Jose and proceeded on their way to Del Monte. I made the trip in a two-cylinder Toledo car, operated by J. A. Keenan, and carrying the repair outfit. As our duty was to render assistance to any people in difficulties, and to keep the last place in the line, we made slow time. On the first day, on the way to San Jose, one of the rear tires of the Toledo burst, and it was an hour's job to get the old tire off and a new one on. A few miles on this side of Coyote on Friday morning we overtook Dr. Healy and I. A. Watt in a gasoline car, which soon proved to be hors de combat. After some examination, it was decided to tow it in to Coyote, and ship it by freight-car back to San Francisco. This was done. The extra tires, which occupied the whole of the tonneau of the Toledo, were shipped to Del Monte, and Dr. Healy and J. A. Watt came on with us. At San Juan we made a stop of an hour or two, visiting the interesting old Mission Church and garden. Here J. D. Spreckels and party in a handsome White touring car, and some other automobilists, went on ahead of us. The steep San Juan grade, the summit of which is three miles distant from the San Juan Mission, was surmounted without difficulty. The descent, however, was more ticklish. As our brake was not holding very well, we left the road at one place, and ran on to a comparatively level grassy spot to check the speed of the machine.

A few miles after leaving the San Juan grade we came across a gasoline machine, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. Hart. Pleasant visions of a good dinner at the Motel Del Monte faded from view, for about an hour and a half's steady work of our skillful and always cheery machinist, J. A. Keenan, were needed to put the car into running order. The Knowles party reached Salinas safely, and decided to spend the night there, so as to pass over the road to Del Monte by daylight. The last part of our journey from Salinas to Del Monte was in the dark, over a winding road in not too good condition, but we accomplished it comfortably, reaching Del Monte a little before 9 o'clock.

A four-cylinder Toledo car, fitted with four acetylene lamps and a searchlight, made the trip from Oakland to Del Monte in one night, leaving at about 9 p. m. and arriving at about 9 a. m. The car is the property of the National Automobile Company, and was operated by R. C. Lennie. With all its lights burning, the handsome car, highly decorated with bright brass, attracted much attention at the Hotel after dark.

About forty automobiles were at Del Monte during the meet, several that were intended for racing purposes being sent down from San Francisco by freight train. The most powerful machine was George P. Whittell, Jr.'s 40 h. p. Mors, which took third place in the Paris to Bordeaux races. It was said to have cost $12,000, and proved the speediest car seen at the tournament.

On Saturday, the 8th, the automobilists followed no set programme. Some took little jaunts around Monterey and Pacific Grove, while others began to prepare their machines for Monday's races. On Sunday afternoon nearly all the automobiles at Del Monte went over the famous Seventeen-Mile Drive, one of the most picturesque marine boulevards in the United States.

On Monday, the 10th, the races were held. The first event began a little before 11 o'clock. It was a two-mile race for gasoline machines only, of 1,200 pounds or less, the prize being given by the Pioneer Automobile Company. Cæsar Luckhardt in a Rambler, won in 3:44; J. Campbell in a Stevens-Duryea being second, and C. C. Eib, also in a Stevens-Duryea, third. Dr. W. H. Kellogg in a buckboard rig named "Orient" stopped at the end of the first mile, believing that the race was finished.

The second race was also a two-mile one, but open to any machine of 1,200 pounds or less, the trophy being presented by George E. Middleton. Walter Grothe in a White Stanhope won easily in 3:34. C. Luckhardt being second in 3:38 3-5. Both covered the first mile in 1:54. There were two other contestants, but they did not finish.

The third race, five miles, open to any machine of 1,500 pounds or less, for a silver trophy given by the White Automobile Company, brought out three starters—F. A. Garbutt in a White touring car, Walter Grothe in a White Stanhope, and C. C. Eib in a Stevens-Duryea. Garbutt covered the five miles in 8:35, Grothe being second in 8:42 2-5.

The fourth race was an open event for machines of 20 h. p. or less, distance five miles, for a trophy given by the National Automobile Company. As the managers of the meet had wisely decided not to have more than three machines on the track at one time, it was necessary to hold two preliminary heats and a final. The first heat was won by Walter Grothe in a White Stanhope in 7:31 2-5, S. D. Hewson in F. C. Hotaling's Winton second, and George Fuller in his own Winton third. At this point the automobilists and spectators adjourned for luncheon, returning to the track at about 2 p. m.

The second heat of the fourth race was won by F. A. Garbutt in his White touring car, W. S. Arnold in a Winton being his competitor. Garbutt's best mile was covered in 1:27. In the morning Walter Grothe had covered a mile in 1:19, winning a cup offered by C. W. Clark for the fastest mile made in the forenoon. The final heat was between Garbutt and Grothe, both in White steam cars. The afternoon was chilly and the track was slower than it had been earlier in the day. Garbutt assumed a lead at the start and kept it to the end, finishing in 7:44 3-5.

SNAP SHOTS AT THE DEL MONTE MEET.

1. Dr. D. A. Stapler and family.
2. Geo. P. Whittel Jr.'s 4 h. p. "Moro."
3. A favorite runabout.
4. A repair job on the road.
5. On the race track, Del Monte.

Grothe covered the fourth mile in 1:25 2-5, faster than the best of Garbutt's miles, but his time for the whole distance was 7:53 3-5.

The fifth race was open for all machines without regard to power or weight, distance ten miles, for a trophy presented by F. A. Hyde, president of the Automobile Club of California. This event was looked forward to with particular interest, it being the first for which George P. Whittell Jr.'s French machine was eligible. The Mors won easily, the times for each mile being as follows: 1:23 3-5, 1:25 3-5, 1:20 3-5, 1:19 2-5, 1:19, 1:19 3-5, 1:18 4-5, 1:19 3-5 1:18, 1:18 1-5, total 13:21 1-5. Walter Grothe in a White Stanhope covered the distance in 14:06 1-5, his times for each mile being as follows: 1:29 2-5, 1:30 3-5, 1:20 2-5, 1:24 3-5, 1:26 1-5, 1:23 3-5, 1:25 4-5, 1:25 3-5, 1:21 1-5 and 1:28 4-5. Before reaching the curves of the track, it was necessary to shut off the power on the Mors car, while the French chauffeur leaned far out exerting all his strength to keep the machine to the inside of the track.

The sixth race was a five-mile event for gasoline cars only, 20 h. p. or less, the prize being presented by F. A. Jacobs. There were two preliminary heats and a final. The starters in the first heat were S. D. Hewson in a Winton car, Dr. W. H. Kellogg in his "Orient," and Lewis Andrews in a Peerless. Hewson set a rapid pace, Lewis Andrews retiring after the first two miles. Dr. Kellogg, though he had no chance of winning, kept on to the end. Hewson's time was 7:44 1-5, and Kellogg's was 10:08, his best mile being done in 1:56. The second heat, between W. S. Arnold in a Winton and J. A. Keenan in a Toledo, was won easily by Arnold in 8:47 1-5. Keenan's time was 10:25 2-5. The final heat between S. D. Hewson and W. S. Arnold, both in Winton cars, was won by the former in 7:48 2-5, Arnold's time being 8:29 2-5. Hewson's best mile was covered in 1:31.

The seventh event was a five-mile exhibition against time by George P. Whittell, Jr., in his Mors. L. P. Lowe had offered a special cup for a mile in 1:15 or better, but Whittell could not go faster than 1:15 4-5, which he did twice. The time for each mile was as follows: 1: 16 1-5, 1:15 4-5, 1:16 4-5, 1:16 2-5, 1:15 4-5, total 6:21. After finishing the five miles George P. Whittell, Jr., went on covering a sixth mile in 1:16 4-5, making 7:37 4-5 for the six miles. Though he did not win Mr. Lowe's cup, he won a cup presented for the fastest mile made in the afternoon.

The eighth and penultimate event on the programme was a five-mile handicap open to all machines that had taken part in any of the previous races, the prize being the Del Monte trophy, which must be won twice by the same person before becoming his permanent property. There were three heats. In the first the time made by Lewis Andrews in a Peerless was 8:27. G. P. Whittell, Jr.'s time in his Mors was 6:28 4-5, and Walter Grothe's in a White Stanhope was 7:45 4-5. In the second heat S. D. Hewson in a Winton covered the distance in 7:55 4-5, and George Fuller, also in a Winton, in 9:13. C. C. Eib, in a Stevens-Duryea, retired. In the third heat Cæsar Luckhardt in a Rambler made 8:57 2-5, Dr. W. H. Kellogg in his Orient buckboard, made 10:01 4-5, and J. A. Keenan in a Toledo, made 9:08. As Dr. W. H. Kellogg received a handicap of 3:35, his net time was 6:26 4-5, which brought him in just ahead of Lewis Andrews in the Peerless, whose corrected time, after the handicap of two minutes had been subtracted, was 6:27. The corrected times of the other competitors were as follows: Walter Grothe, 5:45 4-5, Cæsar Luckhardt in a Rambler, 6:27 2-5; J. A. Keenan in a Toledo 6:28; George P. Whittell, Jr., in his Mors car, scratch, 6:28 4-5; S. D. Hewson, 6:30 4-5; George Fuller in his Winton car, 7:03. The Del Monte trophy was won by Walter Grothe, Dr. Kellogg winning the second cup.

The last event on the card was a five-mile handicap for owners exclusively, no one connected in any way with the automobile business being permitted to compete. The trophy was presented by L. P. Lowe. The only starters were George Fuller in his Winton and Dr. W. H. Kellogg in his Orient buckboard. At the third mile the near rear tire of the Orient flattened but the indefatigable doctor kept gamely on and won, his time being 10:30. With his handicap of 3:35, his corrected time was 6:55. His first and second miles were done in 1:57 3-5, 1:59 4-5, but the succeeding ones took more than two minutes, the flattened tire making the machine slow and hard to steer. George Fuller's time was 9:42, less 2:10, net 7:32.

On Tuesday morning a hill-climbing contest was held on the ascent near the Military Reservation. The hill was about a thousand yards long and has a grade of about ten per cent. J. A. Keenan in a Toledo won in 2:06 2-5, F. A. Garbutt in a White touring car being 1-5 of a second longer according to the timekeepers. Other competitors were Walter Grothe in a White Stanhope, Lewis Saunders in a Peerless, and C. C. Eib in a Stevens-Duryea.

On Sunday morning, August 9, without waiting for the tournament, Cuyler Lee and P. D. McNabb, in a Cadillac, started from the main entrance of the Hotel Del Monte at 8:35 A. M., reaching Salinas at 9:22, San Juan at 10:44 (San Juan hill from level to level in twenty-one minutes), Gilroy at 11:15. Here they were detained twenty minutes by the marshal. Reached San Jose at 12:35 P. M., stopped at Letcher Automobile Company thirteen minutes for gasoline, left at 12:48 P. M., reached Twelfth and Broadway streets, Oakland, at 2:40 P. M., in six hours and five minutes elapsed time. Deducting twenty minutes' detention by the marshal at Gilroy, the run was made in 5:45. The machine ran slowly through all towns except Gilroy and was slowed for all passing vehicles.

On Wednesday, August 12, three attempts were made to beat the record of Cuyler Lee. At 8:35 A. M., in the presence of President F. A. Hyde, myself and others, J. A. Keenan, with Cæsar Luckhardt, set out in a two-cylinder Toledo car, and R. C. Lennie, with Lewis Andrews, in a Peerless. The Toledo arrived at San Jose at 12:10 P. M., in 3 hours 35 minutes. There Keenan and Luckhardt found the sheriff and several deputies, summoned by telephone from Gilroy, awaiting them. They were arrested and two hours elapsed before they were bailed out.

At 11:21 A. M., C. A. Hawkins, accompanied by J. D. Ryus and myself, left the Hotel Del Monte in a White touring car with a tonneau. Salinas was reached at 12:16 P. M., in 55 minutes from Del Monte. The San Juan hill from level to level was negotiated in 16 minutes, the hotel at San Juan being passed at 1:19 P. M. Gilroy was reached at 1:50 and left at 1:53. San Jose was reached at 3:05, in 3 hours 44 minutes, notwithstanding a loss of 10 minutes from taking the Watsonville road by error on leaving Salinas. At San Jose a tire was found to be punctured, so that it was necessary to strip it off and put a new one on. This took 33 minutes, and a mistake in going out on the San Francisco road instead of the Oakland one took up 27 minutes more. At 4:23 the party was only one mile out from San Jose. Once on the right road, a fine run was made, after two or three gasoline cars that prevented the White from getting by on the narrow road had been shaken off. Oakland was reached at 5:54 p. m., the elapsed time from Del Monte being 6 hours 33 minutes. Deducting the delays named, the running time was about 5 hours. The car behaved excellently throughout the trip, slackening in speed only once for a few minutes after a fresh supply of cold water had been taken in at San Jose.

PACKARD CAR ON TRANSCONTINENTAL TRIP—TAKEN EN ROUTE THROUGH THE DESERT.

1. Seven days out from 'Frisco.
2. Shoshone Falls, Grand River Canon.
3. Dun's Glen, Nevada.
4. 520 miles into the desert.
5. Spanish Fork, Utah.
6. Near "Thompsons," Utah.
7. Near Overton, Neb.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE flagship Thetis, accompanied or joined by several boats of the San Francisco Yacht Club, spent a pleasant vacation on Sacramento River. The start was made from Sausalito on Saturday, July 25, and the fleet returned to its moorings on Sunday, August 9. The craft that made the whole or part of the cruise were the sloop Thetis, with Commodore R. S. Bridgman and party on board; Vice-Commodore A. C. Lee's sloop Surprise, W. W. Haley's sloop Ariel, W. G. Morrow's sloop Challenger, with Hill and Welch's sloop Queen. The yachtsmen were entertained a good deal by friends living on the banks of the Sacramento River, drives, hay-rides, a dance and a dinner forming part of their diversions. Courtland was the highest up-river place reached. The Saturday and Sunday after the return from the holiday cruise were open, but on Saturday, August 22, the San Francisco fleet sailed up to Vallejo, and on Sunday raced down to Sausalito.

On Saturday, August 29, the San Francisco yachtsmen received the visiting Corinthians at their Sausalito club-house, and on Sunday the combined fleets cruised outside the Heads. On Saturday, September 5, several boats of the fleet started on holiday cruises, some of the yachtsmen returning to Sausalito on Monday evening, while others prolonged their vacations until the evening of Admission Day. The schooner White Wings was cruising off El Campo on Sunday, September 6, and the yawl Royal was in the Upper Bay on Labor Day.

On Saturday, September 12, there was a dance at the San Francisco Yacht Club-house, and one week later the yachtsmen cruised to Paradise Cove, where on Sunday, September 10, a clam-bake and nautical games were held on shore. On Sunday, September 27, the annual club regatta was held over the channel course.

The Corinthians held their annual cruise up the Sacramento River during the week from August 8 to 16. The sloops Neptune, Elsie and Sea Fox left their moorings at Tiburon two days sooner than the rest of the fleet. On Friday, August 7, the sloop Belle came over to San Francisco and next day started for the river. The rendezvous on Saturday night was at Army Point, opposite Martinez. Commodore E. F. Sager carried his flag on board the Short Brothers' sloop Emma. Stops were made at Rio Vista, Walnut Grove and Courtland. On August 30 several of the Corinthian fleet cruised outside the Heads, the big yawl Frolic reaching the furthest point in the open ocean, with which her long voyage to Nome and back has made her quite familiar.

On September 9 many of the fastest boats of the Corinthian fleet took part in the annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association, capturing, according to their custom, nearly all the trophies. On Saturday, September 19, the cruise was to Vallejo, returning on the following day.

On Saturday, August 8, several yachts of the California fleet cruised to California Cove, on the shores of San Pablo Bay, but the railroad company had made so many changes in the face of nature there that the cove was hard to identify. Next day a clam-bake was held on the beach.

SCHOONER "RAMONA." (DOUGLASS WHITE.)

The principal event for the members of the California Yacht Club during the month of August was the Anchor Race, which took place on Sunday, the 23d. It was won by Louis Rosenfeld's sloop Jessie E., sailer by her owner, Marshall and Thompson's sloop Thelma, which had won every trophy of the California Yacht Club during the season, being an excellent second, only 1 minute 42 seconds behind the winner. The start was made at 12:30 P. M., at the fire of a single gun, from the Oakland broad-gauge mole, the course being to and round Mission Rock, thence along the San Francisco waterfront, to and around Blossom Rock buoy, thence home to the starting line. The tide was just on the point of turning ebb at the start and the wind was light, though it freshened as the race progressed. Jessie E. got the lead and kept it throughout. The other contestants were Marshall, Foard, Thompson and Meserole's sloop Thelma, Commodore George M. Shaw's yawl Idler, D. J. Barnett's sloop Elthe, and Robert Vincent's yawl Iola. The race was a beat to the first mark, then a reach along the city front and a run to the finishing line. The yawl Iola fell into a calm streak and lost much time, while the yawl Pilgrim (Julian Altendorf) and D. J. Keane's sloop Amy did not get across the starting-line until an hour after the signal gun had been fired. These yachts were becalmed while trying to get out of Oakland Creek. J. Hicks' sloop Rover sailed as far as Blossom Rock, but dropped out of the race at that point and cruised homeward to Tiburon Cove. The details of the race are shown in the table:

YACHT	Actual Starting Time	Finish'g Time	Elapsed Time	Handi-cap	Cor't'd Time
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.	H. M. S.
Jessie E.	12:31:49	2:26:10	1:56:10	6:00	1:50:10
Thelma	12:30:38	2:27:52	1:57:52	0:00	1:57:52
Idler	12:31:23	2:49.04	2:19:04	20:00	1:59:04
Elthe	12:32:59	2:47:18	2:17:18	12:00	2:05:18
Iola	12:31:49	2:53:41	2:23:41	4:00	2:19:41
Rover	12:32:28	*.....	.....	....	.....
Pilgrim	1:25:50	*.....	.....	....	.....
Amy	1:33:45	*.....	.....	....	.....

*Did not finish

In the above table the times of all the yachts are reckoned from 12:30 P. M., the actual times of crossing the line being given for information only. Jessie E., Thelma and Idler captured first, second and third prizes respectively. The race was sailed under the management of the regatta committee consisting of of August R. F. Brandes, chairman, Roscoe L. Eames and William McBain.

On September 9 the Eighth Annual Regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association was sailed over the usual channel courses, the yachts being divided into six classes—20-foot special, 25-foot, yawl special, 30-foot, 36-foot and 44-foot. The 20-footers raced for the third Law Cup, presented by ex-Commodore Herbert E. Law, while the prizes for winners in the other classes were the Macdonough Cups, presented by ex-Commodore Joseph M. Macdonough. The 20-footers started at 2 P. M. and the other classes at intervals of ten minutes up to 2:50 P. M. As it was high water at North Beach at 1:00 P. M. the race was sailed on an ebb tide. The Mosquito Fleet, as the 20-footers are termed, sailed over the special course of five miles; the yawls over the short course of ten nautical miles, and the 30-footers, 36-footers and 44-footers over the middle course, reckoned as fourteen nautical miles.

C. J. Lancaster, formerly Commodore of the California Yacht Club, and owner of the sloop Edna, was referee. The judges on the committee boat and wharf were George E. Smith and Louis Sonniksen; while the timers were P. J. Weniger and R. R. l'Hommedieu. The racing in the yawl class was made interesting by the appearance of Robert Vincent's Iola, which was the scratch boat of the class.

As is always the case in Inter-Club regattas, the Corinthians entered far the largest number of boats, a dozen of the twenty-three craft flying their well-known flag. Five yachts flew the San Francisco burgee, five that of the California Yacht Club, and one that of the Vallejo Yachting and Boating Club. The sloop Aeolus is enrolled in the San Francisco Yacht Club, as well as in the Corinthian Yacht Club. In the 44-foot class Fulton G. Berry's newly-acquired sloop Nixie was entered. Though she has long been believed to be able to beat any boat on the bay, with time allowance, she never took part in any races while in the ownership of George E. Billings. It was with much pleasure, therefore, that yachtsmen saw her pass into the hands of a man who would race a cracker-box with a towel for a sail.

On Sunday, October 11, the San Francisco yachtsmen will hold a Members' Day at the club-house at Sausalito, with aquatic sports, races, and an open regatta for yachts of 25 feet racing length or less, over a course off shore. On Saturday, the 17th, the Sausalito sailors cruise to McNear's Landing, returning next day. Saturday, October 24, is closing day, and on the 25th, the closing cruise of the season will be taken on signal from the flagship.

On Saturday, October 3, the Corinthians will "fluff around" to Paradise Cove, where clam chowder will be served on the beach. Next day there will be a small yacht regatta over a course to be selected according to the conditions of the weather. On Saturday, the 7th, the yachtsmen will gather at Corinthian Cove, where next day the annual baseball game will be held. October 24 is closing day, and on the 25th the closing cruise of the season will be taken. On Sunday, November 8, the drawbridge will be raised and the fleet will retire into winter quarters.

On Saturday, October 3, the California yachtsmen will rendezvous at Sausalito, and next day will join the San Francisco sailors in a cruise outside the Heads. On Saturday, October 17, there will be a cruise to McNear's Landing, returning next day. Saturday, October 24, is closing night at the club-house, and on Sunday the last cruise of the year will be taken. Thus will end a very pleasant and successful season.

W. W. Richards Photo.

ALAMEDA BOAT CLUB SENIOR FOUR-OARED BARGE CREW.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE annual meet of the Pacific Coast Golf Association on the Del Monte links took up the week from August 24 to 29 inclusive. It was a very successful and pleasant tournament, the entry-lists being reasonably well filled, and the contests proving highly interesting. In the unavoidable absence of R. Gilman Brown, the duties of the secretary of the association were undertaken by me, as I had already been chosen as an assistant to Mr. Brown. The management of the Hotel Del Monte, and the golfers themselves, proved so obliging that the work was easily and agreeably accomplished.

The ladies played over the old nine holes, which have a length of 2,204 yards, while the men's contests took place over the new eighteen-hole course, which is made up of the first four and the last four holes of the women's course, with ten new holes added. The turfed putting-greens are unusually large and are kept in fine condition, water being conveyed by pipe to all of them, and men being kept constantly at work. cutting, rolling and tending them. The fair green at this season of the year is, necessarily, dry and somewhat hard, but the chief trouble for the players was caused by soft sandy spots, in which a well-played ball might be punished by a bad lie. To the right of the course, especially on the long 11th hole (491 yards with a bogey of 6) there are thickets and chaparral, in which a sliced ball is almost certain to be lost. The course is fairly wide, and it is necessary to stay in it; to wander off it is apt to prove fatal to the chance of making a low score. After a winter's rains have hardened and compacted the ground, and a strong turf has sprung up all over the fair green, the Del Monte course will be an excellent one. For picturesqueness and beauty it is hard to surpass, and it has the ideal proximity to the sea. The weather left little to be desired throughout the week. The mornings, which were rather dull and chilly to the spectator, were of just the grey, overcast kind dear to the golfer.

With regard to the players Northern and Southern California were represented almost exactly equally. Of the twenty-two who entered the competition for the Del Monte Cup for men, eleven were Northerners, ten were Southerners, and one was a Scotchman from Merced, who is not a member of any golf club in this country. Of the eleven Northerners H. M. Hoyt, R. G. Hanford, A. S. Lilley, Dr. J. R. Clark, Captain J. S. Oyster and J. W. Byrne are members of the San Francisco Golf Club, A. G. Harvey, J. J. Crooks and R. J. Davis represented the San Rafael Golf Club, Dr. C. H. Walter is of the Linda Vista Golf Club of San Jose, Perry Eyre of the Menlo Park Golf Club, while Captain T. B. S. Menzies was a military officer in the British service. It seems quite remarkable that not a single member of the Oakland Golf Club appeared as a contestant either for the Del Monte Cup for men or that for women. J. A. Folger was attending meetings of the Federal Grand Jury, but where were W. P. Johnson, E. R. Folger, C. P. Hubbard, J. O. Cadman? Where were the chairmen of the Prison Board and the Collector of the Port?

MRS. W. G. MILLER.

If men can come five hundred miles from Los Angeles, Riverside, Pasadena and elsewhere in Southern California to a meet held in the North, it seems only fair to suppose that a moderate amount of enthusiasm would carry players from Oakland to Del Monte.

Of the ten players from the South C. E. Orr entered from the Pasadena County Club, while A. H. Braly, A. J. Jevne, W. W. Butler, J. E. Cook, W. Frederickson, P. R. Wilson, J. F. Sartori, George Ellis and J. E. Hoy are members of the Los Angeles Country Club. The most notable Southerner, C. E. Maud, the amateur champion of the Pacific Coast Golf Association, and winner of the Del Monte Cup in two previous years, was compelled by business to miss the meet, though he had been living at Del Monte for some time, and is more familiar with the course than any golfer except C. E. Orr and "Jim" Melville. For the match between teams representing Northern and Southern California for the Byrne trophy, E. B. Tufts of the Los Angeles Country Club came up, but as soon as the match was over he returned. On Thursday Dr. W. M. Carpenter of Oakland arrived at Del Monte, and played in the contest for the open championship on the two following days. He was the sole representative of the golfers of the rising town of Oakland.

The tournament opened on Monday morning with the qualifying round, over eighteen holes, for the Del Monte Cup for men. The sixteen who qualified and their scores were as follows: Dr. J. R. Clark, 76; C. H. Walter and W. Frederickson, 78; H. M. Hoyt and A. G. Harvey, 82; T. B. S. Menzies, 84; C. E. Orr, 86; J. S. Oyster, 87; A. H. Braly and J. E. Cook, 88; J. A. Jevne, 90; J. J. Crooks, W. W. Butler and A. S. Lilley, 92; J. W. Byrne and J. E. Hoy, 93. P. Eyre, P. R. Wilson and George Ellis

also made returns of 93, but were beaten on the play-off of the tie.

On Monday afternoon the first match round was played, A. H. Braly beating Dr. J. R. Clark 1 up; A. G. Harvey beating W. W. Butler 4 up 3 to play; C. E. Orr beating J. W. Byrne 3 up 2 to play; J. A. Jevne beating W. Frederickson 5 up 4 to play; Dr. C. H. Walter beating J. E. Cook 2 up 1 to play; T. B. S. Menzies beating A. S. Lilley 6 up 5 to play; J. S. Oyster beating J. E. Hoy 6 up 5 to play, and H. M. Hoyt beating J. J. Crooks 4 up 3 to play. In this round the most notable features were the defeat of W. Frederickson by a handsome margin by J. A. Jevne, who, as a member of the Los Angeles Country Club, receives a handicap of 4 strokes from Frederickson, and the defeat of Dr. J. R. Clark, who turned in the lowest score in the qualifying round.

In the second match round, played on Tuesday morning, A. H. Braly continued his victorious career by beating A. G. Harvey 3 up 2 to play; C. E. Orr won 1 up at the last hole from J. A. Jevne; C. H. Walter beat T. B. S. Menzies 3 up 2 to play; and J. S. Oyster beat H. M. Hoyt 4 up 3 to play. Two Northerners, Dr. C. H. Walter and Captain J. S. Oyster, were thus left in with two Southerners, A. H. Braly and C. E. Orr. As the Southerners were paired and the Northerners were matched against each other, the deciding round was sure to be between a Northerner and a Southerner. The final round was played over thirty-six holes, on Wednesday, eeighteen holes in the forenoon and eighteen holes in the afternoon. Dr. Walter played along, steady game, and putted accurately. In the morning's play he secured a lead of 4 up, but at the twenty-third hole Orr had made the match all even. At the thirty-second hole Orr was 2 up, and at the thirty-fifth he was 1 up 1 to play. On the last hole Orr holed out from the edge of the green, winning 2 up. Dr. C. H. Walter captured the handsome cup for the runner-up.

On Tuesday afternoon the qualifying round, over eighteen holes, for the Del Monte Cup for women brought out eight competitors, all of whom were certain of their places. The scores were as follows: Miss Edith Chesebrough, 43, 40, total 83;

C. E. ORR, WINNER DEL MONTE CUP FOR MEN.

DR. C. H. WALTER, LINDA VISTA G. C.

Miss Whittell, 43, 42, total 85; Mrs. J. R. Clark, 48, 40, total 88; Miss Dolbeer, 45, 46, total 91; Mrs. E. T. Perkins, 51, 48, total 99; Miss Margaret Hately, 52, 47, total 99; Mrs. La Montagne, 51, 54, total 105; Mrs. W. G. Miller, 54, 52, total 106.

In the first match round, played on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Edith Chesebrough was drawn against Mrs. E. T. Perkins, but the contest did not take place, Mrs. Perkins having retired. Mrs. Perkins is much better known to golfers as Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, under which name she won the Women's Championship of Southern California two or three times. She was quite off her game through indisposition. Golfers would have been pleased to see a match between her and Miss Chesebrough, both at the top of their games, and much regretted that Mrs. Perkins was compelled to abandon the tournament. Miss Margaret Hately surprised some of the spectators by beating Miss Whittell, the winner of the Poniatowski Cup this year at Burlingame, 4 up 2 to play. Mrs. La Montagne played a good game against Mrs. J. R. Clark, who beat her by the small margin of 2 up 1 to play. Miss Dolbeer won 3 up 2 to play from Mrs. W. G. Miller. On the first nine holes these two candidates were all square, and each made a medal score of 42.

In the semi-final round, played on Thursday afternoon, Miss Edith Chesebrough beat Mrs. J. R. Clark 5 up 4 to play, the latter going to pieces in the second round. Miss Dolbeer won 4 up 3 to play from Miss Margaret Hately. In the final round on Friday afternoon Miss Edith Chesebrough beat Miss Dolbeer 5 up 4 to play, winning the Cup for women. Miss Chesebrough's card read as follows: First round—5, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3, 4, 5, total 39, only three strokes above bogie; second round—7, 6, 4, 5, 4, total 26 for the first five holes.

The ladies all through played an excellent game, keeping well in the course and putting accurately. Miss Chesebrough showed good judgment and did well in all the departments of the sport. It was generally agreed that the strongest and best player won.

Among the men the whole of Thursday was taken up by the match between teams of nine men repre-

senting Northern and Southern California, eighteen holes being played before and eighteen after luncheon. Dr. C. H. Walter was placed at the head of the Northern team and W. Frederickson at the top of the Southern team. The latter had quite recovered his form, beating Dr. Walter 7 up. The scores of the teams are shown in the table:

TEAM MATCH FOR THE BYRNE TROPHY, 1903.

Northern California	Up
Dr. C. H. Walter	0
A. G. Harvey	0
Capt. J. S. Oyster	2
H. M. Hoyt	3
J. W. Byrne	6
Dr. J. R. Clark	0
Douglas Grant	3
A. S. Lilley	0
J. J. Crooks	3
	17

Southern California	Up
W. Frederickson	7
C. E. Orr	1
J. A. Jevne	0
E. B. Tufts	0
J. E. Cook	0
A. H. Braly	3
W. W. Butler	0
J. F. Sartori	3
P. R. Wilson	0
	14

In spite of Frederickson's large score for his team, the Northerners won 3 up, though the issue was doubtful until the returns of the Crooks-Wilson match were in. Byrne's gain of 6 for the Northern team all but offset the gain of No. 1 on the Southern team. The Byrne trophy, having been won twice by the Northern California Golf Association, is now its property, and will become a permanent decoration of the San Francisco Golf Club-house. Most of the Southerners left Del Monte in the evening after the match, W. Frederickson and C. E. Orr alone remaining for the open championship.

The third annual competition for the open championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association took place on Friday and Saturday, the last two days of the meeting. Thirteen players entered, six professionals and seven amateurs. For each morning's and afternoon's play a professional and an amateur were paired together, the seventh amateur drawing a bye and going round the course with another amateur. In each case the man drawing the bye had as his companion T. Robins, a visitor at the Hotel Del Monte, who proved a most agreeable partner, ready to sacrifice his own game to the competitor's score. For the first day R. J. Johnstone returned the two best scores, 71, 71, and F. J. Reilly the second best, 74, 74. On Friday morning W. Frederickson returned the lowest score among amateurs, 77, but on Saturday morning A. G. Harvey made a round in 74. The scores of the first day for 36 holes were as follows: R. J. Johnstone, 71, 71, total 142; F. J. Reilly, 74, 74, total, 148; George Smith, 75, 75, total 150; Alexander Bell, 77, 82, total 159; W. Frederickson, 77, 82, total 159; J. Melville, 82, 80, total 162; W. Welsh, 85, 79, total 164; A. G. Harvey, 81, 84, total 165; J. J. Crooks, 95, 84, total 179; J. W. Byrne, 90, 90, total 180; Captain J. S. Oyster, 89, 92, total 181; Dr. W. M. Carpenter, 88, 95, total 183; C. E. Orr, 87, no returns.

A. G. HARVEY, SAN RAFAEL G. C.

The second day's play produced no change in the relative position of the three leaders, though Johnstone lost some of the strokes he had gained the day before, and Melville improved his standing. The results of the four rounds and the two days' play were as follows:

R. J. Johnstone	71, 71, 75, 79—296
F. J. Reilly	74, 74, 77, 74—299
George Smith	75, 75, 83, 77—310
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* No returns.

R. J. Johnstone took the first prize of $100; F. J. Reilly won the second prize of $30, and George Smith received the third award, $20.

The San Francisco Golf Club came out of the tournament exceedingly well. Its professional, Johnstone, won the open championship; the Northern California team, containing five or six of its members, won the Byrne trophy for the second and last time, and Miss Chesebrough, of the Ladies' Annex, won the Del Monte Cup for women.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN WEAPONS

(Continued from September issue.)

The automatic pistol occupies a field of its own, and is important in a way. It followed the machine gun and preceded the automatic rifle, which has recently made its appearance. Increased power and rapidity of fire over the revolver are the chief advantages of the automatic pistol, for it is well-known that only a certain power can be developed in a revolver, and if the limit is crowded the escape of gas between the barrel and cylinder becomes so enormous that the weapon will either be ruined by gas-cutting at this point or it will suffer more serious damage through explosion. The power of the revolver is thus limited, and until some satisfactory method is devised whereby this open space at the juncture of barrel and cylinder can be closed and opened automatically, to admit of firing and reloading, respectively, it will not advance and take a place alongside the heavy single-shot pistol and the automatic pistol. The latter permits the cartridge to lie in its chamber as it does in a rifle, hence, as the barrel is one piece and little or no gas escapes, the full force of the explosion of the powder is exerted on the base of the bullet, as it should be, and the penetration and shocking force of the latter is greatly enhanced. This is especially true when a carbine stock is attached to the pistol and it is used as one would a carbine or rifle, when there is not so much loss of powder through recoil as when the weapon is held at arm's length. Military men who have gained bitter experience in fighting savage peoples have long complained that the modern revolver was almost useless in stopping savages, and they demanded a weapon that would make safer the lives of officers armed only with side arms. English manufacturers for a long time supplied heavy, double-barrel pistols —the best illustration of this arm is a shotgun with short barrels and a pistol stock—to officers en route to Africa to fight the savage black tribes. These were carried at the saddle horn or in a holster, and were loaded almost as heavily as a shotgun, but with solid bullets, large buckshot, or slugs. They were intended only for use at point blank range, and not a few lives have they saved, of officers cornered by desperate fanatics, who had perhaps received their death blow from modern rifle bullets but were still capable of rushing upon an officer and cutting him down if he were armed only with the service revolver.

The automatic pistol is taking the place of such weapons as these heavy double pistols, and many of the powers are arming their officers with the new weapons. Not only are they more powerful than the revolver, but they carry a magazine fed with seven or nine cartridges by means of clips that may be quickly taken out and thrown away when exhausted, and new loaded clips inserted in a moment. Suppose an officer is hard pressed by a savage armed with long spear or other weapon, against which a short sword is useless. But one motion is necessary in order to fire the first shot from the automatic pistol —that of cocking it—after which it is but necessary to press the trigger for each shot, as the recoil of the first shot ejects the empty shell, inserts a cartridge in the chamber and cocks the piece, ready for firing. It would be possible for the officer to fire his seven or nine shots before his enemy had time to take two steps toward him and thrust with his spear. This is the field to which the automatic pistol is best adapted, although it is used as well in house defense, by civil officers, and even for hunting.

It was predicted that the automatic pistol would entirely supercede the revolver in a short time, but this it has not done, nor is it likely to do so very soon, if at all, in the United States, as our countrymen are deeply attached to the revolver for every purpose to which such a weapon may be put. And since the power of the revolver has been increased considerably, now that nitro powder has been used in it, it is sufficiently powerful for all purposes in a civilized country. Nowhere else in the world are such accurate and well made and finished revolvers produced as in this country. Some foreigners have increased the accuracy and beauty of American revolvers by careful hand work, but they have not approached our weapons for durability, beauty and accuracy by means of machinery. Another feature of the modern American revolver is that nearly every part is made by machinery from a model, hence each part is inter-changeable and may be renewed if broken or damaged. All of the best revolvers are now made to withstand the increased strain of nitro powder ammunition and this in itself denotes improvement.

Again, since the general adoption of nitro powder cartridges for hunting big game, the weights of hunting rifles have been reduced many pounds. It was not uncommon for the old-time buffalo hunters to carry rifles weighing ten, twelve, and even fifteen pounds. Cartridges often weighed about ten or twelve to the pound. The recoil was sufficient to knock the shooter down if he did not brace himself well against it, and the report and smoke were like unto a small cannon, and attracted the attention of every living thing for a great distance on every hand. To-day it is possible to have a more powerful rifle of less than half the weight of the old gaspipe, while the cartridges are far less in both weight and bulk. There is little or no smoke to attract attention, and the report is so sharp and light that it is located with difficulty, if heard. The old barrels were made of soft, decarbonized steel, whereas the new ones are of hard nickel steel, backed up by strong breech-blocks. All of the parts are much lighter, yet stronger, than the old ones, and it is possible to get good results from barrels only twenty to twenty-four inches in length, whereas the old idea was that a barrel must be thirty to thirty-eight inches long, and heavy in proportion.

Until recently the modern rifles have been of small caliber, .25, .236 or .30, some of the two latter taking the Government cartridges, others special cartridges of less powder. For a time full jacketed bullets were used in them, but later only the half jacketed bullets have been employed, as the disadvantage and danger of using the full jacketed bullets became well known. Now, however, since nitro powder has been loaded by the factories in cartridges of other calibers, there

is a well defined movement toward the favorite large calibers of ten years ago, and many of the old rifles have been fitted with new nickel steel barrels. A still more recent improvement is the adaption of low pressure smokeless powder cartridges to the old rifles, so that the old, big caliber rifles may be safely used with modern ammunition. New calibers have been brought out, too, and as many of these rifles have been used on big game during the present autumn, it remains to be seen how well they will compare with the .30 calibers.

It is worthy of note that the rifle manufacturers of the United States have almost driven foreign competition out so far as low priced .22 caliber rifles are concerned. At one time all the cheap rifles of this caliber came from Europe, but within the past few years we have exported far more of these rifles than we have imported, and the future will witness a large trade with other countries in these really well made and accurate little weapons. They are not so carefully finished as the European product, but they are machine made, well fitted and formed, and all of the parts are inter-changeable. The American boy of to-day can, for less than five dollars, obtain a .22 caliber rifle that equals in many respects the high priced muzzle-loader which his father swore by in the olden times.

Millions upon millions of .22 caliber rim-fire cartridges are made and sold in this country every year, and the output is steadily increasing, showing that rifle and pistol practice as a pastime is on the increase with us. Great strides have been made in these cartridges, too, and the old black powder product has been supplanted by ones loaded with semi-smokeless or smokeless powder. The most recent improvement in these cartridges has been in the use of bullets bearing no lubricant outside the shell, this grease being done away with through the employment of a greased wad immediately behind the bullet. These tiny, smokeless cartridges are a great advantage as regards fouling, for they leave very little residue in the bore, and hundreds of shots may be fired without cleaning. The report is scarcely louder than that of a cap.

Still another step toward improvement in firearms has been made in the adoption of a revolver to the .22 caliber rim-fire cartridge, which is so cheap and so universally used in America. For numerous reasons of a mechanical nature it has been difficult to use these tiny cartridges in a revolver, although this has often been tried with the black powder product. Now, however, a revolver is on the market which is adapted to the best one of the .22 caliber cartridges, and it is a success, the expert shooters who have tried it say. It has a solid frame, like some of the military revolvers, and like them, too, the cylinder is loaded by swinging it out to the left. One of the objections to the old style revolvers adapted to these cartridges was that the rim-fire cartridges were often exploded in closing the action after filling the cylinder. This, it is claimed, is overcome in the new arm.

The advent of nitro powder found more shotguns of ten guage and larger than any other sizes. These were very clumsy weapons, with ponderous stocks to withstand the recoil, and barrels thirty-two and thirty-four inches in length, while round the breech it was just possible to span them with both hands. The recoil was something to be remembered all day and half the night after a bit of shooting, while the report was like that of a blast, and the volume of smoke from the first shot made it necessary for one to run away to a distance in order to see clearly enough for a second. The shells were large, and when these were loaded with the new compound, which was even then less in bulk than black, the advantage of smaller shells was at once made manifest. Twelve-bores were then used a great deal for certain kinds of field shooting, and they soon became the favorites, as they were sufficiently powerful for all purposes, while in accuracy they were not surpassed by the tens and eights. And then there was a sentiment in favor of giving the vanishing game a small show for its life, although it must be said that not all shooters in the field would admit this. So the big bores came to be unpopular, and in a few short years they were decidedly in the minority. Trap shooters adopted the twelve-bore exclusively, and found that with properly made twelves they could place as many pellets out of a charge of shot at forty yards as with the larger gauges, while the penetration was sufficient; the length and weight of guns were much less, and the weight of a given number of cartridges was an item not to be overlooked. To-day the trap-shooting clubs of any importance, without any exception, bar the use of both black powder and ten-bore guns in tournaments. Smaller bores than twelve, however, are not as yet officially recognized by the larger clubs, although they have made themselves felt, and not a few clubs have made rulings concerning them, generally to the effect that smaller gauges than twelve must stand at the same distance from the trap as the twelves. Placing a man with a sixteen or twenty-gauge gun a yard or two nearer the traps than those shooting twelve-gauges might and probably would result in a great mustering of small bores, and it is somewhat costly to throw away a fine shotgun and buy another one, as the ten-bore men learned to their sorrow some years ago.

It cannot be denied that the sixteen and twenty-gauge guns are the guns of the near future, however, and this is so generally admitted in the gun trade of this country that manufacturers are anticipating a steadily increased demand for sixteen and twenty-gauges, while the importers who go to England and the Continent in the autumn to make purchases for the coming year's business have ordered large numbers of small-bore shotguns, which will arrive in this country about the first of December. At present the sixteen-gauge seems to be the favorite, but the twenty-gauge has many advocates, and some men are satisfied to depend upon the tiny twenty-eight-guage for field shooting. With the wild-fowl shooters the twelve is likely to remain the favorite for some time, as its advantages are numerous, and long shots the rule rather than the exception with them. In sixteen-gauge the gun may be lighter, while the strength is retained, but extremely light guns are objectioable in whatever gauge, as with them the recoil is sharp and severe. As the feathered game becomes scarcer, however, the tendency will be toward the tiny bores for upland shooting. No doubt of that.

* * *

Since the above was written, a short time ago, as we count the days, two automatic rifles and a new sixteen-gauge repeating shotgun have made their appearance on the American market, while another company has announced an automatic shotgun. The latter may be in the hands of sportsmen ere this is read throughout the country. Verily, we oldtimers, who try to keep up with the procession, must confess ignorance of shooting irons of some types, so rapidly are they turned out, and so very different are they from the pea-shooters of our youth.

The first of the automatic rifles to be sold the trade of this country came from Germany. It bears an old name and is of course beautifully modeled, while one who handles it at first finds it barely a trifle bulkier than its elder brother, the non-automatic magazine rifle. It is ascerted on both sides of the Atlantic that the next military rifle for the armies of the world will be automatic, and there is good reason to believe the next decade will find this weapon sufficiently perfect to warrant the rearming, as predicted. However that may be, it still remains to be seen whether the automatic rifle will prove to be a better one for the hunter of big game to carry than existing types. Certainly the careful hunter will find it an immense advantage to find a second, or a third, shot possible without taking his eyes off the game or his finger off the trigger.

Still, there can be no denial of the fact that the first shot always has been and always will be the one to pin one's faith to, and whatever we hunt with—be it a single shot rifle or a mitrailleuse—we should place that first shot as carefully as the conditions will permit.

The second automatic rifle that has appeared is of the smallest caliber, adapted to a new .22 caliber cartridge whose shell is crimped heavily on a greaseless bullet that is very similar to the one loaded in the famous .22-7-45 cartridge. The shell is much larger in diameter than the bullet, is of thicker metal and has a stronger head; in fact, a high power .22 caliber rim-fire. The magazine holds ten cartridges and may be filled either by hand or with a charger. The opening in this magazine is midway of the buttstock, on the right-hand side. The cartridges lie in this tube in the center of the buttstock and are fed into the chamber by a spiral spring contained in a tube that is inserted through the buttplate. When the magazine is filled the first cartridge is placed in the chamber by pushing the operating sleeve—under the forearm—down with a quick motion, then letting it fly back. The firing of the first shot ejects the shell and places another cartridge in the chamber, but in order that the mechanism may be actuated by the recoil, it is necessary to permit the trigger to slide forward to its normal position, just as one does when firing a double-action revolver as such. As all the moving parts are contained within the rifle, there is nothing to take one's attention from the object shot at, and the recoil, which is of course very slight, is absorbed in operating the mechanism. Ten shots, therefore, may be fired as rapidly as one can press and release the trigger. There is no safety, but if it is desired to remove the cartridge in the chamber but keep the magazine filled and let the striker down, this may be accomplished as follows: Remove the magazine from the buttplate sufficiently to take the tension off the cartridges contained therein. Push the operating sleeve back slowly until the cartridge in the chamber is thrown out, then press the trigger and let the sleeve return slowly to its normal position. The hammer is now down and the chamber empty. The ejected cartridge may be returned to the magazine before the latter is pushed back and locked. For the next shot it is merely necessary to push the sleeve down and let it fly. This rifle is made to take down, it is small and light, has good sights, and is handsomely finished. For squirrel shooting it has many advantages. A squirrel is so small and so quick that it is an easy matter to miss it at the first shot. Reloading a single shot rifle takes one's attention from the game, though he may not be conscious of having looked away. Very often a second shot is presented an instant after the miss, and with the automatic rifle this second shot is always ready. In turkey hunting it often occurs that an individual is fired at and the other birds move into the underbrush before a second cartridge can be found and placed in the chamber. In goose hunting one may wait from daylight until nine o'clock before the geese come out of the fields and stop on the sandbar where one is in hiding. With the single shot rifle he may get one shot—the only one in a whole day. And if he under or over estimates the distance and misses, much of the plesaure of the outing is gone. With the new weapon it is possible to select an individual, place the first shot very carefully, then fire as rapidly as possible at other geese in the flock before they have time to spread their wings. A ricochet may kill a goose, and it is possible to kill them on the wing. The advantage with this weapon exceeds that of the gun loaded with buckshot and fired at short range, for the bullets have greater power and penetration. In hunting turkeys and geese one's shots are few and far between, so that he may be excused if he desires to make the best of his one opportunity.

The automatic shotgun must be treated in theory only, but it is safe to predict that many sportsmen will argue that if one is to carry a repeating shotgun in preference to the double gun, the automatic has many advantages.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Conducted by A. T. NOE, M. D.

I SHALL answer a few more letters this month. Now I want to say that many questions are along the same line, and so one answer will cover several requests for information.

I am pleased at the interest shown by the readers of this department and at the fact that so many are willing to trust to simple methods for better physical conditions. The more we live close to nature and employ the means she intends for our good, the surer we are of health and strength. The human body is a marvelous piece of machinery, and the less we try to run it by artificial means the better work it will perform; but it is foolish to expect it to run smoothly if we do not keep it clean and well supplied with its essential requirements. I have many inquiries as to what to eat, and I must say that is very hard to tell, when in possession of only a few facts and no knowledge of the person asking for such information. I will remark, however, that the quantity means more than what you eat, for most people eat too much. Nearly every one eats three meals a day, many eat four, and not one person in a thousand can consume three full meals a day. It is the unconsumed food that plays havoc with the delicate organism of the human body and renders it insecure and instable. I wish to particularize this fact as so many questions bear upon the subject of indigestion. Too much food in the alimentary canal is almost always the cause of indigestion.

G. H. N., banker, Sacramento—Your trouble comes from a lax condition of the walls of the stomach, caused by stretching the stomach with more food than you can care for. I advise a three-day fast, drink a glass of water every two hours or so. After this fast, eat only two meals a day, and do not eat anything before retiring, but drink a big glass of cold water. You say your height is five feet nine inches and a half and that your weight is one hundred and ninety-two pounds. You are much too heavy for your height, no wonder you are short-winded. Practice deep breathing and take long walks, keeping your head and chest well up and walking on the balls of your feet. I also advise systematic and careful exercise, such as I have given in these pages, and by referring to past numbers you will find great benefit from their use.

C. R. D., Los Angeles—You may have appendicitis, but I think, like many other cases of this now fashionable disease, you are merely troubled with clogged intestines. Inactive walls of the intestines cause the food to lie dormant till it decays, and in this condition it becomes packed, distending the bowels and producing fever, pain and distress. I do not think it possible for a person to have chronic appendicitis. You say you have been troubled for five years; if your vermiform appendix were swollen and full you would have had blood poisoning long ere this. I advise you to take long walks. Begin by walking slowly, and then increase your gait until you can get over the ground rapidly. Be careful to breathe deeply through the nose. Drink plenty of water, and the juice of lemons is good for you. Be careful not to eat starch foods, no potatoes, beans, etc. I would only eat twice a day, and let one meal be entirely of fruit. Get all the sleep you can, and always lie down after your walk.

Mr. E. B., Lower Lake, Cal.—Nervous indigestion is certainly to be relieved by strengthening the nervous system, but there must be some attention given to the food that supplies the nerve centers. I would advise the total abstinence from stimulants of all kinds. No tea, no coffee, and no liquids during meals, but plenty of cold water between meals, especially in the morning. The blood poisoning may be the cause of your lack of strength, but if the supply of the nervous system is as it should be, I do not think you would be in such condition. I would advise cold baths in the mornings.

followed by vigorous skin friction and deep breathing for at least ten minutes. Be sure to take the relaxation after hard exercise, and I do not think I would indulge in violent exercise until I could thoroughly control breathing. Only two meals a day, and the less meat the better. In your nervous condition you do not require any stimulation, but much rest and the gentle development of deep breathing.

R. B. C., City—Your heart is certainly not organically affected, but the irregular beating is caused by functional disorder, for which over-eating is undoubtedly to blame. If you will stop to think what a small space there is between the heart and stomach, you will quickly see how easy it would be for the distended stomach to interfere with the heart's action. Now you complain of gas, and herein lies the seat of your trouble. Gas is caused by fermentation, and fermentation by excessive food. Stop eating and drinking liquors for a few days and give your poor stomach a change to right itself. Drink all the pure cold water you possibly can, and do not eat a bite of anything for at least three days. You say you have not been a saint, and are very fond of the pleasures of the table. Let me tell you no man is a saint, or even decent, who makes a god of his stomach. I warn you, although your heart trouble is at present only a functional defect, if you do not overcome it you will in time develop it into a serious organic derangement.

EXERCISES.

By this time you are ready to use your body more vigorously than heretofore. Your chest development giving your increased lung power, the strengthening of the stomach by lifting up the muscles and the deep breathing, all have given you strength and endurance. Now you will learn to poise the whole body in a manner that will bring into play every muscle in it. You will force the blood into every organ, and they being in their proper place will have full benefit of the extra circulation of blood and air.

(*a*) Stand poised, all weight on balls of of feet as in figure twenty, heels resting on the floor, as per dotted lines. Body slightly inclined forward, head and chest erect, arms at sides. This is the proper position for standing and walking. Slowly raise weight of body on toes, lift heels from floor, then slowly return to first position. Do not rest weight on heels.

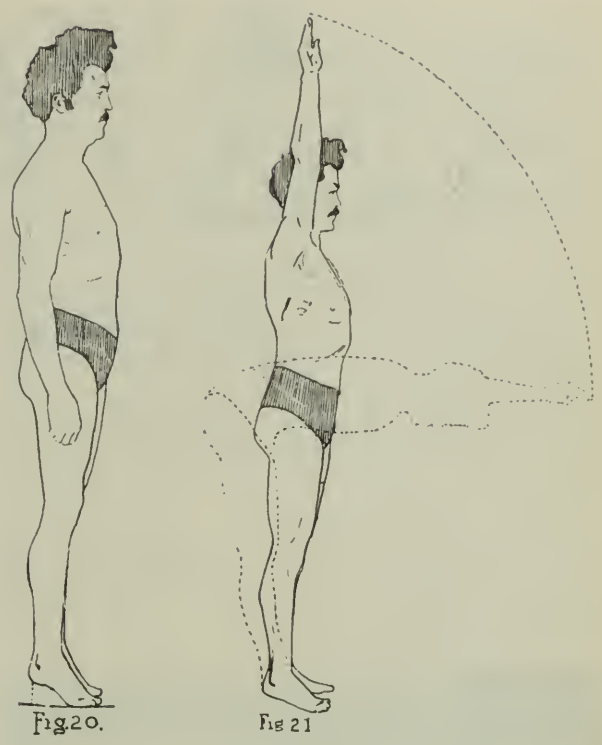

Fig.20. Fig 21

(*b*) Stand poised, all weight on balls of feet, as in figure twenty-one. Raise arms straight up over head. Now bend forward until body forms right angle at hips. Hold a few moments, then return to first position and relax. Repeat six times.

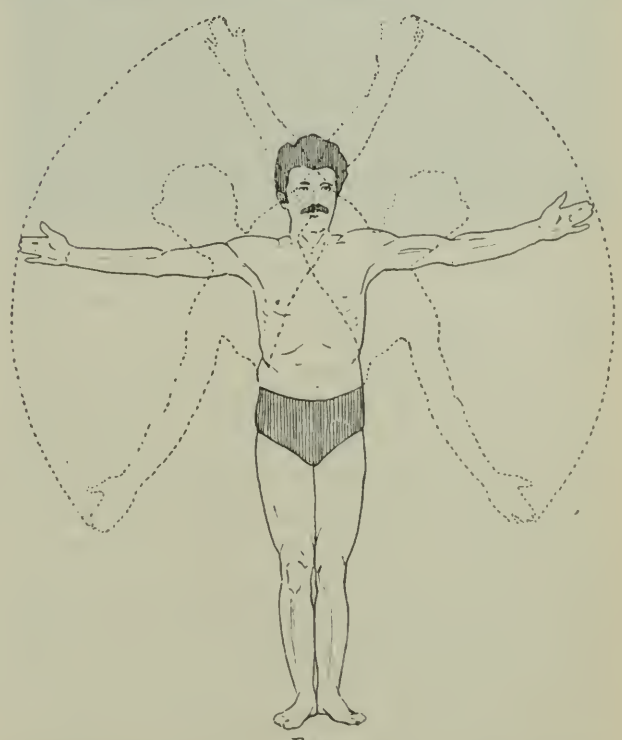

Fig 22

(*c*) Stand poised. Extend arms at right angles to body, muscles rigid as in figure twenty-two. Bend whole body as far down to right, then to left, as possible, keeping arms on a straight line with each other and muscles rigid. Do not bend knees. Repeat ten times.

H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE TRAINING OF THE FIELD DOG

By H. L. BETTEN.

Retrieving—The Natural Method.

FIFTH PAPER.

RETRIEVING, if properly taught, is one of the most useful accomplishments of the field dog, and neither time nor pains should be spared in perfecting this branch of his education.

As a rule the average puppy when properly taught will make a satisfactory retriever, and it is only on rare occasions that one meets with a young dog which through stupidity or stubbornness cannot be developed into a first-rate performer.

In the majority of cases the amateur trainer prefers to use the natural method in teaching his dog to retrieve, and this is applied mainly by taking advantage of the youngster's playfulness, which leads him to pursue moving objects and carry them about in his mouth.

A small kennel yard or vacant room is the best place in which to give the primary lessons, and the usual manner of beginning is to attract the puppy's attention to an old buckskin glove, a ball or a light shoe, and by exaggerated action arouse his curiosity to the highest pitch, when the object is thrown a few yards distant. Likely as not the puppy will chase it the first time it is thrown, but if not you must find some other means by which to arouse his interest, otherwise it will be impossible to proceed with his training. During the first stage it matters not how the puppy deports himself so long as he will follow the object and pick it up and carry it in his mouth. Soon thereafter it will be possible to call him to you while he is still in possession of it, patting him and playing with him as you take the object from him, and giving him an occasional reward. After this has been repeated a few times you may use the command "fetch" simultaneously with the throwing of the object, and when he has learned to associate the order with the act of retrieving, he is ready for the next stage, which consists of holding his collar for a few moments after the object is thrown, and ordering him to "fetch" as he is released. Great care must be taken not to continue the lesson too long, for the puppy's interest is sure to flag and you will then find it impossible to compel him to retrieve. If a young dog's interest is retained he will become passionately fond of retrieving, and unless this is done you will have no success whatever, and in order to make a retriever of him will have to resort to the forced method, which I shall describe in a following article.

As soon as the puppy is well advanced in the primary stages of retrieving, corrections should be made in his manner of holding the object, and should he persist in rolling it in his mouth or biting it special lessons should be given whereby he should be discouraged from such actions. In many instances it is advisable to take him into another room where he should be made to sit up and hold the object, the objectionable faults being corrected by a light tap over the nose or by the closing of his jaws with your fingers. Should he attempt to eject the object, strike him lightly over the quarters with a whip and replace it every

A POINT ON SCATTERED BIRDS.

time he drops it, continuing to punish him in a mild manner until he realizes that he will be compelled to retain the object whether he likes to or not. Once he will hold it firmly the choke collar may be placed on his neck and he may be led around the room with the object in his mouth, punishment being applied every time he drops it until finally he will decide that it is best to obey you when no further difficulty will be experienced. The lessons in retrieving may then be continued, but it is best to allow quite an interval to elapse before resuming it, so that the puppy may have time to forget the strenuous experience through which he has just passed.

After the puppy will retrieve fairly well in the room or kennel yard, he may be taken to various locations, providing it can be done without attracting his attention from his lessons. Also, as he becomes perfect in the primary branches of retrieving, he should be compelled to "hold up" when

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

he comes in; should he retain too tight a hold on the object you should not attempt to tear it from him by sheer force but simply grasp it gently and say, "let go," at the some time stepping on his toes until the increasing pressure causes him to open his mouth, when it may be removed in a proper manner and without mutilation.

As the dog begins to take an increased interest in retrieving you may fashion an object closely resembling a bird by stuffing a kid glove with cloth and tying the wings of a quail or other game bird, on or about it, or better yet by sewing them to the glove in such a way that they cannot easily be torn therefrom. You may then give your lessons in a vacant lot or open field, and the distance at which the dummy may be

"HERE THEY ARE!"

retrieved can be increased in a gradual manner until it is thrown fifty or sixty yards from you. This can easily be accomplished by attaching a short cord (say about thirty inches long) to the dummy by means of which it can be thrown fully seventy-five yards, and it will greatly resemble a bird in flight and arouse the livliest interest on the part of the puppy. During these lessons it is well to remember that the dog should be dropped or restrained in some manner while the object is being thrown and for some moments thereafter, thereby enforcing theoretical steadiness to wing. Also, if you are absolutely certain that your dog is free from gun-shyness you may use a revolver and fire a shot as the dummy is thrown and he will soon learn the meaning of shooting, and will associate it with retrieving.

"STEADY, NOW!"

When the puppy shows a reasonable degree of perfection in retrieving by sight he may be taken to a spot containing cover such as is usually found in a pasture field, and may be given his first lessons in retrieving by scent. Care must be taken not to make the task too difficult and he must be given an occasional opportunity to retrieve by sight, otherwise he might become disgusted and refuse to hunt for the object after a few failures. Many puppies possessing splendid olfactory powers show great awkwardness at first and blunder around in an aimless fashion, seemingly unable to locate. However, experience soon remedies this and as the puppy begins to realize the uses to which his scenting powers may be put he begins to take pride in his ability to unravel scent, and searches with great earnestness. Many amateur handlers show little patience with a puppy at this stage of retrieving and are continually coaching him and ordering him here and there when he should be left to his own devices, as such a course develops his independence in searching, and leads him to mark the flight of the object with greater precision, all of which becomes useful in its application in field work. As an additional test of his finding qualities you may hold the puppy's head as you throw the dummy by means of the cord and, after allowing him to see it in flight, turn his head so that he cannot mark its descent; in this way he will be obliged to use his nose to a far greater extent, and the experience gained will aid him in his field work when problems presented by winged birds and birds which rolled a long distance from where they fell will not be apt to mystify him.

Throughout these lessons the amateur should be kindness personified as it must be borne in mind that the puppy is retrieving of his own free will and the instant undue force is used he may refuse to obey your commands, and you will have no means of compelling him to do so. Care should be taken to prevent the young dog from acquiring slovenly habits, such as dropping the dummy before he reaches you or coming in and starting out again with the object in his mouth. These faults can be corrected without resorting to force or violence, and patience will be rewarded in the end. However, no matter how carefullly the lessons may be instilled, a natural retriever is seldom to be compared with a forced retriever, but for the average amateur the forced system will be found most difficult of application, requiring the greatest degree of patience and nicety in application—in fact, few professional trainers care to apply it, for when properly accomplished the teaching of forced retrieving is one of the fine arts of training, and the remuneration hardly, if ever, equals the outlay of time and patience demanded. As to its superiority over natural retrieving there can be no question, and an owner is perfectly justified in spending an additional month's time in teaching this system (if he is absolutely certain that he is qualified to do so), as once a dog is properly taught by the forced system he is certain to become an almost perfect retriever, providing he possesses the natural qualifications. Without these a dog will at best make but an ordinary performer, and the most rigid adherence to rules for training will not make him otherwise.

TROUBLES TO COME.

THE VICTORIA, B. C., OPEN-AIR SHOW

(By Our Special Correspondent.

The first open-air, one-day dog show of the Victoria City Kennel Club, and the first one-day Pacific Kennel League rule dog show ever held was carried off very successfully August 22, at Caledonia Park, Victoria. The grounds were ideal for a show of this kind, being very spacious, with nice lawn turf, close cut, and are centrally located. The grounds are used principally for lacrosse matches, and have a second board fence inside the line fence, to which the dogs were chained, without any benching whatever, Entries totaled 152, all local, divided as follows: Skye terriers 2, St. Bernards 3, greyhounds 2, collies 9, bulldogs 2, bull terriers 6, field spaniels 6, fox terriers 14, Irish terriers 15, Scottish terrier 1, clumber spaniel 1, cocker spaniels 23, Irish water-spaniels 11, Irish setters 13, English setters 25, Gordon setters 8, pointers 11.

The judges were Mr. C. B. Yandell of Seattle (all setters and pointers). Mr. W. M. Hodgson, Manchester, England (all other breeds). Both judges gave the very best of satisfaction, their awards receiving universal commendation. The largest class entry in the show was English setters, always a strong class at Victoria shows, with competition extremely keen, particularly among the bitches, which for the number benched were of better quality than the dogs. First and special for the best English setter in the show went to Count Rego, a high-class 10-months-old puppy owned and bred by T. P. McConnell of Victoria, Albert Fleet-Albert Rosalind, who for style and quality smothered all competitors. He is a beautiful orange belton in color, with fine, silky coat, in every respect a dog of quality, with apparently no defects. Second in open dogs went to Mafeking, a very coarse-headed white and liver setter, but with good coat and rather nice body. We think Blue Rock could have changed places with him without harm, for he is a dog of much quality. In bitches Albert Rosalind, also owned by T. P. McConnell, took limit and winners after a close fight with C. W. Mino's Zolo Montez, and Victoria Belle II. She is a large one, weighing 60 pounds, but nicely balanced all over. She beat Zolo Montez II in head, neck front, shoulders, legs and bone. Victoria Belle (third) would have been placed second had she been in better coat and feather.

Gordon setters were rather a poor lot. There are dozens of Gordons that are running around Victoria streets that are never shown, but which could easily win over those that have been benched here for the past three years. The best in the lot was S. W. Bodley's Heather Nell, a bitch that wants but one more win to make her a champion. Rather a good specimen, but lacking in stop, inclined to be cheeky, and too long cast in body. The winning dog, Sport, is a V. H. C. specimen, but for lack of competition has already two wins to his credit. Irish setters brought out the well-known winners, Ch. Hector, George Jay's Mike and J. Cottle's Patrick, correctly placed in the order named. Hector is showing signs of age and will soon have to give way to younger dogs.

Pointers had but four dogs to face the judges, all very good specimens, the bitch Duchess beating the winning dog Wasco Imp for special on better body formation and coat. She might, however, have changed places with the dog had the judge notice her tail, which had evidently met with an accident, there being apparently a couple of joints missing. Cocker spaniels, the next largest class to English setters in the show, had a good entry, the judge remarking in his criticism of the dogs, that he found the majority of Coast cockers too light in muzzle and too cheeky, preferring a dog with a strong muzzle, rather thin head, long back, long legs, and plenty of feathering. As he is but shortly out from England, where he has had ten years of experience breeding and handling prize winners, his criticisms were listened to with respect. He picked on J. W. Creighton's Jesmond Ruby as the nearest to

this type, and gave her special for the best cocker spaniel in the show. It is rather interesting to note that the last two judges at Victoria shows had picked on weaker-muzzled cockers for their winners, and smaller types generally.

Fox terriers (smooth) had a very nice entry, the quality being extremely good, particularly noticeable in the three winners, Mrs. J. J. Bostock's Reminiscence, George Florence's Wandee Revelry, and W. F. Hall's Cadger of Oaks. The judge gave Reminiscence special for the best fox-terrier in the show, but we rather think Wandee Revelry should have beaten her, as he beats her hardily in substance and is equally good everywhere else. Cadger of Oaks, a terrier all over, was placed down on account of a rather badly set ear.

Irish terriers had a nice entry of seven, the special going to Mr. Cecil Hall's Nipper, a winner of winners at Victoria's April show, and easily the best terrier benched.

Collies and Irish water-spaniels were extremely good and would compare favorably with any seen at the largest Eastern shows.

St. Bernards had but two dogs benched, the judge preferring a four and one half-months old puppy to a fifteen-month one, which was allowing a good deal to the youngster, and could have changed their positions with better satisfaction to the spectators, who practically were unanimous in their choice of the older dog, a winner at Victoria, Seattle and Portland last April, and a good one all over.

THE AWARDS.

FOX TERRIERS.

Fox terriers, puppy dogs—first Mrs. J. J. Bostock's Result; second, Mrs. W. A. Anderson's Tim; third, H. Heans' Kitchener.

Novice dogs—first, Mrs. J. J. Bostock's Result; second, Mrs. H. Anderson's Tim.

Limit dogs—first, Geo. Florence's Wandee Revelry; second, W. F. Hall's Cadger of Oaks; third, Mrs. H. Anderson's Tim.

Open dogs—first, Geo. Florence's Wandee Revelry; second, Geo. Florence's General Buller.

Winners dogs—first, George Florence's Wandee Revelry; reserve, W. F. Hall's Cadger of Oaks.

Novice bitches—first, W. A. Cruise's Dolly.

Limit bitches—W. A. Cruise's Dolly.

Open bitches—first, Mrs. J. J. Bostock's Reminiscence; second, W. A. Cruise's Dolly.

Winners bitches—Mrs. J. J. Bostock's Reminiscence (also special for best fox terrier in show).

IRISH TERRIERS.

Puppy dogs—first, J. Rogers' Pat.

Novice dogs—first, E. Carlow's Punch; second, J. Rogers' Pat.

Limit dogs—first, R. C. Hall's Nipper; second, E. Carlow's Punch; third, Rogers' Pat.

Open dogs—(Same as above).

Winners dogs—first, R. C. Hall's Nipper; reserve, E. Carlow's Punch; R. C. Hall's Nipper, also special prize for best Irish terrier in show.

COCKER SPANIELS—BLACK.

Novice dogs—first, C. E. Stephen's Silver King; second, F. C. Clyde's Prince.

Limit dogs—first, C. E. Stephen's Silver King; second, Phil A. Goodwin's Douglas.

Open dogs—first, C. E. Stephen's Silver King.

Winners dogs—first, C. E. Stephen's Silver King; reserve, Phil. A. Goodwin's Douglas.

Novice bitches—first, Dr. G. L. Milne's Princess Beatrice.

Limit bitches—first, Mrs. Ross' Princess Chic.

Open bitches—first, Mrs. C. A. Goodwin's Little Dorrit.

Winners bitches—first, Mrs. C. A. Goodwin's Little Dorrit; reserve, Mrs. Ross' Princess Chic.

COCKER SPANIELS—OTHER THAN BLACK.

Open dogs—second, Dr. G. L. Milne's Red Rex.

Puppy bitches—first, Mrs. J. W. Creighton's Jessamond Ravel; second, Mrs. Trimen's Little Duchess.

Limit bitches—first, J. W. Creighton's Jessamond Ruby; second, Dr. A. J. Garesche's Jessamine Opal; third, Miss Goodwin's Pippin.

Open bitches—first, J. W. Creighton's Jessamine Pearl; second, Miss Goodwin's Pippin; third, J. W. Creighton's Jesamond Ravenal.

Winners bitches—first, J. W. Creighton's Jessamond Ruby; reserve, J. W. Creighton's Jessamond Pearl.

COCKER SPANIELS.

Parti-color—first, Miss Skinner's Bonnie Charlie; also in winners.

Special prize for best cocker spaniel in the show was won by J. W. Creighton's Jessamond Pearl.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

Puppy dogs—first, C. P. LeLievre's Mike L.; second, A. W. Vowell's Judge.

Novice dogs—first, Mrs. G. F. Dunn's Murphy.

Limit dogs—first, G. F. Dunn's Tim D.; second, Mrs. G. F. Dunn's Murphy.

Open dogs—(Same as above).

Winners dogs—first, G. F. Dunn's Tim D.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

Novice bitches—H. J. Dunn's Jane D.

Limit, open, winners—(Same as above).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Puppy dogs—first, T. P. McConnel's Count Rego; second, W. Armstrong's Dandy; third, A. G. Davies' St. Nicholas.

Novice dogs—first, T. P. McConnell's Count Rego; second, H. Twyman's Mafeking; third, H. E. Davies' Colonel Shag D.

Limit dogs—first, H. Twyman's Mafeking; second, Miss Davies' Blue Rock.

Open dogs—T. P. McConnel's Count Rego; H. Twyman's Mafeking.

Winners dogs—T. P. McConnell's Count Rego. Count Rego won the open prize for the best English setter in the show.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Puppy bitches—first, R. R. Watson's Moscene.

Novice bitches—first, Dr. Fagan's Molly; second, A. G. Davies' Lady Minto.

Limit bitches—first, T. P. McConnell's Albert's Rosalind; second, C. E. Minor's Zolo Montez; third, T. P. McConnell's Victoria Belle.

Open bitches—first, T. P. McConnell's Albert's Rosalind; second, C. E. Minor's Zolo Montez; third, T. P. McConnell's Victoria Belle.

Winners bitches—first, T. P. McConnell's Albert's Rosalind; reserve, C. E. Minor's Zolo Montez.

GORDON SETTERS.

Puppy dogs—first, J. W. Fletcher's Shot; second, H. G. Ross' Booze.

Open dogs—first, R. Porter's Sport.

Winners bitches—first, R. Porter's Sport.

Novice bitches—first, L. Camsusa's Belle.

Limit bitches—first, S. W. Bodley's Heather Nell; second, L. Camsusa's Belle.

Winners bitches—first, S. W. Bodley's Heather Nell; reserved Camsusa's Belle.

Prize for the best Gordon setter in the show was won by S. W. Bodley's Heather Nell.

IRISH SETTERS.

Novice dogs—first, J. K. Bellamy's Dan.

Limit dogs—first, Geo. Jay's Mike; second J. R. Jenningse' Laddie; third, J. Cottle's Patrick.

Open dogs—first, Dr. Garesche's Hector; second, Geo. Jay's Mike; third, J. Cottle's Patrick.

Winners dogs—Dr. Garesche's Hector; Geo. Jay's Mike, second. Hector won the special prize for the best Irish setter in the show.

Puppy bitches—first, R. Stewart's Lady Pat.

Limit bitches—first, S. Creech's Nelly.

Open bitches—first, S. Creech's Nelly.

Winners bitches—first, S. Creech's Nelly.

POINTERS.

Novice dogs—first, F. Bowness' Waseo Imp; second, H. Donkins' Victoria Joe.

Limit dogs—first, F. Bowness' Waseo Imp; second, ond, H. Dorkins' Victoria Joe.

Open dogs—first, F. Bowness' Waseo Imp; second, H. Dorkins' Victoria Joe.

Winners dogs—first, F. Bowness' Waseo Imp; second, H. Dorkins' Victoria Joe.

Novice bitches—first, F. Bowness' Alberta Queen.

Limit bitches—first, F. A. Futcher's Duchess; second, F. Bowness' Alberta Queen.

Winners bitches—F. A. Futcher's Duchess; second, F. Bowness' Alberta Queen, reserve.

F. A. Futcher's Duchess won special prize for best pointer in the show.

SKYE TERRIERS.

First, Mrs. Gavin Burns' York, and Kelpie second.

The retrieving contest was won by J. R. Jennings' Irish setter Laddie.

ST. BERNARDS.

Puppy dogs—first, rMs. H. E. Davis, Victoria Chief.

Open dogs—first, W. F. Hall's His Highness.

Puppy dogs—first. Mrs. H. E. Davies' Victoria Chief.

BULLDOG.

Second, J. McSweeney's Barney.

GREYHOUNDS.

First, Dr. G. L. Milne's Jeff; second, F, LeRoy's Trenna.

COLLIES.

Puppy dogs—first, L. Becket's Shep; second, Walter Easton's Roy.

Novice dogs—first, L. Becket's Shep; second, W. Easton's Roy; third, William Dee's John's Prince.

Limit dogs—first, Haggard Bros.' Woodman Ranger.

Open dogs—Haggard Bros.' Woodman Ranger; second, W. Dee's John's Prince.

Winners dogs—first, L. Becket's Shep.

Open bitches—second, Rev. E. G. Miller's Lassie.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.

First, Mrs. W. A. Ward's Tatters.

BULL TERRIERS.

Novice dogs—first, W. W. Murray's Unknown.

Open dogs—first, Harry Keown's Walter, and also in winners.

TWO VICTORIA BEAUTIES.

The handsome red cocker spaniel Jesmond Pearl (6628 C. K. C.) whose picture is presented herewith is the property of Mr. J. W. Creighton, president of the Victoria City (B. C.) Kennel Club. She won first in the recent open-air show at Victoria, as well as a special prize for the best cocker in the show.

Jesmond Pearl is by California Duke out of Bonnie Sylvia, both registered, and is a very high-class animal, who will be heard from again.

Albert's Rosalind, whose picture appears here for the first time in print, is owned by Mr. T. P. McConnell of Victoria. She is by Count F-Cassie Sheldon and was bred by William Nott of Bridgeport, Conn. Besides being the dam of Mallroyd Joe (first novice, New York, 1903, in class of twenty-nine entries), Count Rego (first puppy, open and Special Duncans 1903, and first puppy, novice, open, winners and special, Victoria, 1903), she has the following wins to her

JESMOND PEARL.

ALBERT'S ROSALIND.

credit: First limit open and winners, New York, 1900; first limit second open, Wissahickon, V. L. A., 1902; first limit open and winners, Seattle, 1903; first limit open and winners, Portland, 1903; first open, San Francisco, 1903; first limit open and winners, Victoria, 1903.

A WELL DESERVED TESTIMONIAL.

Among the many sportsmen whose generous patronage has made possible the running of field trials in this State none have shown a greater degree of liberality than William S. Tevis, and his unavoidable absence from the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club's meet last January was deeply regretted by each and every sportsman present. During the trials it was suggested that as a slight mark of appreciation of his generous devotion to the interests of the P. C. F. T. Club, and of the many courtesies extended to patrons and to the club, he be presented with a massive silver plate, appropriately inscribed, and the suggestion met with the unanimous approval of every member present. Accordingly an elegantly designed specimen of the silversmith's art was ordered prepared, and the beautiful plate which was presented to Mr. Tevis August 1st bears the following inscription:

"Presented to William S. Tevis by members of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club, as a slight mark of their appreciation of his generous devotion to a noble sport, and of his many courtesies extended to them and to the Club.

"W. W. Van Arsdale, John H. Schumacher, H. W. Keller, C. N. Post, Andrew Jackson, F. W. Emery, W. G. Kerckhoff, Frank Maskey, August Marquis, John Hauerwass, C. W. Hibbard, W. W. Richards, F. A. Dixon, Albert Betz, J. E. Terry, Jno. M. Kilgarif, P. D. Linville, A. C. Jones, T. J. A. Tiedemann, J. W Flynn, W. J. Bennetts, John W. Considine, J. S. Dunham, C. W. Coggins, Clinton E. Worden."

VAL'S MARK. (VALIENTE-PEACHMARK.)

ENTRIES FOR THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST TRIALS.

ENTRIES for the Pacific Northwest Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials number twenty-two in all—eighteen setters and four pointers, and while the number is not large it is expected that the majority of nominations will be started so that the stake will be well filled as to competitors. Owing to the heavy expense incurred in making the long trip to Whidbey Island, California handlers will not attend in their usual numbers, but with the organization of field-trial clubs in Oregon and Eastern Washington, the inducements will prove sufficient to induce our handlers to make an annual pilgrimage to the Northwest.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Fly's Count, by Lady's Count Noble-Fly M.—Fred. Lincoln.

Cincinnatus' Nat., by Cincinnatus' Pride-Ruth T. Etol—E. B. Roy.

Dock, by Roy Montez-Diana Montez—C. Wenings.

Hick's Lad, by Doc. Hick-Woodcraft—J. W. Considine.

Hick's Bab, by Doc. Hick-Woodcraft—J. W. Considine.

Hick's Son, by Doc. Hick-Woodcraft—Weisemann and Considine.

Tony's Tony, by Tony Boy-Belton Girl—Weisemann and Considine.

Roy's Lady, by Roy Montez-Victoria Belle II—Winefred W. Davies.

Count Whitestone's Chief, by Count Whitestone-Sport's May Belle—N. A. Weeden.

Sporting Duchess, by Tony Boy-Sport's Destiny—Mrs. A. H. Nelson.

Bon Ton Belle, by Lady's Count Noble-Vall's Belle—Charles Humann.

Whitestone's Chief, by Count Whitestone-Sport's May Belle—Al Weisemann.

Nisqually, by Dick Stamboul-Lulu's Last—F. R. Atkins.

Uncle Jim, by Count Whitestone-Sport's May Belle—J. A. Peebles.

Robert Llewellin, by Llewellin Drake-Miss Maude—T. J. A. Tiedemann.

Count Stamboul, by Dick Stamboul-Lulu's Last—F. R. Atkins.

Countess, by Dick Stamboul-Lulu's Last—F. R. Atkins.

Count's Pearl, by Petrel's Count-Fairland Pet—J. E. Lucas.

POINTERS.

Frank M., by Don Graphic —— J. H. Schumacher. Schumacher.

Sandlewood, by Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella—C. E. Worden.

Wallace Bruce, by Kenwood Dan-Whisper—Dr. A. T. Leonard.

Buck A., by Buck of Kent-Queen H.—James Haywood.

ENTRIES FOR THE NEVADA TRIALS

ENTRIES for the Nevada Field Trial Club's first annual derby closed August 15 with nineteen nominations, eleven English setters and eight pointers. The Nevada trials will be held at Paradise, Humboldt Co., Nev., located some thirty-seven miles north of Winnemucca, and will commence Tuesday, October 27. Quite a large attendance is expected from various Coast points, and Secretary C. E. Wilson of Elko, Nev., will be pleased to make necessary arrangements as to livery and accommodations for those who wish to attend. Present indications point to a very successful inaugural meet and sportsmen who are in a position to attend should not fail to witness the trials. Following are the entries:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

1. Valita—Black, white and tan dog by California Bell Boy-Rod's Lark, whelped April 20, 1902. John H. Schumacher, Los Angeles, Cal.
2. Count's Cash—Black, white and tan bitch by Count Whitestone-Sport's May Belle, whelped July 12, 1902. C. E. Worden, San Francisco, Cal.
3. Lady's Lad—Black, white and tan dog by Clipper W. Terry's Lady, whelped June 16, 1902. Alexander Hamilton, San Francisco, Cal.
4. Rosie O'Grady—Lemon and white bitch by Ch. Marie's Sport-Isabella Maid, whelped April, 1902. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Elko, Nev.
5. Sweet Marie—Black, white and tan bitch by Ch. Marie's Sport-Isabella Maid, whelped April, 1902. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Elko, Nev.
6. Hoosier Belle—Black, white and tan bitch by Ch. Marie's Sport-Fairland Queen, whelped June 7, 1902. R. H. Dunn, Elko, Nev.
7. Robert Llewellin—Black, white and tan dog by Llewellin Drake-Miss Maude, whelped July 30, 1902. T. J. A. Tiedemann, Alameda, Cal.
8. Hick's Bab—Black, white and tan bitch by Doc. Hick-Woodcraft, whelped May 23, 1902. J. W. Considine, Seattle, Wash.
9. Klamath—Black, white and tan dog by California Bell Boy-Rod's Lark, whelped April 20, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.
10. Keepsake—Black, white and tan bitch by California Bell Boy-Peach Blossom, whelped August 22, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.
11. Count's Gift—Orange and white bitch, by Count's Mark-Verona School-Girl, whelped April 10, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.

POINTERS.

12. Banjo—Liver and white pointer dog by Glendale-Kenwood Rose, whelped April 12, 1902. W. B. Coutts, Kenwood, Cal.
13. Glenrose—Black and white dog by Glendale-Kenwood Rose, whelped April 12, 1902. W. B. Coutts, Kenwood, Cal.
14. Cuba's Ivywood—Liver and white bitch by Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Petronella, whelped January 22, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.
15. Dodge's Stella II.—Black and white bitch by Cuba, Jr.-Winnipeg Fly, whelped February 8, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.
16. Cuba's Sinew—Liver and white dog by Ch. Cuba of Kenwood-Florida, whelped April 2, 1902. Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.
17. Wallace Bruce—Liver and white dog by Kenwood Dan-Whisper, whelped September 10, 1902. Dr. A. T. Leonard, San Francisco, Cal.
18. Senorita—Liver and white bitch by Doctor Daniels-Nancy Jingo, whelped June 30, 1902. W. W. Van Arsdale, San Francisco, Cal.
19. Sport—Black and white pointer dog by—— C. A. Sage, Elko, Nev.

"LADIES' DAY."

NOTED POINTER SIRES.

No. 11—King of Kent.

IN THE writer's estimation King of Kent was the greatest sire of really high-class pointers ever imported to America, and it is doubtful whether the value of that prepotent individual in building up the class of his breed on this side has ever been properly recognized by fanciers. It has been the rule rather than the exception when writing of the individuals of the famous King of Kent—Hops nick—to give the bulk of the credit for the production of their grand field qualities to the dam, and Hops certainly proved herself a splendid producer with the peerless Ch. Rip Rap, Zig Zag, Maid of Kent and Tapster as her representatives. However, we must not lose sight of the fact that King of Kent's record as a sire by no means rests with the above-mentioned winners out of Hops, for the prepotency of his blood has been exemplified in a number of other instances where it has bred on for many generations and is active to-day. This is notably the case with his sons Hal Pointer, Tick Boy and Kent Elgin, all of which have proven themselves not only high-class field-trial winners, but productive sires of winners as well, Hal Pointer having to his credit among other good ones, the noted Plain Sam, which is the greatest living pointer sire, not only of field-trial winners, but of bench show, and combined field-trial and bench-show winners as well; in fact, Plain Sam's progeny are particularly noted for their grand combination of field quality and typical formation, and it is the exception to find one of his get which is lacking in pointer character and type.

While it may well be said that Ch. Rip Rap was King of Kent's best production (he being, in fact, the greatest pointer ever developed in America), others of King Kent's get showed remarkable field-trial form, and inherited from their sire a certain independence closely allied to a proclivity to bolting which, heretofore, had been lacking in our pointers. Dogs of this disposition usually possess great courage, a winner's quality in the make-up of the majority of pointers; prior to the rapid advancement

of the breed which followed the inception of the Charlottsville Field Trial Kennels, by the late Edward Dexter, to whom more than any other fancier in America was due the vast improvement noted in the field qualities of our pointers, dating from 1889 to the present time. Ch. Rip Rap, Strideaway, Maid of Kent, Tapster, Zig Zag, Lady Peg, Tick Boy, K. C. Kent, Hal Pointer, Duchess of Kent and Kent Elgin all attest King of Kent's value as a sire of field-trial winners, while a large number of producing dams are either direct descendants or possess strong infusions of this famous dog's blood.

King of Kent was imported from England by the late Edward Dexter, and competed in several trials on this side; but owing to headstrong qualities he failed to land in a very high place.

His most notable performance in America was the winning of a divided third in the Central Field Trial Club's All Age Pointer Stake in 1890, but he demonstrated that he possessed certain desirable characteristics, and was accorded quite liberal patronage in the stud.

Kent's blood lines were most excellent, he being by Ch. Priam, a winner in three England trials, and the sire of Ridgeview Beppo, Bob Osborne, Ale and Beppo III, the two latter being well known as the sires of a number of noted performers in American trials. Ch. Priam was by Young Bank (Ch. Price's Bang-Luna), a winner in five trials and sire of Ch. Croxteth and other winners. Priam's dam was Sir Lennard's Teal, she by Ch. Mars (Drake-Mite) out of Ch. Lorts Lill (Halford's Bang-Lort's Fairy), both Mars and Lill being winners in England trials.

King of Kent's dam was Kent's Baby (Statter's Pax-Price's Climax), a full sister to Ch. Meally, Ch. Belle of Bow and other good ones. Both Pax and Climax were noted field trial winners and descended from an almost unbroken line of winners, so that the prepotency of Kent Baby's breeding was established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Taken at his true worth King of Kent is entitled to the highest position among imported pointer sires, and at the present time it is almost impossible to find a high-class winner which does not trace to him. His value to the breed was as great as that of Count Noble to English setters, and the benefits derived from an infusion of his blood have been lasting in effect, and will likely remain potent for many generations to come.

HELD UP FOR THEIR PICTURES.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Unmounted live game and other pictures, 5x7, $1.50 per dozen; 6½x8½, $2.50 per dozen. Bromide enlargements of live elk, 14x17, $5.00 each; all postpaid; satisfaction guaranteed. S. N. Leek. Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred black cocker spaniel pups. Pine Hill Kennels, San Anselmo, Marin Co.

* * *

FOR SALE—Three English Setter male pups, one lemon and white, two black, white and tan; one fourteen months, others six months. For particulars address DR. F. D. TAFT, 1312 Market st. S. S.

* * *

FOR SALE—Liver and white pointer pups at reasonable prices. Out of Juno by Rollo. Box 111, Arroyo Grande, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—I am offering some choice straightbred Llewellin puppies by Llewellin Drake, also brood bitches both Lanerack and Llewellin. Particulars apply Thos. Plimley, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

FOR SALE—Two Bedlington Terriers (male and female) about four months old. Best stock in the world, pedigree given. Price, $25 each. Julius Redelsheimer, 1218 Madison Street, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

CAMERAS—I have a number of brand new latest model, 4 x 5 and 5 x 7 Premo, Century and Korona cameras, both long and short bellows, which I will sell at half price. Can save 25 per cent on any 1903 camera made, or 20 per cent on high grade lenses or shutters. Address, H. Pierson, Box 504, New York City.

* * *

FOR SALE—Litter of English setter puppies, sire Real John (Real English-Mallwyd Bess) winners of two firsts, New York; first Danbury, first Victoria, first Seattle; dam Albert Rosalind (Count F., Cassie Sheldon), winner of first open and winners New York; first Wissahickon, first open and winners Seattle, first open and winners, Portland, first open San Francisco, 1903. These puppies are evenly marked, white and black, ticked and white and orange ticked; strong, healthy and sure to be winners. $25.00 each. I also offer the dam of above, Albert's Rosalind, for sale for $200. T. P. McConnell, 55 Johnson street, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

FOR SALE—White, black and tan English setter male pups; three months old; thoroughbred stock. Geo. E. Williams, 621 R. R. Ave., Alameda.

* * *

FOR SALE—3 English bull bitches; best of breeding; fit to win anywhere; puppies for sale. J. Ewins, 524 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

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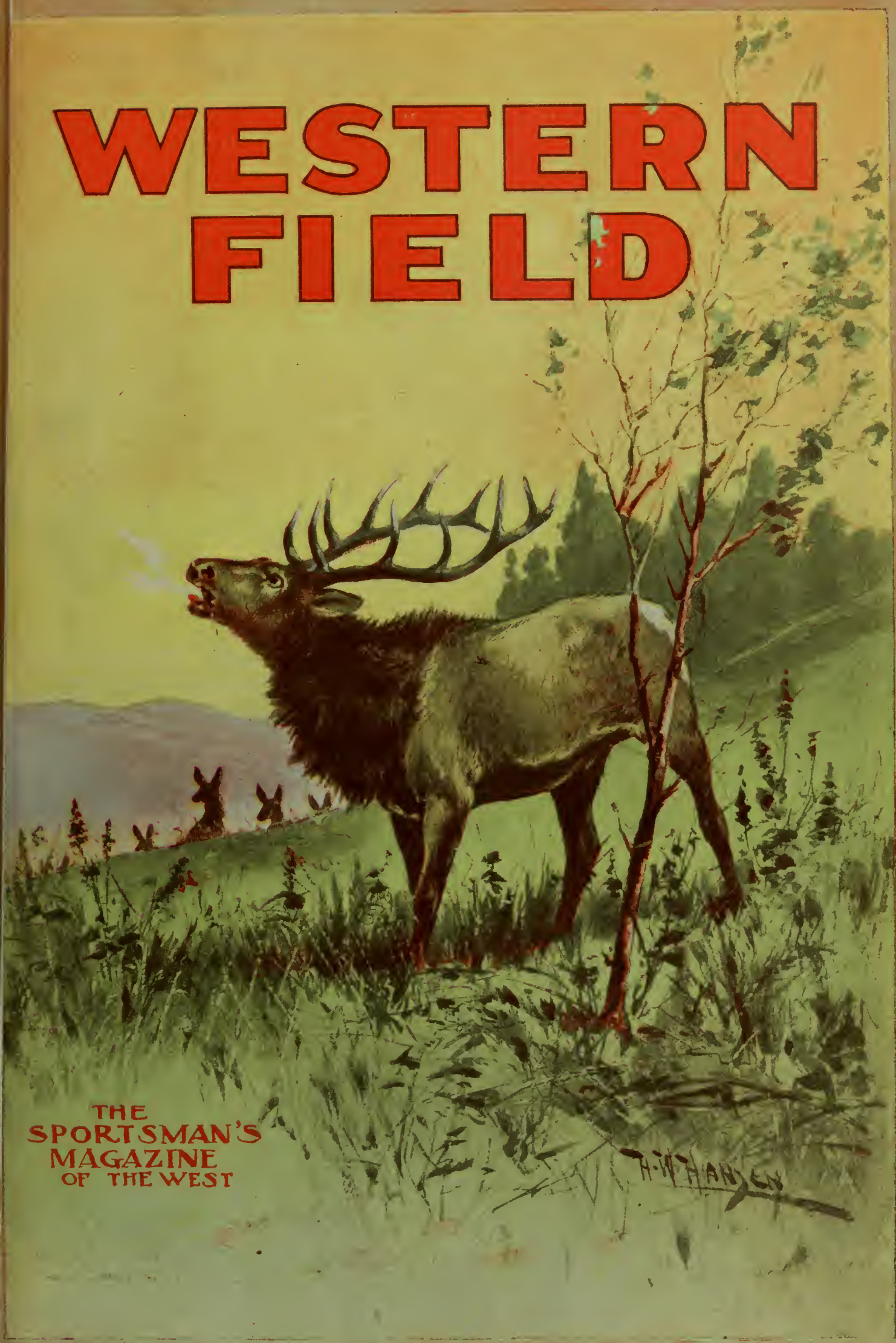

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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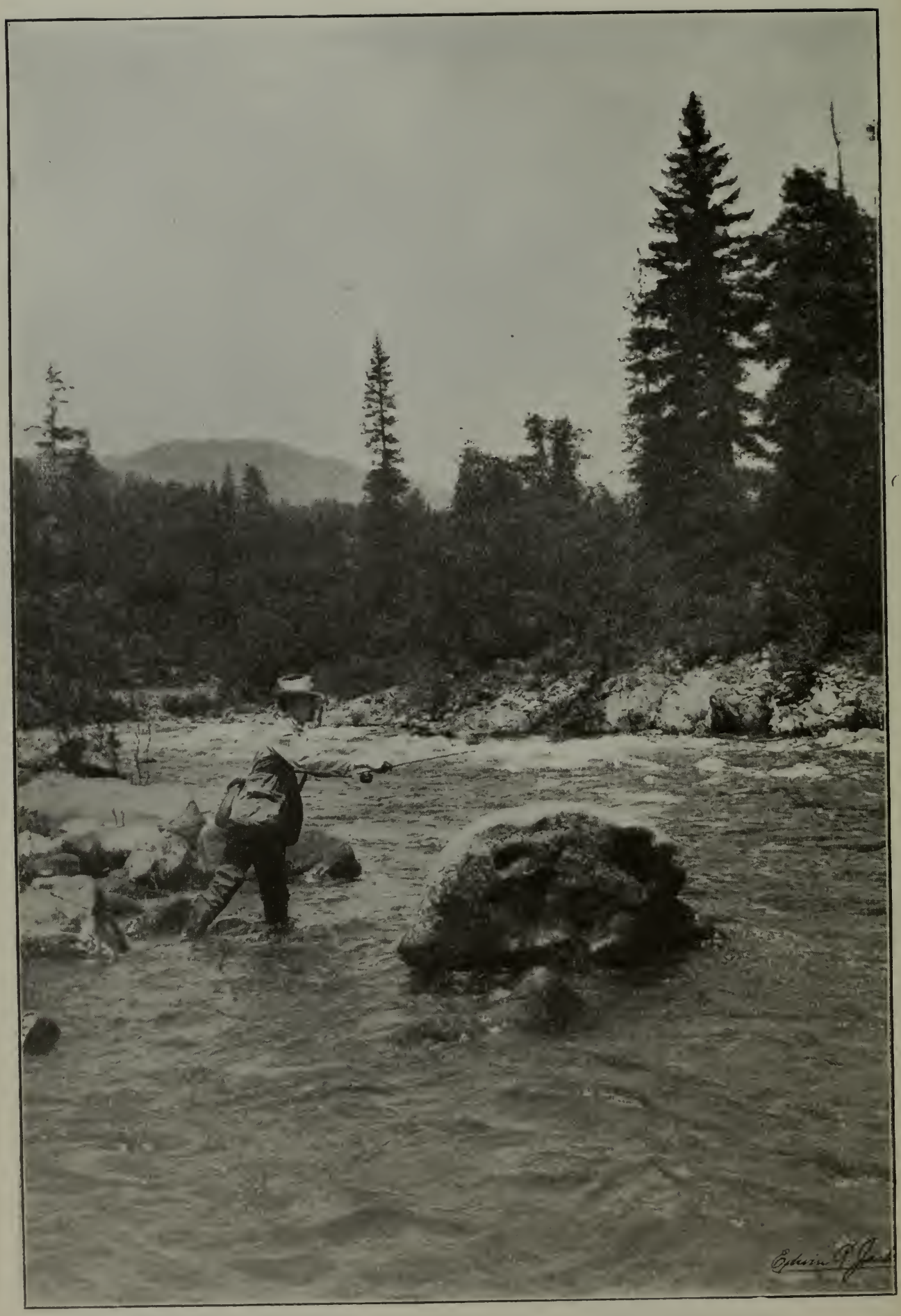


Photo by Edwin R. Jackson.

A CHANCE FOR A RECORD BREAKER.

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 3. NOVEMBER, 1903. NO. 4.

THE EAGLES OF KARLUK LAKE.

By PROF. CLOUDSLEY RUTTER.

(*Naturalist U. S. Fish Commission steamer "Albatross."*)

THE bald or white-headed eagle, because of his size and strength, challenges our admiration; for this reason and because of his supposed bravery he has been honored with a place on our national coat of arms; and for all of these reasons, and also because of his comparative rarity in the more thickly inhabited portion of our country he is always an object of interest to students of nature. After spending a summer where *leucocephalus* is common, I am willing to acknowledge admiration for his strength and an interest in his habits, but I much question his bravery.

The past summer was spent in the vicinity of Karluk, Kadiak Island, Alaska, where eagles really are abundant. They may be seen almost any day in the year from the village of Karluk. Fifteen pairs were found nesting about Karluk Lake, which is but a day's walk from the village. As many as ten eagles were seen at one time within a mile along a small creek near Karluk, where they had come looking for salmon.

I question the eagle's bravery because he has furnished me with no evidence that he possesses it, but on the contrary has shown a lack of it. He attacks only defenseless animals, and I have seen him chased by small birds, and put to flight by ravens. Whenever we approached a nest, the old birds always left it while we were yet an eighth or even a quarter of a mile away. They would circle about the nest, and one of the pair, whether male or female I do not know, would utter piercing shrieks, but both always kept at a respectful distance, rarely ever coming closer than a hundred yards of us. Once a pair deserted a nest entirely when we camped within a hundred and fifty yards of it. Even when there were young in the nest and we climbed up as if to molest them, the parent birds kept a considerable distance away.

The eagle has been called a robber, and the story of his waylaying the fish-hawk is given in evidence. I do not know how frequently he assumes the role of highwayman, probably no more often than he has an opportunity and an empty stomach at the same time. I have seen but one instance, which occurred at Sitka several years ago. I do not know how long the eagle had been chasing the hawk before I saw them, but I watched the chase several minutes. Finally, after being sorely harassed, and when very high in the air, the hawk dropped the fish which was immediately caught by the eagle. The hawk then chased the eagle, but the fish had disappeared beyond reclaiming. The most remarkable part of the incident was the agility with which the eagle caught the fish, apparently before it had descended more than a few feet. So far as I know, the fish-hawk is not found about Karluk, and the Karluk eagles, therefore, are not guilty of such practices.

About Karluk eagles build their nests almost exclusively in cottonwood-trees, which, indeed, are the only trees large enough to hold them. Of more than fifty nests that I have seen in that region, one was on the ground at the edge of a cliff, one was in a willow bush, and all the others were in cottonwoods. The ordinary nest is a ponderous affair, built in a fork near the top of a large tree, and added to annually until it is five or six feet high and as much as eight feet across. The top may be entirely flat or there

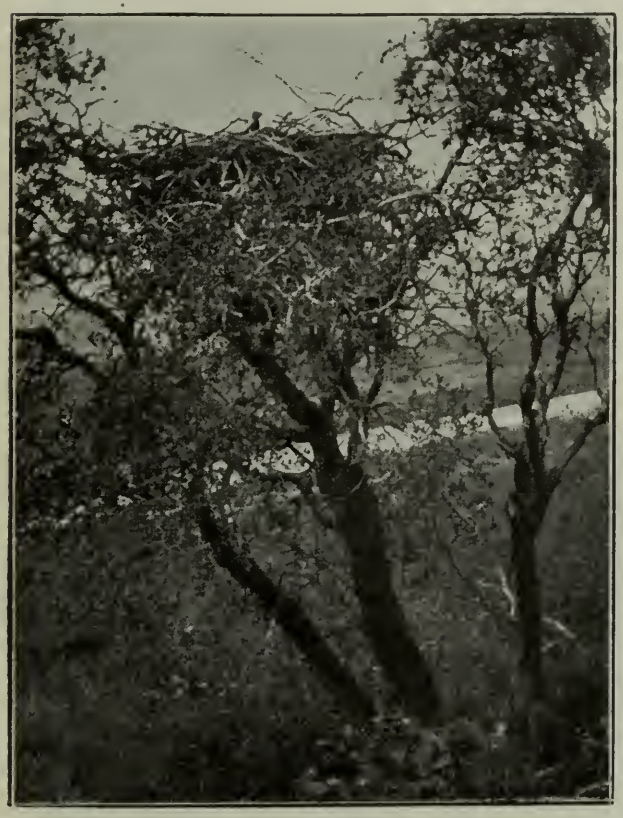
may be a depression in the middle about twelve or fifteen inches across and three to six inches deep. We found one nest with a depression fully a foot deep. The nest is composed of sticks, usually about the size of a man's thumb and three or four feet long, but sometimes two or three times that size. The sticks are crossed and matted together until the structure is very firm and will support several hundred pounds. The lining is grass or moss, either one singly or both combined.

THE BALD EAGLE.
This specimen flew away after the photograph was taken.

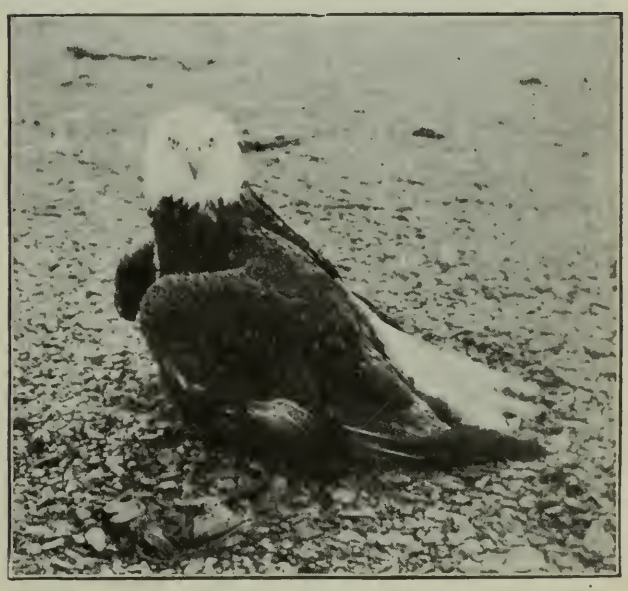
The usual number of eggs is two, but we sometimes found three, and occasionally only one, though we do not know that the latter sets were complete. We did not look for nests except during the first week in June, and so do not know the range in dates. A nest with young eagles was found the latter part of June, but we did not know how old they were, nor how long they had been hatching. There were two in the nest, with apparently several days difference in their ages, so that incubation must begin with the first egg before the second is laid. The first of August I climbed to two other nests and found but one eaglet in each, and I wondered if the older had thrown the younger out of the nest. I was unable to visit the first nest where I had seen two, and so do not know what happened to them. The very young are naked, ugly little creatures and, like other birds of similar age, appear to be all mouth. Their dirty white downy feathers are very small and very scattering, and the eaglets, therefore, are greatly pestered by gnats and mosquitoes. When about eight weeks old they have attained nearly the full size of the parent birds and have developed almost the full plumage worn during the first year. The white feathers of the head and tail do not appear at first, probably not for two or three years, though I have no data showing when they are developed. We frequently saw immature eagles—that is, those that had not

"NAKED, UGLY LITTLE CREATURES."

THE NEST IS A PONDEROUS AFFAIR.



"ONE WAS IN A WILLOW BUSH."



HALIAETUS LUCOCEPHOLUS.

developed the white head and tail feathers —with nearly all the breast feathers and the wing coverts grayish white.

The eagles of Karluk region live almost exclusively on salmon, which can be found in some condition during the entire year. From June to November there is an absolute surfeit of salmon in prime condition—from an eagle's standpoint—and live specimens may be found as late in the winter as February. After that dead fishes may be found until the appearance of the next run, though they are not easily secured on acount of the ice. When the ice breaks up in the spring, the eagles feast on the dead salmon that have been frozen all winter. It was not uncommon in May to see half a dozen eagles fly up from a few dead fish when we rounded a bend of the river in our boat. Such fish have a rather strong odor, and are not in prime condition, but they satisfy gulls, and why not eagles?

Notwithstanding their habit of feeding on such foul food, eagles manage to keep their beautiful head and tail feathers immaculate. I saw but one eagle with soiled feathers, and it was feeding on the cannery refuse at Karluk. This eagle picked up its food from

"ALMOST THE FULL SIZE OF THE ADULT."

the water while on the wing. When he came swooping down, the gulls, which always collect in great numbers about refuse, scattered like chaff before the wind; an eagle's presence always inspires other birds to keep at a respectful distance.

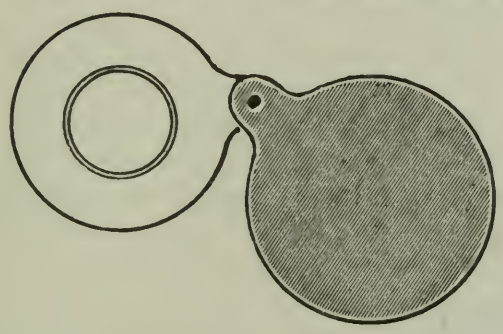
Once when I was hiding from some ducks, waiting for them to come within range of my gun, they suddenly took flight and arose much more quickly than if they had seen me. There were absolutely no preliminary motions, they hesitated not upon the impulse to go, but all started at once, under full pressure at the first stroke, and seemed to have gained momentum before starting. My wonder ceased when I saw an eagle coming over a low cliff.

I was unable to find any enemies of the eagle other than man, except that possibly the older eaglet may throw the younger out of the nest. It is a shameful fact that men will shoot these fine birds merely for target practice. I have no doubt that magpies and ravens would destroy the eggs if it were not for the continual presence of at least one of the eagles. It would not be very strange, however, if the young were tortured to death occasionally by gnats (the so-called sand-flies) and mosquitoes.

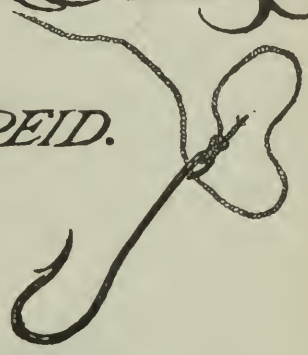
We once found a nest in a leaning tree with strong evidences that it had been disturbed by a bear a few days before our visit. There were numerous scratches along the trunk of the tree up to the nest, from the bottom of which some of the sticks had been removed. But at this point in the operations Bruin had become reckless. Whether the eagles were giving him a warm reception, or whether he was a young bear and did not know any better I cannot say, but certain it is that his faith in two limbs was misplaced, for they broke. Bruin left some of his fur on the stumps, and also on the fallen portions—presumably that the eagles might line their nests therewith—and then he descended to the ground very quickly, without touching the tree. My partner in the hunt had better luck. He went up just as the bear had, but he secured the eggs. He also came down without touching the tree trunk, as the following picture shows.

"CAME DOWN WITHOUT TOUCHING THE TREE."

The Conversion of Uncle Cornelius



BY—F.W.REID.



AFTER he became of age Cornelius Nimrod Sebright divorced the second of his baptismal names for incompatibility. The "Nimrod" was an heirloom derived from his grandfather, a deer slayer and horseman of some celebrity in his day. But the grandson, educated under urban and feminine influences, had acquired a distaste for all kinds of outdoor sport.

Fishing he especially banned. The "Adirondacks" and "Restigouche" spelled for him places where young folks indulged their savage instincts and old fools posed as sportsmen by paying guides to catch their salmon. For himself, Sebright was an inveterate townsman, and spent his summers at those resorts where club life was gayest and society most fashionable. Yet he was no gilded lounger. Money he had, of course, for he devoted his life to zoological research, a pursuit which provides no one, except a government specialist, with a sufficient income, and Sebright not only lived well, but spent large sums on his laboratory. For he was no outdoor naturalist, like White of Selborne, but a savant of the study, an investigator of the microscopically minute.

By the time Sebright had passed the milestone of middle age his indoor habits had enlarged his liver, and his high-power microscopes had dimmed his eyesight. The physician whom he consulted ordered him, for reasons best known to himself, to California. The clubman would have rebelled at being banished so far from his Washington chambers, had he not remembered that his only sister lived in that State.

Mrs. Masson was delighted to receive her brother as an inmate of her cottage at Avalon. Knowing, but not sharing in his peculiar views, she admonished her boy, who was named for his uncle, to keep his fishing tackle out of sight. Cornelius was a bachelor and wealthy; his sister a widow of but moderate means.

The Catalina fishing season was in full swing when Sebright arrived. Out in the channel the tunnies shot like silver bolts from the blue sea, as they chased the flying-fish; yellow-tails hunted sardines along the coast; schools of albicores darkened the water as they drove in toward the island, the swooping gulls and terns prating of their whereabouts. Bronzed men armed with short rods and huge reels put off before dawn in puffing launches; all day long oars flashed in the bay, as boatloads of anglers came and went; a hedge of bamboo poles bristled from the wharf where bare-legged boys, red-faced women in denim, and gaunt old soldiers were hauling in sculpin and perch.

Sebright found himself in the storm-center of a tumultuous angling crowd. He wrinkled his nose at the "ancient fish-like smell" of the beach and sniffed disdainfully at the gallows on which the big jew-fish were hung to be weighed. The scientist had no grin of fellowship for the loquacious liquor-dealer who was "having his picture took" with a dozen fine yellow-tails in the background; on the contrary, he referred to him at lunch as a "blatant bounder." Mr. Sebright, who was a fellow of the Linnean Society, was sometimes almost British in his superciliousness.

His sister quietly resolved to take a hand

in his cure. As a tonic for his liver, she persuaded him to go out riding with his niece. This he was nothing loath to do, for it took him away from the beach and the fishermen. The hills rise with amazing steepness behind Avalon. Together the girl and her uncle daily rode up to the backbone of the island, whence stony ridges, like ribs, fall away on either hand toward the sea. Like most Americans, Sebright was not much of a walker, but Elsie had learned at Berkeley to tramp among the hills. She coaxed her uncle to dismount and explore deep cañons, where wild goats browse and ravens build in the cliffs. It was Sebrght's first introduction to the open and the wild.

"THE GIRL AND HER UNCLE RODE DAILY."

While this exercise subdued the invalid's liver, the bright, unchanging weather began to work its spell upon his spirit. There was less acid in his remarks, less jaundice in the eye he turned upon the world of fishers. Among these he found acquaintances of of his own—men of note from the East and Europe. They laughed at his sarcasms and urged him to take a day at the greatest sea-fishing in the world, but Sebright snook his head. However, he said nothing more to his sister about returning to Washington.

One day Uncle Sebright astonished his relatives by hiring a rowboat. He had discovered a new and congenial resource. With his nephew at the oars, the scientist drifted up and down between Sugar Loaf rock and Banning beach. There the deep still water forms a natural aquarium in whose submarine gardens tawny kelp fish play hide-and-seek among the great brown fronds, and striped bass rub their sides against the rocks fringed with waving weeds. Sometimes a big sheepshead wallows into sight, the crimson patch shining out, as he turns his black sides to the light; or a bonita darts over the sandy bottom, like an arrow of lapis lazuli. With his Panama hat tilted over his eyes, the zoologist studied nature from an entirely new viewpoint.

On these excursions, the sea air not suiting his delicate Partagas, Sebright took to smoking a briar pipe. Under its mellowing influence he began to tolerate his nephew's fishing lines. One afternoon young Con purposely let the boat drift among a flotilla of anchored anglers. The contagious enthusiasm of the noisy, merry crowd that was baiting hooks, hurling lines, and hauling in the flapping, struggling fish would have stirred an anchorite. Sebright nodded permission to his entreating nephew, and gravely watched the lad fill the well of the the boat with Spanish mackerel. The leaven of the place was working in him, though he did not touch a line himself.

Of these and other sea-changes in her brother Mrs. Masson was duly apprised. She had herself observed that his patent medicines stood untouched upon his bureau; his cheek was bronzed, his portly form reduced. One day, while she was reading, she heard the click of a reel upon the back veranda. Her boy, as boys will do, sometimes left a fish bait dangling from the line when he put away his rod. What was her surprise to see, not the meddling cat she expected, but her brother Cornelius trying the spring of the tapering cane and thumbing the reel. His stiff-necked attitude toward sport was evidently relaxing. The lady gave no sign, but inwardly resolved that the time was now ripe for effecting his conversion.

After an interview with San Polkinhorne, Mrs. Masson one morning proposed to her brother that he should take a ride in the boatman's new launch to Pebbly Beach, land there and zoologize, while his nephew fished. Suspecting nothing, the scientist agreed.

As a rule, Sam did not approve of passengers on board the Albatross. Formerly a boatswain in the British navy, he had imported its discipline into his new trade, and schooled his pupils to expertness with the lash of an unsparing tongue. But he trained "record" fishers, and it was only to oblige Mrs. Masson that he allowed "the professor" to take passage.

Had he heard that appellation, Sebright would have shuddered. But he was snugly seated on a revolving chair, with young Con by his side, and looking over the stern of the boat at a lone osprey perched on a rocky pedestal. The sea was smooth and oily. A file of pelicans flapped past; now and then a flying-fish scudded off with outspread wings, as the launch pointed her way southwest.

The Albatross came to a sudden standstill. Mr. Sebright woke from a reverie to find Sam pelting the water with small, silvery fish, while his nephey, aglow with excitement, was reeling out line from a short, stiff rod. Circling round the stationary boat, and snapping at the bait, there swam a score of large fishes with olive-green backs and yellow tails.

Suddenly young Con's reel clicked, then whirled round with a screech. "A strike, sure!" cried Sam, "steady now—keep your point up!" Although he was in the secret, the boatman was hardly prepared for what followed. In spite of the real pang the acting cost him, the youth forced his rod into his uncle's hands, muttering something about a sudden cramp. Then, doubling up like a jack-knife, he subsided into the sternsheets.

For the first time in his life, Mr. Cornelius Sebright's muscles were bracing themselves against the pull of a powerful fish. Taken aback by his nephew's sudden move, the scientist's fingers had closed automatically on the rod, but he did nothing to check the outrush of line. The moment was critical; with a few inches of slack, the fish might shake itself free.

But Sam was in command, and his motto was "No trifling!" A hairy fist reached over the chair back and clamped Mr. Sebright's fingers to the leather brake. It hurt a little but no matter; his nerves were quivering to a new and exhilarating music. Con stole a look at his uncle's face—the mouth was set in a firm, unyielding line.

The whirring reel slowed down, then stopped. The tip of the rod flickered up and down like a flame in a draught. The fish was "sawing wood." Mr. Sebright made no sign of giving up, so Sam took him in his masterful hands. "Now, sir," he said, "keep your eye on the point, your free hand on the reel, and wind in for all you are worth." The water squirted over Sebright's white cuffs as the soaked line coiled tightly into place. Without warning the rod point dipped and the reel reversed—the fish was off again.

Then ensued a tug of war that sent hot waves radiating from Sebright's spine and

"THEN ENSUED A TUG OF WAR."

kept Sam on tiptoe with anxiety. The revolving handle rapped the novice's knuckles, the thin line tore his skin; but of this he felt nothing. He was vainly striving to follow with his eyes the zig-zags of the line amid the sun-dazzle on the water.

But Sam's practiced glance saw the line edging towards the fatal kelp. "Sounding whales!" he yelled, "brace up, sir, or you'll lose that fish." Then he gave Sebright's feet a more effective purchase, and made him lean well back. The rod bent till it touched the water, and the man's heart was in his mouth. But the lancewood was staunch and, inch by inch, the fish was hauled away from its harbor of refuge.

After this it seemed to Sebright as if he had been condemned to lift a heavy bucket out of a fathomless well. The line came in more readily, indeed, the sudden snatches were less vigorous, but Sebright's trembling fingers could turn the stubborn crank but feebly. Sam became impatient. The Albatross had a reputation for smart and sportsmanlike killing. Out of respect for a "professor," Sam kept back the sarcasms with which he was wont to put an edge on his pupils. He plaintively begged the perspiring scientist, however, to "haul that fish in before it was quite dead."

At last, at the bottom of a well of azure there glittered something. The weary man saw, as through a telescope, the outline of a fish, clear-cut as a cameo, all jade and mother-of-pearl. It seemed a terribly long way down and his muscles ached. But the sporting spirit, new-born within him, made the man dogged and he went on winding.

The fish, of course, was nearer the surface than the novice imagined. When a broad

yellow-tail churned the water abeam, the final flurry shook his nerves. Then Sam's gaff lifted a great fish on board and Sebright, his hands bleeding, sank into the cushions exhausted but triumphant.

Sam shook his head as he glanced at his watch, but gave a cheer when the spring balance passed the forty-pound mark. "By the great sea-porcupine," he shouted, "you have taken the heaviest yellow-tail to date, sir!"

The private signal by which the Albatross announced an extraordinary catch flew out. So whistles blew and horns tooted from passing launches, and the Lurline's big mainsail flapped above the Albatross, while the excursionists crowded to the yacht's rail. Sam did the talking, Mr. Sebright mechanically acknowledged the rapid fire of compliments, unaware of the reporter who was making a "feature" of him with a kodak.

For his was that blissful condition that follows a hard struggle in the open air. The knots in his muscles were smoothing out, the ichor of a luxurious fatigue filled his veins. His grandfather's part in him, the long repressed Nimrod, had burst through the crust of character. Sebright's enjoyment of the present was only checkered by the regret for his misspent past.

Not understanding his uncle's silence, young Con began a halting apology for his own behavior. Sebright checked him with a pat on the shoulder and whispered in the lad's ear, "Oh, it was grand, just grand!"

That was private and confidential. The first public act of Cornelius' conversion was to hire Sam's launch for two days in the week during the remainder of the season.

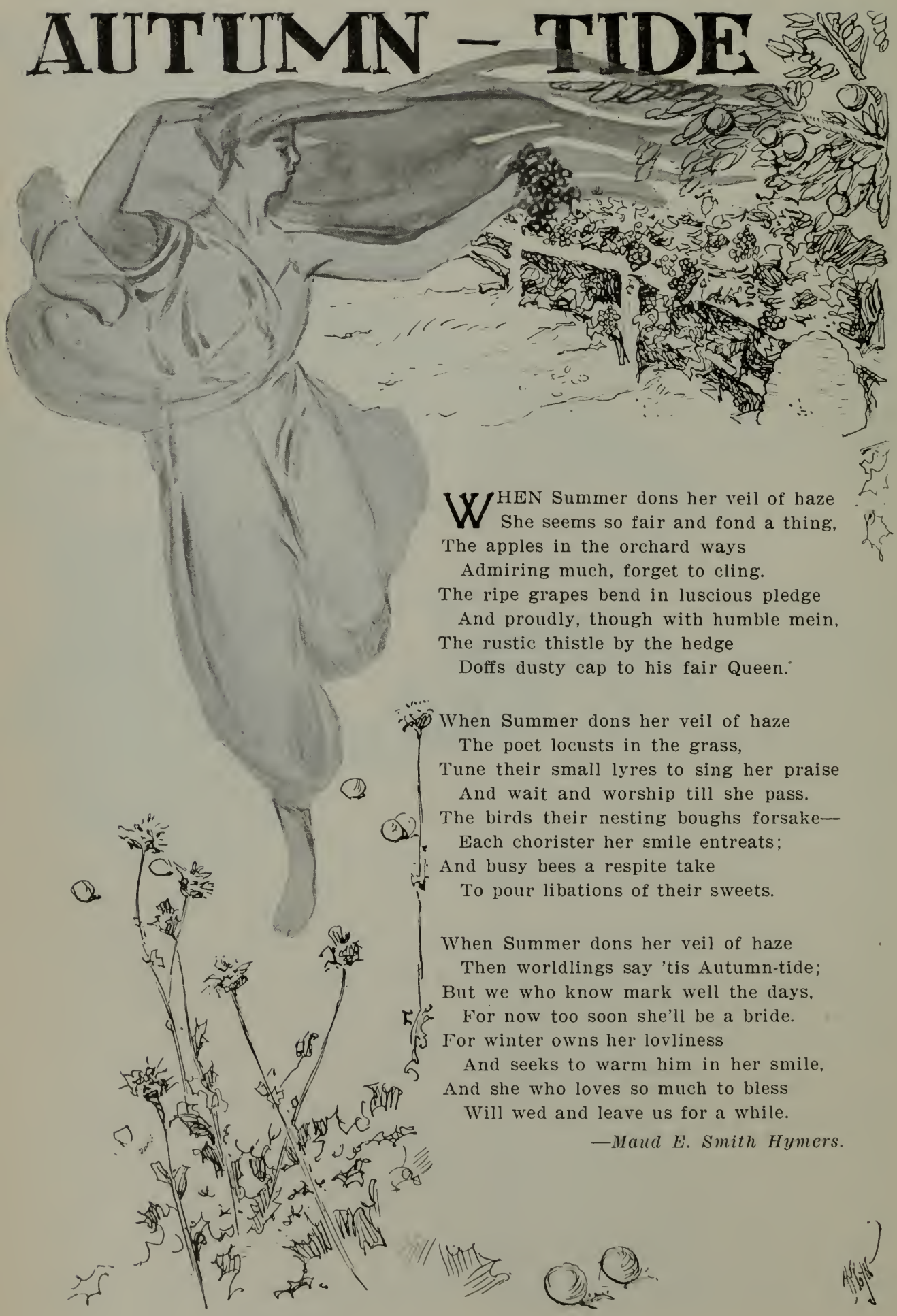
DISILLUSIONMENT.

WHY don't wild blackberries taste like they did,
When I was a boy?
And why don't I have near as much int'rest,
In ev'ry single new toy?
The drum's noise ain't half so loud as it was,
Nor the Christmas tree as bright,
And when the snow covers everything,
I'm sure it ain't near so white.

And even the girls ain't quite so pretty,
And the men don't seem as big.
I once thought auntie's hair was beautiful,
Now I know she wears a wig.
There's somethin' that's gone plumb out of me,
And I don't know what it is,
But there's one thing I'm mortal certain of:
My spirits haven't riz.

—*Whiting Friar.*

AUTUMN – TIDE



WHEN Summer dons her veil of haze
She seems so fair and fond a thing,
The apples in the orchard ways
Admiring much, forget to cling.
The ripe grapes bend in luscious pledge
And proudly, though with humble mein,
The rustic thistle by the hedge
Doffs dusty cap to his fair Queen.

When Summer dons her veil of haze
The poet locusts in the grass,
Tune their small lyres to sing her praise
And wait and worship till she pass.
The birds their nesting boughs forsake—
Each chorister her smile entreats;
And busy bees a respite take
To pour libations of their sweets.

When Summer dons her veil of haze
Then worldlings say 'tis Autumn-tide;
But we who know mark well the days,
For now too soon she'll be a bride.
For winter owns her lovliness
And seeks to warm him in her smile,
And she who loves so much to bless
Will wed and leave us for a while.

—*Maud E. Smith Hymers.*

"OLD BLEU."

By James Fullerton.

PERUSING September number of Western Field I came upon "Chiquite," and that pathetic poem aroused memories of faithful "Old Bleu."

Bleu was not a burro nor was he blue, and why his Indian sponsor had christened him "Bleu" is yet an unsolved mystery.

Old Bleu was a sorrel, an Indian pony, and a condemned one at that—discarded because he could no longer keep his accustomed place in the van when running buffalo. That inexorable foe before whom we must all sooner or later knuckle under, old age, had relegated this old remnant (he had both ears cropped and one eye was gone) to the thills of a Red River cart. Here I found him, "Ichabod" written in every line of his much abused face, yet he appealed to me. He was gentle, easy to catch, accustomed to camp and there was still a fair gait to the old fellow if you aroused his enthusiasm.

Little did I dream of the treasure that was turned over to me as I passed up a good ten dollar bill. In those days we didn't count prairie chickens by units but by hundreds and thousands. For miles one could drive and flush a fresh covey every few rods. I loved to shoot but nothing would ever induce me to shoot and waste. To carry anything like the bag that would fall to a gun in those days would have taxed a Samson, and if they were shot they must certainly be saved, hence old Bleu and the Red River cart. The cart had a cow hide for a box and it answered many purposes. It made a good blind, when duck shooting, by standing a little grass round its turned-up sides and was always dry in under. It made a passable tent in a shower and a couple of hundred prairie chickens would fall into it without slipping out.

It was not until I took the old horse out shooting that I learned what a valuable possession he was. No matter where I walked that old horse followed unless I said "Whoa!" when he would stop and eat. When it came to trailing a deer I believe that old plug could use his nose as well as any dog. That northern country was full of quaking asp groves and we could put the old horse into a grove and my chum and I could walk each side with absolute certainty of meeting our sorrel friend at the other end, and if a deer was in the grove he would surely drive him out—one way of "out-witting" a white tail. I was going to tell about a prairie chicken, duck and snipe hunt—one of those glorious combinations possible in the Northwest before a beastly civilization crowded the country and shot out even all the tracks. My old companion, "Jack," suggested our furnishing a few hundred prairie chickens and ducks for a large political picnic that was planned for that fall and I, of course, was only too glad of an opportunity to dispose of a lot of birds, as that meant just so much more good shooting.

We decided to drive to a swamp about eight miles south, camp over night and then pull on the next day, shooting along the way till we reached town in time to turn over our load to the caterer for the picnic.

Should a man in these days agree to furnish birds for eight hundred or a thousand people he would deplete an entire State, but thirty years ago they would not be missed in a single township. So it is little wonder that a man who would suggest game protection should be laughed at for ever dreaming that such immense numbers could ever be depleted. Yet how soon did the end come! But ten years after the country was settled up, farmers posted "No Shuting Aloud," etc., and we all woke up to the fact that we had made fools of ourselves. The game was gone.

We had our hunt. The first mile or so was through poplar groves with an occasional slough. We had not gone far when the old dog, "Pompey," flushed some partridge (ruffed grouse); they were good eating but furnished no sport, as they merely sat on a limb uttering their peculiar "*pwit*," "*pwit*"

while you murdered them from below. When this bird flushes and dodges through the timber it makes good sport, but nine times out of ten it makes for the nearest limb, especially if there is a dog around.

Having gathered in the whole covey we proceeded, but had not gone far when, near the edge of a slough, a woodcock flushed, dodged round a willow bush, and dropped into the grass. Just what I wanted for a friend, and usually pretty scarce game. We stopped the old plug and started in different directions to pick up this one poor lonely bird. What was our amazement to find not one but a dozen or more, and the way we missed those birds caused lots of amusement for each of us. They would flush and be round a bush almost before one could see them, giving us the best sport of the trip. We took in ten around that swampy grove, and must have fired at least twenty-five shots.

Our dog was a freaky cuss; sometimes he would point, but oftener try to catch a chicken for himself, yet he had one reassuring quality: he rarely lost a wounded bird, and by watching him he could be checked in time to prevent flushing. Between shooting and badinage the afternoon slipped by and six o'clock in the evening found us at our intended camp-ground ready to do justice to some fat ducks roasted before the willow fire.

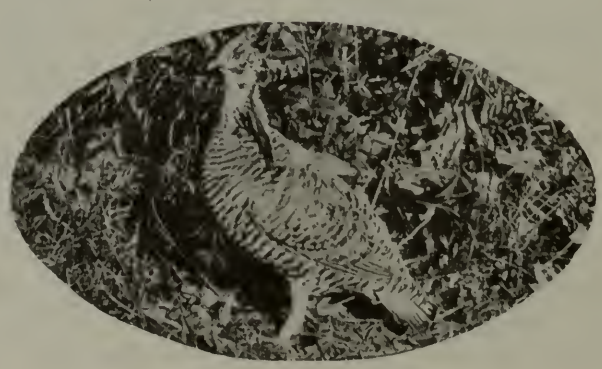
We were camped but a short distance from a pound in the marsh, where we had noticed a great number of crane feathers, so we were not surprised when we saw a flock of "sand-hills" sail gracefully over the tall reeds and drop into the water. We quickly stopped our cooking stunt and, grabbing our guns, began to creep on to the cranes. The grass adjoining the slough was about three feet deep, and at every few feet one or the other of us would whisper "down!" as a fresh flock would appear, making straight for the pond. They came in fives, sevens, tens and twenties, flock after flock, till the question arose: "If we make a killing what shall we do with them?" A crane weighs about twelve pounds, and half a hundred would fill our cart. Their heads seemed so thick together that it seemed impossible to shoot through them and not get a load—but they would sell for one dollar each, and we would find some way to care for them.

Reaching the weeds we were about thirty yards from the nearest and not over fifty from the farthest. As usual Jack counted three, the two triggers were pressed simultaneously, and the flock rose. Bang! Bang! went the second barrels, and two cranes fell. We ran in to see the result and picked up—*two* cranes! Where did the first barrels go?

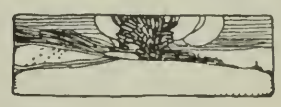
We shot ducks—principally mallards—all the next morning, and after dinner pulled into town, filling our load with chickens as we went, till we feared the axles would break. The way that old horse would pick his way over the swamp and never mire was wonderful, but he was always near enough to take the additions to his load, and never needed help.

If it were not for a few private preserves, and the inaccessible nesting grounds in the far north, there would be no game of any kind left. The sporting clubs that preserve the ducks deserve the thanks of all sportsmen as well as the better shooting they get, for to them we are indebted for the few birds now left that scatter over the country.

Old Bleu? Oh, he's dead—had too much horse sense to live in these degenerate days. For Bleu was not a game hog and therefore always to be with us.



THE PHANTOM STAG OF BIG BOULDER



BY J. MAYNE BALTIMORE

IG BOULDER Creek is located away up near the British Columbia line, in the south half of the Colville Indian Reservation. It is, without doubt, one of the most wild and picturesque streams of the great Northwest. Taking its rise in the very heart of a high mountain range, it follows a most tortuous course through a literal wilderness of surpassing grandeur.

Lofty upheavals cordon this wizard stream. Sides and summits are densely clad with both coniferous and deciduous forests. It is through no valley that this stream flows, for the towering mountains crowd down close upon its sinuous and precipitous banks. Big Boulder traverses the very bed of a profound cañon for almost its entire length.

In total length, Boulder does not exceed twenty-five miles; it rises near the noted mining town of Republic and hurls its cold, crystal floods into the Kettle River, all within Stevens County, Washington. Throughout its tortuous course Boulder is a capital stream for the angler, though its limpid waters are not much whipped for the good reason that the whole region is isolated and exceedingly rugged. Between source and mouth the fall is about 3,500 feet, from which some idea may be formed of the impetuosity of the current. The adjacent timber resources are great, there being many magnificent belts of forests. Game, both large and small, is abundant. Altogether this is a very remarkable region.

Until within the last decade this entire wilderness was thickly populated with Indians—the famous " Colvilles " of the Northwest. Inherently, the Indian is a stoical day-dreamer. Streams, lakes, mountains, valleys and forests all have their local legends to him and Big Boulder is no exception.

Away back somewhere in the dim, misty past, when the memory of the " Boston Man " runneth not to the contrary, a large mule-deer, so goeth the legend, was sorely chased by a pack of ravenous grey wolves. Over rugged mountains and through tangled forests the poor animal was relentlessly pursued by the hungry beasts for many hours. Pitch darkness fell, but still the deadly chase went on. At length the stag became nearly exhausted. Covered with sweat and lather, with tongue protruding and eyes wildly rolling, the failing creature pressed ahead very feebly. On, on, came the savage pack of wolves with slavering mouths, blood-red tongues, glistening teeth and gleaming eyes.

Pressing from the rear and from each side, the pursuers drove the victim toward the high and precipitous banks of the wild, rushing Boulder. Several miles above the mouth of that stream the waters plunge over an abrupt ledge of sharp rock, falling more than 50 feet and making a beautiful cascade. Some distance below this fall is a lofty bluff over 150 feet high—a sheer precipice. All around the base of this beetling cliff trees and brush grow densely. The tops of the tallest trees, however, do not reach the brow of the cliff. Toward this dizzy bluff the savage pack headed the almost fainting stag. Reaching the escarpment the deer paused for an instant. Behind and on each side came the wolves like maddened furies, only a few rods away, just ready to pounce upon the trembling victim. The stag had but little choice. To

hesitate was to be pulled down and torn to pieces; to make the fearful leap in the blinding darkness meant a terrible death. The stag heroically chose the latter. Plunging headlong downward it suddenly ended the long wild chase. Before reaching the bottom the body was torn and mangled very badly. However, the bloodthirsty pursuers were baffled only for a short time. Soon they scented out the lost quarry, made their way to the foot of the cliff, and then had a gory feast on the flesh.

That was the Indian's story of the chased stag. Nothing remarkable about that part of it; these were common occurrences in those wild regions in those far-off days. But the dreamy, superstitious red man did not let the matter repose there. About it they wove a wierd, mystical legend. It was to the effect that every year on the same night the phantom of this hapless stag made its appearance on the brink of this dizzy cliff, hotly pursued by so many spectral wolves; that it made the awful leap and then suddenly vanished into thin air!

From sire to son this legend has descended for many generations among the red men and was commonly known among the white settlers. Of course, the latter flouted at the idea of a phantom stag and spectral wolves. Notwithstanding the skepticism of the "Boston Man," the Colvilles protested that on a certain night each year this ghostly stag could be seen. Many of them claimed to have seen the apparition with their own eyes. Still, it was always regarded by the whites as a legendary myth. Certain it was, that this alleged phantom stag and pursuing wolves had never been seen by the eyes of a white man.

Living near the mouth of Boulder was a stout, phlegmatic German named Rochiescen. He was the owner of a small piece of land, did a little cultivation, prospected some and hunted a good deal. He was a large man, very powerful and robust; had been much on the frontier and knew what "roughing it" meant in the widest sense of the word. Rochiescen did not know what the vulgar emotion of fear was. No physical danger could daunt him and he scoffed at anything of a supernatural nature. He had often heard of this phantom-deer legend and had always laughed heartily at such an absurd story. Now Larry Hughes was a near neighbor of Rochiescen's. Larry was an Irishman, as the name indicates. He was a miner by avocation though he farmed on a very limited scale. Most of his time was spent away up among the wild mountains with pick, shovel and grub bag. He had prospected the whole country around for many leagues but hadn't struck anything very rich yet, though he had any number of "prospects." Larry was sanguine and was wont to aver: "Oim'd d——d sure O'll stroick ut rich sum o' these days." Hughes was an old Montanian. He had roughed it in all shapes out there. He wasn't quarrelsome; was never spoiling for a fight, but had plenty of cold, bed-rock grit whenever it was needed—that is, pure physical courage. However, he was an arrant, abject coward when it came to anything bordering on the supernatural and no more superstitious Hibernian ever trod on shoe leather.

Though Rochiescen and Hughes were very dissimilar in every way yet they were great friends—neighboring, prospecting and hunting together. It may be said that Hughes was no great Nimrod. Often he and the big German went out for days and weeks camping in the wild mountains, and early one September they planned to take a long outing together.

"I shust tink we bedder dake a drip avay ub ont Pig Polter," said the Teuton; "vot yu tinks, Larry, eh?"

"Well, Oi thoink thot wud be a gud ijee, Misther Roshizan; we moight foind a gud prospaict up there"—Larry always had a prospect uppermost in his red-headed poll.

"Vell, dot es gut; ve takes our gamping oudfeit alongs mit us. You gan brospects es mutch es yous likes, und I will shoots en feesh."

So matters were speedily arranged by these two congenial fellows. Two pack animals were necessary to transport the camping and prospecting outfits, to say nothing of the "grub stakes." They headed straight for the head waters of the Big Boulder, over as rough, steep, and winding a trail as one could well imagine. Penetrating these wilderness solitudes about fifteen miles, the men pitched their small canvas tent.

Larry scaled the rugged mountain slopes armed with pick and shovel and did a great deal of promiscuous prospecting. In this task he was joined now and then by the

stalwart Teuton. Some encouraging strikes were made and a number of claims were staked out, and Larry was in high spirits over the outlook. And so, between them, the Hibernian and German prospected, fished and hunted. Mountains, forests and the rushing, leaping, crystal stream were all explored and yielded their tribute. Rochiescen did nearly all of the hunting and angling, while Larry did "camp duty" and cooked. In about a week the German had killed several fat deer, a black bear and any number of grouse and pheasants. He had also captured the tawny hide of a large mountain lion. They had reveled in the fruits of the chase and game and fish began to get a little scarce in that immediate region.

"Mine frient, I shust tink we'd bedder mofe doun dees crekes a liddle an dry our lucks; vot you tinks, eh?" said the hunter one night.

"Be gad, me boye, an yer roight; lits muve at wunce," said the miner.

Move they did in short order, going down some miles and camping below the falls mentioned before. As fate would have it, they pitched the little tent not far from the very spot where the pursued stag, according to the old Indian legend, had made that fearful leap on that fateful night.

Larry was naturally disposed to be superstitious; he could not very well help it. On the contrary, the German wasn't a bit. He had no belief in the hereafter and nothing could stir his stoicism. Larry at once recalled the legend and spoke to Rochiescen about it. The latter only guffawed over it between the long pulls at his pipe.

THE FALLS ON BIG BOULDER.

"Be jabers, an Oi doan't loike the thing; ut makes me hyde craul," Larry persisted in saying; but the stalwart Teuton shook his big sides with laughter, puffed out clouds of blue smoke and answered: "Shust all nonsence, mine frient; ton't pe a cowart; to tink ov a teer ghostes; bah! all shust boshes; no such tings." The German's skepticism, however, did not allay the Irishman's mortal fears, for he was really afraid of ghosts. In secret he worried not a little over the trouble, and it caused him to lose his jolly spirits

and hearty appetite. This afforded great amusement to the German, who joked and chaffed Larry most unmercifully. This part of the program Larry didn't relish, though he went about his prospecting as usual, meeting with good success. They had been camped near the fateful spot about three days when a most sensational incident happened, confirming Larry's direst fears.

One night the two men sat down to have a social game of cards by the camp fire. Both were feeling jolly. Larry that day had struck a good "lead," while Rochiescen had been very lucky with hook and line. For some time nothing had been said about the deer "spook"; in fact it had passed out of their minds. After a while the men grew tired of cards and betook them to their soothing pipes, and to dreamy camp-fire reveries.

Truly it was a glorious night. High in the cloudless sky rode the full harvest moon. Scarcely a star glimmered in the vast vault of heaven. Not a breath of wind was stirring. Millions of dewdrops were glittering on the foliage that was now posing in all the resplendent magnificence of autumnal tints. All earth was swathed in a hazy, silvery radiance and under the mystic touch of moonlight looked wierd and unearthly.

At intervals the almost painful silence was broken by some nocturnal sound. From far back on the brooding mountains came the lonely howl of the grey wolf bent on his nightly prowl. Anon, the dismal hoot of an owl sounded from the deep forest depths or the shrill note of some songster was heard—an echo from dreaming birdland.

The cascade was some distance away, so that the rumbling and hissing of the plunging waters sounded faint and drowsy on the ear of night. Midnight was not far off. Both men were getting ready to seek their comfortable blankets, for the night was chilly. Already the camp fire was burning low. Larry's thoughts went out instinctively in the gathering gloom to the deer spook. "Befure we turren in, Oi think Oi'l jess poil on a leetel more wood. It's a gittin' chilly; besoides, we wan't a bit uv a blaze in the darkness," he remarked with just a bit of a quaver in his voice.

"Tat's ride, Larries," said the Teuton, taking big whiffs at his pipe, "shust prings a gut vad ov sthicks und shuncks—enufs to lhast dru de nights, eh?"

"LARRY CAME BOUNDING BACK."

Larry advanced gallantly into the woods, though with shaking nerves, to gather some wood with which to replenish the falling fire. Rochiescen got up and began to unroll his blankets. Suddenly there was a rustling in the brush. Next instant Larry came bounding back with tremendous strides. The German looked up in surprise, and when he saw Larry's face he caught his breath and dropped his blankets. On bounded the Hibernian, running over the camp fire, scattering tin pails, coffee pot and frying pan. His hair stood on end, his eyes bulged out

like white door knobs, while his teeth chattered like a pair of castanets.

"Mine Gott in Himmel, wot vas dos madders mit yos?" cried the astonished German. "Vos yos grazy, eh?"

Thrice Larry essayed to speak but the words only gurgled in his throat; not a syllable could he articulate, all the while trembling like one with the "buck ague." Finally speech came to his relief. "Naw, by the holy jumpin' Moses," he said in a hoarse whisper, "Jess es Oi sed—Oi seed thet dare's ghost rite ovur there furninst the clift. There he is, clare as daylite, a stannin' shure es shuttin. The blissed Vargin purteck us all——"

"Vare ees he?" asked the German in a deep suppressed whisper, grabbing up his gun. "Yu shust sho dos gosts, vill ye? an' I shoodes hem shure."

Very reluctantly, and with many a pious invocation to his patron saint, Larry led the way toward the "phantom stag." Several times he stopped, but the sturdy fearless Teuton kept whispering: "Got on, an' doaned pe sutch a pig tammed cowart, vill ye!"

Thus urged Larry went ahead. Soon they passed through the forest and entered a little opening several acres in extent. On the left hand of this opening was the brink of the dizzy cliff. Instantly the Irishman stopped and pointing his finger, whispered excitedly, "Jes es Oi sed, there's the ghost av th' baste; luk fur yursell."

Sure enough there it was, either the live stag or the ghost of one! It stood just on the very brink of the lofty bluff, looking down on the moon-lit forest far below. Both men stood in the deep shade of the woods and were not seen. Everything was still as the grave—the men could hear their hearts beating. The moon was shining almost bright as day. Every curve and angle of the creature was most vividly outlined against the cloudless skies—clear-cut as a cameo. It was a magnificent figure; above its head towered a noble pair of antlers that shone and glistened in the light with a deep yellow lustre. The eyes were as bright as gems. The air and pose of this figure was striking and dignified as a marble statue and quite as motionless. Stranger than all else was the appearance of the figure. It was *snow white* and under the strong moonlight looked ghostly—spectral. Truly it was the legendary "phantom stag" as it posed so gracefully on the edge of the yawning abyss.

Rochiescen and Larry stood and gazed in utter astonishment at the object for a moment. Though the German was really surprised he had no romance or sentiment in his phlegmatic nature. Not for an instant did his firm nerves shake. Bringing his long gun to his shoulder he glanced along the gleaming barrel, drawing a dead bead on the stag's stately head. Larry was on the point of speaking but there was a hasty, impatient gesture for silence. The German was a sure shot—he never touched the trigger until he

"IT WAS THE LEGENDARY PHANTOM STAG."

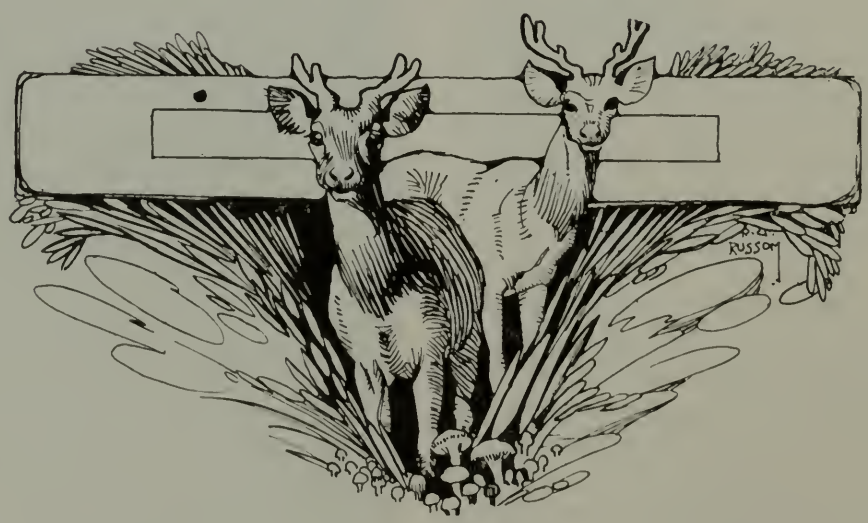
was certain of his aim. "I shust takes vun shoots at him anyvay—eefen ef he ees a teer's ghosts," he muttered hoarsely. "Vere's dos vulves, I wunder."

A loud report rung out on the moon-lighted air that reverberated among the sleeping mountain gorges. When the rifts of smoke cleared away the spectral figure had vanished into thin air! Its sudden disappearance was mystifying to both men, though Larry averred that "Bi th' Holy Mother, Oi seed hem jump ovur the clift." But Rochiescen was skeptical. Then the men went back thoughtfully to camp, the Teuton slowly scratching his head and looking a trifle puzzled. "I shust no dos teers vas no gost; I vill shatisfy myselluf," he kept softly repeating.

Procuring a pine torch the German went out to investigate, followed by Larry, who declared that: "Bagorra et wuz the spirrut uv a stag, ur et jess luked like wun." When that mysterious point of the cliff was reached the German found real deer tracks in the soft soil. Further search disclosed drops of "sure enough" blood. Even Larry was convinced now that it was no myth but a stag of flesh and blood. As it was past midnight the men concluded to wait for daylight to fully discover the whole truth of the mystery.

As soon as dawn came, the German and Larry descended, with great difficulty, to the base of the bluff. At that point the stream runs near the foot of the cliff. In the dense brush lying on the bank of the rushing torrent was found the carcass of a large buck mule deer. It was *snow white*—a real albino and a most remarkable freak of nature. No such colored deer had ever been seen before in that whole country. And so the present mystery was explained.

In falling from such a height the buck had struck against branches and trunks, tearing the skin badly and bruising the flesh, nearly spoiling it for use. So torn was the beautiful hide that it could not be stuffed and mounted by a taxidermist. The German's bullet had passed through the creature's brain. Most of the settlers of the valley knew of the old legend of the "ghost buck," and when the two men told of their experience with the albino deer they were guyed and the story doubted. But when the torn hide was shown the joke was turned. Still, the Indians believe in the old, time-honored legend and will for generations to come.



THREE WEEKS IN THE SISKIYOUS.

By M. E. Moore.

OUR strenuous city life with its constant duties, its worry and anxiety, together with the everlasting bustle, are all very well for eleven months of the year. The charms of one's profession are a compensation for the hurry, the selfishness and the deception of life, but the twelfth month of a hunter's year, September, is spent far away from the struggle and turmoil of so-called civilization. It is then that the mountains, the crystal streams, the carpet of gay flowers, the carolling birds, the bunch grass, the trees and even the rocks call to him with all their might and main, and give him no rest until he turns the key on his business and rushes forth with open arms to big, honest nature.

For some years past a party of expert hunters, consisting mainly of physicians, have taken themselves, bag and and baggage, to the mountains, looking for their friend, Sir Grizzly, and even now they are slowly collecting their thousand-and-one traps and looking forward to their annual trip.

In the length and breadth of this city there are no men who have been in at the death more times; no men who can point out His Majesty's lurking place with more accuracy than Dr. Chismore and his colleague, Dr. McConnell. For many years they have camped on a floor of velvet green with the forest at their back, and both count a year practically lost which does not add some trophy to their already long list.

Bright and early one past September an enthusiastic party of hunters, made up of Messrs. Chismore, the two McConnells, Birdsall, Moore, Roos and Berry, loaded down with cartridges and guns, but buoyed up with rosy expectations, made their way toward the ferry. If you think their fun is without hard work and plenty of it, follow them through their last trip and find out how some of the best professional men of this city spent their month of rest.

It is no easy task to pilot a party of some eight men fifty or sixty miles from the end of Nowhere. Yet Mr. Bear does not meander along unconcerned on the outskirts of town. To get him one must work, be tried sorely, and above all things succeed and not be found wanting when the trial comes. There is no place on earth where you can find a man's true worth more quickly than on the trail.

It is worse than foolish to carry any more luggage than is absolutely necessary, so this gunning expedition, clad in buckskins, moose boots and sombreros, took the Oregon express and made their first stop at Montague, a small village in the very upper part of Siskiyou County, not far from the Oregonian line. Yreka, a distance of some six miles, was made on a toy train that wheezed them out and puffed them in. Here they stopped just long enough for a hearty meal of fried chickens and biscuits, and then commenced preparations for the real pulling out. About four-thirty in the morning the modest caravan was ready, and they stole silently out of Yreka, Arab fashion, before honest folks had begun to worry over this earth's woes.

To the uninitiated be it said that the exact trail of a hunter is eagerly sought and quite as eagerly kept to himself; for a dis-

McConnell, Photo.

A LOST TRAIL.

tance of fifty miles in a blind direction not infrequently means a bitter disappointment.

Fort Jones, a country stretch of some eighteen miles, was reached in time for an eight o'clock breakfast, and then it was a case of travel again until Etna, fourteen miles further on, was sighted. Here the boys threw themselves from their horses and stretched their tired limbs until the sound of the lunch gong cheered their hearts —for a man's heart is very near his stomach, don't you know. Not trusting themselves to waste a moment's time, and keeping a strict eye on each other for fear some one would go to sleep in spite of himself, the now thoroughly weary cavalcade crawled along until Packer's Camp was made, at six o'clock.

From eight o'clock in the morning of one day until six in the evening of the next without a single moment's sleep or rest! Do you fancy when the blankets were spread it was necessary to extend a cordial invitation or to press any one to retire? Over the valley hung the haze of a dying autumn day, the air was sweet and pure, and over all was the quiet and calm that comes to every honest man, a quiet soon to be broken by what sounded like a number of saw-mills of various horse-power.

The following morning, just when the sun was commencing to tinge the earth with yellow, camp was broken; Sawyer's Bar was reached at eleven, and both horses and men were watered. Little North Fork was made by noon, and Bennet's by five-thirty, where they stayed all night.

W. W. Richards, Photo.

LUNCHING EN ROUTE.

At seven-ten it was time to pull out for Salmon Summit. All these hours it had been hard riding, following a mean road—if there chanced to be any—and taking care of one's self and the pack horses as well. When the climb was getting uncomfortably warm a cold spring was discovered and the "Hole" was made at two-thirty, where a camp was struck in the lower meadow. Thus four whole days were practically wasted getting into a country where there was plenty of deer and not a few bear.

September 6th found everybody hunting in different directions. McNulty and McConnell took the Red Cap country, where they saw five deer but killed only two yearlings. Here they discovered that the climate evidently affects the deers' horns, as they were still in velvet, while farther down they had been hard for almost two months.

Roos and Moore took the Bad Lands, and the rest went toward Mallard's Camp and Orleans Bar trail and returned home by Bear Wallow. That night there was plenty of good camp meat, even if the deer did seem a little small, for owing to the open fall they were considerably late.

On the ninth, as the hunting wasn't as good as they had expected, they decided to push on still further, so camp was broken at six-thirty. The new trail followed along the banks of the East Fork to Matthews Creek, then up to King Solomon's Mine, on to Cecilville and finally reached a ridge above Summerville, where there was hardly enough level ground to spread the blankets, and all through the night one after another took a turn at rolling down the hill several feet because they had been rash enough to turn over.

Just to keep everybody lively and a few of them guessing as to whether walking was good or not, three horses turned up missing in the morning, so a rescue party was sent out and came on an old bear with two cubs. Her main idea seemed to be to hurry the lumbering little ones along as fast as she could. Roos took a shot and hit her just behind the ear; so she didn't have very much to say, but very quietly yielded her skin, which was a fine, thick, brown one.

That night it seemed as though the heavens were furious, for a heavy downpour drenched all through and through; but it brought out the game as well, so there was comparatively little grumbling done, although the tents failed to shed and all hands were more or less stiff. Young Doctor McConnell saw a bunch of some fifteen deer, but was too far away to do much damage, and had to be content with breaking the neck of a six-pointer on the dead run.

The camp had an unusually busy day on the twelfth, and broke its record for the amount of game brought in. Roos killed two bucks, a three-pointer and a forked horn, Bon McConnell two deer, Miller and Moore a bear, and, of course, Berry wouldn't be outdone and killed a big rattlesnake. Just when the crowd was exploiting their daring deeds, the horses, which had been listening with envious ears, managed to get into a yellow-jacket's nest, and the lively time that followed broke up the animated tea-party at a particularly bad time, for Doc. McConnell was telling how a party of chaps went out on an independent hunt:

"One of them had taken a dog and started out aimlessly. When he was least expecting trouble he ran full upon a grizzly. Strange to say he didn't show the least bit of fight, but headed off toward the woods as fast as he could. He was so large and ran with so much velocity that he set the woods all about on fire. In fact, scared the farmers nearly to death, for they thought their cattle would all perish. Soon it got so dark that he couldn't be followed with the dog, so there was nothing to do but stop and get something to eat and take up the trail again in the morning. Well, bright and early the chase was hit up again and that time Mr. Grizzly was killed sure enough. All the rest of the day was spent in skinning him and all the next day until nearly dark, when the odor became so offensive that the work had to be left with the skin only partially off. Why, do you know that if that oil had been saved it would

Photo by S. N. Leek.

A BUNCH OF MULE DEER.

Dr. E. D. McConnell, Photo

A GOOD DAY.

have had to be piped all the way to Yreka, a distance of some forty miles, and then it would have taken a week to run it all over there!"

After the rain every soul stretched and yawned lazily, until Berry went out fishing. Soon he came sauntering back, as the brush was too wet to stand in, but he had managed to entice forty-four trout to visit the camp with him—plenty to keep all hands busy for an hour or so.

Later, when the sun was warm, all hands turned out to get McConnell's spike but a bear had called just a little earlier and had taken him along. As a consequence, there wasn't anything to do but turn around and go home, where there was plenty of meat to cut and hang out to dry, which, by the way, was a good bit of work. Next it was time to run the horses across the meadow for better feed, and every man-jack rolled up in his blankets. In less than five minutes the roof, had there been any, would have been raised; as it was, the regular buzzing and sawing kept the animals away, and all was well.

Before the birds were up, Moore and McConnell went into the next gulch, while the rest of the gang took up their station on a log. In a short time four shots were heard, and presently two deer appeared over the ridge, headed directly for the waters. All kept quiet until the horns could be seen, and then there was a peck of trouble. Two deer —two shots. One was a four-pointer, the other a yearling. Pretty fair work, judging from other fancy shots that you read about.

On the way back, Moore played hide-and-seek with a buck through the brush, but had to go away and leave him, much to his disgust.

On the fifteenth the camp was deserted as soon as it was light, everybody crossing the creek to try a new country. While sitting on a log discussing and cussing, four deer passing within twenty feet. As no one stirred they didn't see the intruders, excepting the last one, a big spike. He stopped, turned his hair the wrong way, watched for a moment, came to the conclusion that he was dreaming, and meekly followed after the others.

Dr. McNulty and Berry brought down a bear and three deer, a four-pointer, three-pointer and a twisted horn spike bigger than the four-pointer, and it managed to keep the rest of the crowd hustling getting the meat back to camp.

For want of something better to do, for excitement and by way of variation, the chief dish for dinner was what is commonly known as a "Mulligan stew"—a mixture used by "break-beam tourists." A little bacon, an onion or two, a few potatoes, all boiled in an oil can which Thompson, the guide, stirred industriously, and which he swore made the most delicious kind of a stew when one was good and hungry.

On the sixteenth Doc. McConnell and Thompson rushed through the underbrush

McConnell, Photo.

RESULT OF M'CONNELL'S FANCY SHOT.

and came full upon a grizzly. His Highness had scented trouble, and was advancing with a heavy, shuffling step to meet it. Just behind McConnell projected a huge bowlder, too straight up and down to climb, and too immense to skirt in a hurry, so the newcomers were distinctly in the midst of what looked like a lively fight. Shifting his gun in the biggest hurry that he had got in for many a long day, and hugging the rock as closely as he possibly could, he fired. The bullet struck in the fleshy part of the stomach, and the sharp sting only tended to add fuel to grizzly's already burning indignation. With a growl and a jump he landed so near that the men's hair fairly stood on end. The quarters were entirely too close for comfort, and it was very evident that if the guns didn't do something in a hurry, Sir Grizzly's claws and teeth would. Just as the light of victory shone in his small eyes, pop! went the doctor's gun again. That time the bullet struck between the eyes, and the shot went home. Sir Grizzly's light of satisfaction had burned a little too soon—apparently he hadn't figured on the man behind the gun. This old fellow had been the monarch of the forest for years, and his scars bore evidence that he had met many a foe, but had acknowledged none as his master. Yet to-day hundreds of feet pass over his great, brown mane and he makes not the least objection.

On the seventeenth the camp at Warm Camp was broken, and the cavalcade started on the homeward route. The pull at the top of the ridge was a hard one, as the packs were much heavier than they had been going in, on account of the jerked venison. When things were running smoothly four deer came fooling along, and Moore promptly added two more hides to his glory. "Rats," a pack-horse, shouldered them, and the tiresome journey was again taken up in deadly earnest.

McConnell, Photo.

A HEAVY PACK.

On the eighteenth, Rush Creek was left at six-thirty, and all day they traveled over a rocky country, with now and then a few fir-trees that seemed dotted here and there as though to break the monotony. From Coffey Creek to Salmon River the same broken country confronted them, until Scott Valley was nearly reached, when the rocky ridges gave way to timbered ones, tiny creeks and mountain meadows.

The nineteenth found all hands hemmed in by pines, oak, ash and maple, whose friendly arms stretched over them and defied the warm autumn sun to do its worst. Fort Jones was the stopping place for lunch, and then Yreka at two-thirty, almost the end of a summer's vacation. The twenty-first found the entire party at work again, brown, weather-beaten and thin, but strong, alert, and sons of the hills as every move and action testified.

CAMP CULINARY ART.

By George S. Evans.

IN THE month of July, 1899, Edson Read, Bert Frank, Anonymous and I talked of going on a hunting trip north of Round Valley in Mendicino County—George White's demesne it then was. Read, Frank and I made the trip. While effecting temporary organization some one asked: "Who will do the cooking?" Anonymous said that when he thought of culinary antics over a camp fire with limited apparatus and washing of dishes he was forced to the belief that we should hire a native of China or Japan to do the cooking. At this the rest of us became grave, but finally voted the proposition down, deciding to do our own cooking. Whereupon Anonymous bolted the convention and went to a certain resort with a long, spacious veranda and abbreviated table board.

It was decided that the trip should be a hunting trip and not only a camping trip. While effecting temporary organization I drew a distinction between these two forms of amusement. I argued that a camping trip at its best had all the attributes of a tenderfoot affair, the tent being pitched near a farm house with butter, eggs, milk and mail handy. On the other hand a hunting trip suggested the phrase, "the strenuous life," to the President of this republic. I told the boys that we should have to dispense with all of the luxuries of life and some of the necessities; that the problem of transportation over a trail was a difficult one, and consequently we could take only those things absolutely indispensable; that butter, eggs and milk would be remembered only with a smile and a yearning—particularly with a yearning. I told them that we must leave behind the usual appurtenances of a camping trip—consisting of all of the luxuries of life, some of the necessities and the combination of neither that has such a run among tenderfeet. Despite the pictured hardships we three were "game." We marveled at the lack of enthusiasm of Anonymous.

We tried to agree on a cook. I cannot lay claim to any great amount of skill in the culinary line. I am not allowed in the kitchen at home. The only place where my pent up desire to cook has been fully gratified has been on hunting trips. I have found from long experience that one's desires in this direction are always humored by the other members of the party. Frank stated at the outset that he did not know any more about cooking than he did about fishing. This candid statement deeply impressed me. If his ignorance of the art of cooking was denser than his ignorance of the art of fishing, as subsequently displayed by him, imagination falters when it tries to conceive the profound depths to which ignorance can descend. Of Read I expected a great deal. His statements as to his ability as a cook were evasive, but I remembered some beans he had baked and brought to one of those uncivilized aggravations—a picnic. But this specimen of his cooking, it afterwards developed, was delusive in the extreme. It did not constitute an index of his skill. Under the circumstances the burden of doing the cooking fell upon me, and it was a crushing one. The burden of eating my cooking was dis-

Geo. Gignac, Photo.

IN "RATTLESNAKE GULCH".

tributed among three of us, and being more widely distributed did not press so heavily.

A dog accompanied us. He was of the vintage of '98, and accordingly in the very nature of things must perforce have borne one of three names—Dewey, Sampson or Schley. This dog bore the name of Sampson — sometimes. Sampson was a friend of mine when we started, but a coldness sprang up between us. When we started home we did not speak. The cause of the disruption of our frendship will be hinted at hereafter.

We pitched our tent at a place called by the sheepherders, "Brown's Camp." As we killed five rattlesnakes in the first two days in the immediate vicinity of our kitchen we decided to change the name to Rattlesnake Gulch, and Rattlesnake Gulch it became. The first day or two in camp I employed in looking out for rattlesnakes and practicing cooking. I practiced because I knew that practice made perfect—it didn't necessarily make a good meal. About the beginning of the third day I acquired such skill that I could stir up mush without scorching it. From this time on I gradually improved until the last week, when my improvement reached its climax. The climax was a wild raspberry pie.

The third day out I baked some bread. I shall never forget that bread—neither will the other members of the party. We gave it to Sampson. As a reward for our great sacrifice Sampson spent most of the night howling at the moon. We also howled, not at the bread but at the dog, trying to convince him that the day was made for labor and the night for rest. But verbal arguments—only—fell upon deaf ears. A large chunk of old red sandstone seemed to cave the howl of Sampson in. It evidently carried more weight with him and his howl than mere words, but it bred a coldness between us.

One day I decided to see if I could not lure some of the trout of Williams Creek from their cool, shady haunts to one of our long-handled frying pans. The other members of the party decided to hunt the elusive Columbia black tail. Williams Creek, near its headwaters, is a Grand Cañon of the Colorado in minature. I spent the day fishing. When I returned to

Geo. Gignac, Photo.

"I PRACTICED DAILY."

camp it was almost dark. I was wet and tired, and considering that my luncheon had consisted of a box of sardines, a couple of hardtack and several swallows of snow water, it is safe to say that I was hungry. Under such circumstances it is a delightful privilege to cook your own supper. If the reader is skeptical about this let him try it and decide the matter—after eating. The hunters had not returned, but a muffled rifle report away across the cañon showed they were in the vicinity.

I hustled the Dutch oven, the coffee pot, two frying-pans with long handles, a sauce pan, coffee, lard, flour, trout, sardine in the can, corned beef in the tin and porcine products together and set to work cooking supper. I decided to make "flap-jacks" instead of bread. Also, I decided to make some "sock eye."

The grand jury of Mendocino County should find an indictment against the hot cake, alias the flap-jack. Where the tenderfoot with a new rifle slays his one man the deadly flap-jack slays its ten. Indigestion is the primal curse of the rural population and the soggy flap-jack is the cause thereof. A man in Covelo described a camp flap-jack as being "raw on one side and burned on the other," and yet, despite the fact that they impair the digestion who would contend that a camp meal would be a meal without them? I displayed my profound erudition in the art of turning flap-jacks by flipping them from the pan into the air and thence to the pan raw side down. The fact that in this process some of these delectable articles descended

from the pan into the dirt and that others struck the pan on edge and curled up did not tend to increase my amiability.

"Sockeye." Neither Worcester, Webster nor the Century define the meaning of this word when used by a camper. Sock eye is a delicious concoction made of sliced onions and potatoes, strips of bacon, salt, pepper and water. The whole mess is placed in a frying pan and boiled until done. This dish is good—in the mountains. If a waiter should bring it to you in a restaurant you would probably ruffle your brow and mutter the words, "unfair house." When a double amount of pepper is put in sock eye the delicacy is known as "sock eye-ee."

In a short space of time I had my meal ready. I was preparing to dish it up when in walked the hunters looking like typical "Sherman's bummers." The sight of great browned heaps of venison and trout, luscious towers of flapjacks, juicy heaps of sock eye and the odors of coffee and dried apricots increased the ravenous hunger of the hunters and fisher.

We lighted the lantern and made an onslaught on the meal. What though I had worked all day like a Trojan for my basket of trout? What though I was tired and wet? What mattered it to the hunters if they were suffering from fatigue? What was the difference to them if they had been disappointed in their quest? The fresh ozone of the mountains, our superb physical condition brought about by robust exercise, the increase in our appetites and the abundant meal sufficiently compensated us for all our hardships. We finished our repast and sat around feeling at peace with all the world.

Geo. Gignac, Photo.

"WE SAT AROUND, FEELING AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD."

There was a wild raspberry patch about two hundred yards from camp and we succeeded in getting several messes therefrom. We never visited the patch during the feeding hour of the "grim, taciturn bear." A bear resents callers while he is at dinner. He becomes cross and clothes himself in

an air of intense gloom. He lets you see how white his teeth are and while such a display depresses a dentist, neither Edson, Bert nor I were interested. On one occasion we picked more berries than we could use in the way advertised on a restaurant bill of fare—"raspberries and cream, fifteen cents." Edson did not believe in allowing surplus products to go to waste and decided to make a pie. If there was any other instinct in Edson than the economic instinct that caused him to decide to make a pie, I do not know of it. I did not "jolly" him because he put baking powder into his pie crust, for the reason that I thought such ingredient highly proper. I have since learned that baking powder is not considered one of the essentials of a palatable pie crust. Edson's pie in consequence was about as indigestible as the ordinary wire nail. Indigestibility of pie, however, does not keep it from being eaten. If it did, what pie bakery, with its display of brown hardware, would escape bankruptcy?

The next day Edson and Bert betook themselves to the gloom and the rattlesnakes of Leach Lake Mountain to kill "the stag at eve." I did not go with them. I had a sore knee (I feared I had symptoms of housemaid's knee), deer were not plentiful enough to madden one, and somebody had to hold down camp. So I held it down. Edson's pie had cut into my prestige as cook and into my stomach also. I wanted to recover my pristine culinary glory and so decided to try my hand on a pie, and if possible make a more palatable one than Edson's. There were some berries left at the patch, and thither I went. Having gotten the berries, the real work commenced. I loaded my trusty rifle, set it against a pine tree and went to work making pie crust. I loaded the rifle becase I remembered the myth of Frankenstein. I had often seen pies made but had never carefully observed the process. The result showed that I must rather, at some time or other, have carefully observed the process of making Harveyized steel. I finally put the lower crust in the place after scouring the plate with lard, heaped the berries in, sugared and irrigated them and then sealed with the upper crust. The preliminary bout was now over.

WILLIAMS CREEK TROUT.

I built a camp fire. When one is going to bake pie one need not reproduce the Chicago fire. Some campers labor under the impression that the larger the fire the better the meal. After they have beheld the coffee boil over, seen the luscious brook trout curl up into a mass of charcoal and smelled the toothsome odor of the "Murphys" gone dry, they will not have such large ideas about the size of a camp fire. A really serviceable camp fire is of about .25 caliber. One does not want a camp fire so small that a magnifying glass has to be requisitioned and, on the other hand, it is not advisable to have a fire so large that it cannot be approached. I got my fire just right, put my luscious pie into the Dutch oven, set the oven on the fire and covered the lid with burning brands. Then I hunted up our deck of cards and proceeded to play solitaire.

After the lapse of a few minutes I decided to investigate the inner mysteries of the Dutch oven. Probably the most aggravating thing about cooking over a camp-fire is the smoke. The smoke from my fire seemed to have taken lessons in the art of following my movements. I went where the smoke was not and found it there. I went where it had been an instant before, and found it still there. Never bet on the locality of smoke from a camp-fire unless the cook is near it. To get the eyes full of smoke from green wood is delightful—if the eyes belong to some one else.

Eventually I succeeded in making my way through the smoke to the oven. Why doesn't some genius invent a handle to a Dutch oven that is not susceptible to heat? If such a contrivance could be invented it would have a large sale, and profanity would decrease in the outlying districts. Despite the heat I landed the oven safely. The pie was beginning to brown up and success seemed to be within reach.

Finally I concluded that the pie was done. I called the concoction "pie." The reader may call it anything he pleases. When taken from the oven it resembled nothing on earth so much as a chunk of decomposed granite. I managed to break a piece out of it, and set the rest away for future use. The next day the hunters returned, each with a buck on his back, hungry and ready to eat at call, like the starving patriots of Cuba. I got up a genuine old original camp meal, and at the end produced my indestructible, indigestible pie. The crust was very thick, so Edson and Bert said. Edson said that the crust reminded him of volcanic crust, but I silently ignored this imputed witticism. It does no good to stir up enmity on a hunting trip. The berries in the pie were voted all right, but the crust was voted a failure by the vote of 2 to 1. I was loyal to my pie.

Hardy fare and a hardy life seem to go together. What though camp cooking does not give the same results as home cooking? If it did, where then would be the pleasure in seeking the "pathless wood." If you are successful in your quest for the lordly buck and the voracious trout, you have flesh fit to grace the table of a king. With venison and trout in camp one can feel certain that one will eat that which satisfies. One camp cook of a poetic nature summed up his feelings about trout and venison thus:

"Few, few ever tasted a mess more sweet
Than nice fried trout or fat buck meat."

A WILD BOAR HUNT.

By B. Scott.

OF ALL the wild animals that roam over the rugged mountains boar is the least hunted; yet after by all sportsmen, the wild of California and are sought away off in the solitary mountain fastnesses of Lake and Humboldt counties they furnish ample sport for the most adventurous hunter. Perhaps the reason for this is that most hunters deem these animals too cowardly to afford good sport, and would be surprised were they told to expect to find in them the same disposition so characteristic of the grizzly bear.

The hunter after wild boar in the mountains of either of these counties must do lots of climbing up steep mountain sides. He must have stout legs and plenty of courage. The favorite haunts of the boar are at the bottoms of deep cañons or beneath sheltering ledges far up the mountain side. They are easily tracked, for "sign" is usually plentiful. Here the bent and bruised limbs of low-growing trees stripped of the tender bark, and there oak trees, beneath which every acorn has been carefully rooted up from under the dry leaves and loose ground.

The California wild boar is much like other members of the hog family in all but disposition. He has the same wabbly gait, the same little eyes, the same swaying of his head, accompanied by deep grunts. The hair is abundant, coarse and long, while his long, curved tusks are abnormally developed.

Unwieldy and clumsy as the wild boar appears he is deceitfully quick in motion and powerful in strength; when overtaken and wounded he will await the attack sullenly and then, at a favorable moment, will strike upward with his long tusks, quick as a flash, and rip open the flesh of an opponent in the most horrible manner. I have seen a boar at bay rip open a hound in such a frightful manner that death ensued in a few minutes.

The vitality of a mature boar is almost beyond the belief of one who has had no experience in their hunting. I have shot them through the shoulders with instantly fatal effect, and again I have sent .32-40 soft-nose bullets clear through their hearts and had them run fifty yards before staggering, in their death run jumping over logs, rocks and through thick chaparral, and still retaining enough vitality to get on their feet and try to strike with their tusks before dropping dead. The most dangerous mood of a boar is when he is aroused from his bed by his mate to help protect her young; at this time there can be scarcely anything in brutish anger more awing. The shaggy monster will grunt and gnash his long sharp tusks together so ferociously that it would seem every tooth in his head would be broken. I have shot boars that had tusks over six inches in length and as keen as a knife.

The last hunt I took part in was in July of this year, in the mountains of Lake County. My hunting companion, Mr. Joe Garner, and myself had been following the hounds for two or three days and had good success killing deer. As we were returning from an early morning hunt, we decided to ride to the bottom of a deep cañon and see if we could not put up a few wild hogs to wind up the day's sport. So riding down the mountain side as far as we could, we dismounted, tied our horses and continued on afoot, in a short time reaching the bottom, where we refreshed ourselves with lunch and a drink of ice-cold water from an ever-living spring that gushed forth from the mountain side.

After a smoke we started up the cañon to a place where we had often found hogs before, and had not gone a quarter mile when we heard the breaking of dry brush below us. I thought it was deer, but Joe said "No!" A moment later the cracking became louder, and holding our rifles in readiness we watched the open brush below us. The black nose of a large tusker was soon protruded through the brush about fifteen yards away,

GRIZZLY CAÑON.

making a fine mark; I raised my rifle to shoot but just as I was going to pull the trigger two others, even larger than the first, thrust their heads through the brush toward us. In an instant Mr. Garner realized our position, and acting upon the thoughts of former experience he shouted:

"Don't shoot, Ben—run for the timber!"

About a hundred yards back was a small clump of pines and in them we could find a place of safety. The boars gave savage grunts and came toward us—that run to the clump of pines was the effort of my life, yet I failed to connect. Before I touched wood they were upon me and in desperation I turned and fired, but missed, for I was instantly knocked down and a boar caught his tusk in the legging of my left leg, ripping it from end to end. Before he could do further damage, however, Mr. Garner, with a steady hand, sent a bullet back of his ear and he was done for. The other two made a few savage lunges at my side but my heavy canvas shirt saved me from serious injury; one, however, caught his tusk in my leg below the hip and made a very painful wound.

The hounds at last arrived and the battle came to an end; after shooting the tusks from the jaws of the dead boars we decided we had enough hunting for the day. We found on examination that we had run into a regular hog bed, disturbing a number of sows with young, hence the warm reception given us by the old tuskers. It was a narrow shave!

These animals are very cunning. I have been led many miles over ridges and through cañons by an old boar that seemed to enjoy himself in teasing me, yet at the same time keeping out of range of my rifle when there was an opportunity for an open shot. An old boar knows when he is being hunted, and will get out of the way if there are no young pigs around to claim his protection. If there are then you have to look out, for he will fight to the death. A sow will drive her young a few feet ahead of her and defend them from behind, and if not pressed too hard will never stop until she reaches a safe place.

For the benefit of those who have not yet hunted the wild boar of California, let me say that they can find plenty of sport and excitement if they will go to Lake County and hunt him in the rugged recesses of some of the deep cañons leading away from Bartlett Mountain down into beautiful Long Valley. Grizzly Cañon is a favorite resort for them, and here, too, are deer and other game found in abundance. The younger hogs are very good eating when mast fattened and the older ones may give some of our *blasé* friends a new sensation.

TWO FAMOUS SALMON POOLS ON THE RIVER DEE, SCOTLAND.

(The record fish was taken in the rapids just below the midstream rocks in upper picture.)

Photos by courtesy of Mr. G. G. Gauld.

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SHOW YOUR INTEREST.

THE ANNUAL meeting of the California Fish and Game Protective Associations, which will be held at Paso Robles November 13, should be largely attended by friends of the great cause of game protection, as well as by a full representation from every local protective organization in the State. Outside of the entertainment attractions which are scheduled in connection with this assemblage, the business to be transacted is of peculiar and vital interest to all sportsmen. While there is a certain indispensable formality about this convention, it really affords the opportunity for a frank and unreserved heart-to-heart talk among sportsmen upon the topic most dear to them, and the interchange of ideas and suggestions that are of inestimable value to the cause. Any little misunderstandings can be reconciled, and a common bond of sympathy, interest and co-operation be forged which will work wonders in behalf of the principle involved. Whether you are attached or unattached, your presence and your views are invited, and both will be welcomed. This is not to be a meeting of cliques and factions, but of honorable, genuine sportsmen and citizens whose interest for the game is in their hearts and not merely in their mouths and purses.

THE SHAME OF IT.

THERE was never published a stronger argument against the sale of game than that unwittingly embodied in an article entitled "The Great Shotgun Syndicate," in the October 10 issue of the (Philadelphia) *Saturday Evening Post.*

It is a detailed account of the operations of one Nat Wetzel of St. Louis and Beaumont, a market hunter whose unparalleled nastiness unquestionably classifies him as the biggest and altogether the most unconscionable game hog in the whole abominable sty.

His biographer, one Forrest Crissey—who writes intelligently enough to be admitted into the columns of the *Post* and therefor ought to know better—unctuously preambles his disgusting relation with the statement that "Certainly his (Wetzel's) methods are thoroughly typical of the most advanced practices in the industry of supplying game dinners for the tables of American 'epicures,'" and then approvingly goes on to show how Wetzel keeps a horde of his minions fully informed, by telegraph, of the flights of the harrassed innocents, so that they are met with slaughter at every turn and not allowed to rest day or night. The article details at great length, and with a hideous cleverness and clearness, all of the unholy tactics employed by Wetzel and his hirelings—and these embrace all the unfair devices ever known to game hogs—for the pitiless slaughter of our game birds. Read in the spirit in which the article really should have been, but was not written, it constitutes the most frightful object lesson to game protectionists that can well be imagined. It carries its own suggestion, which sportsmen will do well not to overlook.

MISTAKEN LENIENCE.

THE DISPOSITION to shield one's fellow man in times of extremity is instinctive and natural. It is one of the most deeply rooted characteristics of the human species and, sentimentally considered, reflects great credit upon the race. The better and broader the man, the quicker he is to in-

dulgence and clemency for his erring brother, and it is a significant fact that this leniency is always carried to excess.

A man of refined tastes involuntarily shrinks from the prospect of becoming a thief taker. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases he will rather screen a petty offender from punition richly deserved than be personally instrumental in his apprehension. "Poor devil," he says, compassionately, "give him a chance. Maybe he is not so much to blame, after all."

All of which is very noble—in sentimental theory; but how about cold, common sensed, actual practice? The offender is encouraged and emboldened by his escape and becomes audacious in his subsequent malefactions, and his would-be benefactor has accessorily lent himself to the perpetuation of the very thing which his soul most abhors.

As a common instance of this, note the universal reluctance of sportsmen to inform upon their friends and companions for inexcusable violations of the game laws. Even when the offense is of a nature aggravated enough to compel such information, it is always hedged about with conditions which generally defeat its purpose and so render the good intent valueless.

Why is this? The same man who thus shields a law breaker would deem it his imperative duty to arrest a house-breaker. The sportsman who thus winks at the theft and illegal destruction of his own property—because the game is the property of the people and he is one of them—would be the first to clutch the thief caught stealing his friend's watch or destroying his possessions.

Despite the poet's assertion to the contrary, the quality of mercy is not only strained but actually overstrained betimes. We have all been guilty of this foolishness, some time or other, and the fact is no credit to us. It is every man's duty to aid in the compulsory observance of the law if need be, and the personality of the offender should not be considered. If every infraction of the law coming under the notice of sportsmen were reported and punished we might have a few less so-called "friends," but we would have an everlasting plenitude of game.

THE TRUE LIMIT.

THE CURSE of this age is its prodigality. In the flush of large possessions men are always inclined to extravagance and waste, forgetting that the sunniest day always has a complementary rainy one and that there is a speedy finish to the candle burned at both ends.

In nowise is this better exemplified than in the present practices of sportsmen, who should and logically do know better. Put the average duck hunter into a blind during a particularly good flight in these days of many ducks, and he never emerges therefrom until he has either killed the full limit legally allowed—or his shells have given out. And so it is with the quail, snipe, goose and grouse hunter, the big game shooter and even the imputedly gentle angler. One and all they lust for slaughter to the last possible limitation and indulge that lust on every possible occasion.

It never seems to occur to our friends of the rod and gun that there is a limit, not at all synonomous with the legal one, prescribed by decency, common sense and thrift; that a continuance and perpetuation of the sport in which they so eagerly engage is possible only by the exercise of a sensible moderation in the slaughter of the game animals which alone can afford that sport; that a man can only eat his cake and still have more coming provided he does not destroy the seed from which the ingredients of that delectable loaf are primarily produced. In other words, that no man can go on killing the full legal limit at every favorable opportunity and expect to be able to perpetually do it, or for that matter to ultimately have any sport at all, if he persists in this pernicious practice. The true limit should be that measured by the actual food necessities of the sportsman and his family, and only when our friends arrive at a full understanding of this fact can they be said to be properly classified as rational sportsmen. For, at the present rate of slaughter, it is very easy to forsee the finish of our game—game laws and legal bag limits notwithstanding. The game is certainly not increasing, while its hunters just as certainly are. It needs no expert mathematician to figure out the inevitable result. The hand of game doom is already writing on the wall of our folly.

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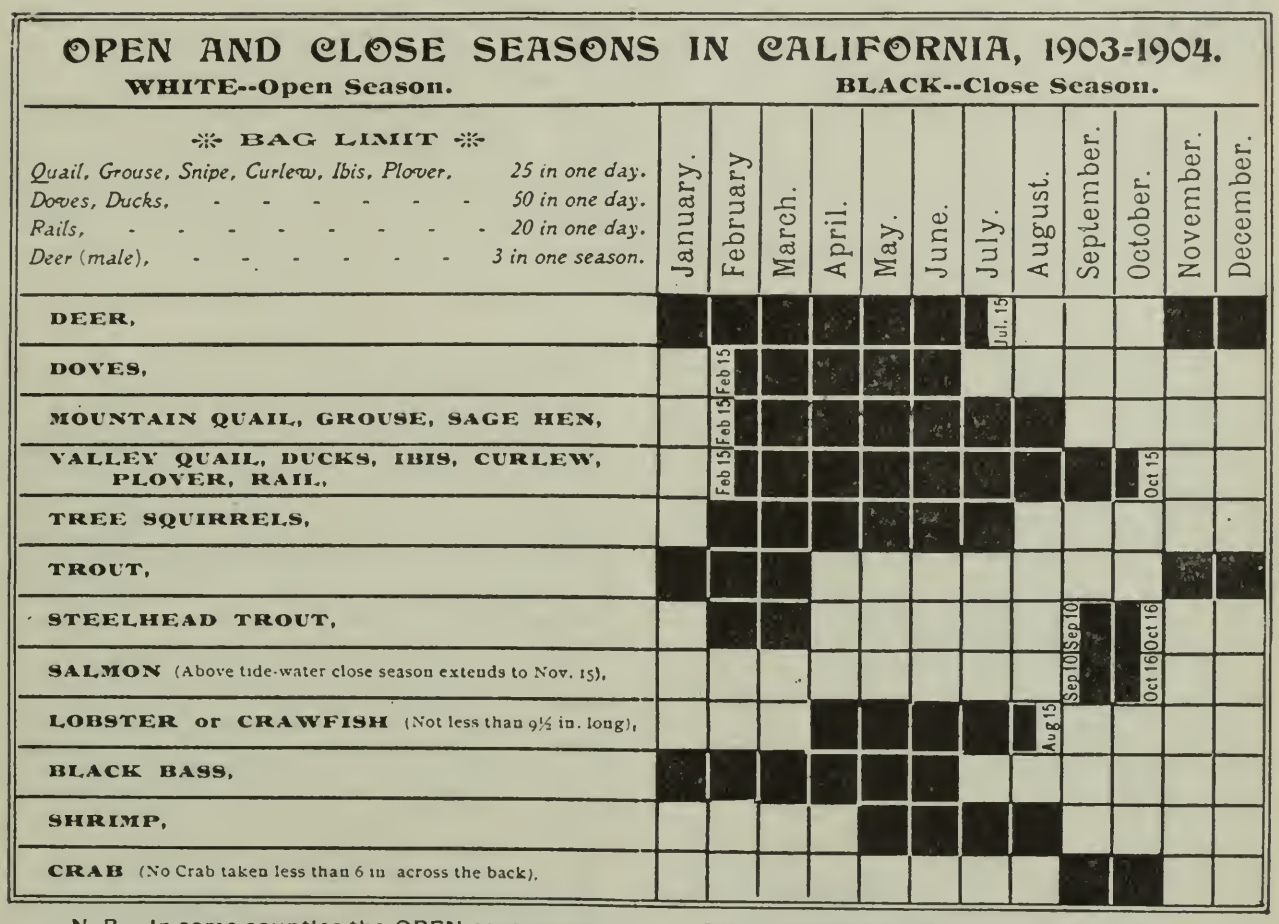
Jackson—O. E. Richling, Sec., Jackson, Cal.
Kelseyville—Chas. H. Pugh, Sec., Kelseyville, Cal.
Kern County—E. A. Pueschel, Sec., Bakersfield, Cal.
Kings County—S. S. Mullin, Sec., Hanford, Cal.
Lakeport—B. F. McIntyre, Sec., Lakeport.
Laytonville—J. G. Dill, Sec., Laytonville, Cal.
Los Angeles—L. Herzog, Sec., Los Angeles, Cal.
Madera—Joe Barcroft, Sec., Madera, Cal.
Marysville—R. B. Boyd, Sec., Marysville, Cal.
Mendocino City—O. L. Stanly, Sec., Mendocino City, Cal.
Monterey—C. R. Few, Sec., Monterey, Cal.
Napa—W. West, Sec., Napa, Cal.
Nevada City—Fred C. Brown, Nevada City, Cal.
Oroville—G. T. Graham, Sec., Oroville, Cal.
Oxnard—Roy B. Witman, Sec., Oxnard, Cal.
Paso Robles—T. W. Henry, Sec., Paso Robles, Cal.
Pescadero—C. J. Coburn, Sec., Pescadero, Cal.
Petaluma—Jos. Steiger, Sec., Petaluma, Cal.
Porterville—G. R. Lumley, Sec., Porterville, Cal.
Quincy—T. F. Spooner, Sec., Quincy, Cal.
Red Bluff—W. F. Luning, Sec., Red Bluff, Cal.
Redding—Dr. B. F. Belt, Sec., Redding, Cal.
Redlands—* * * * * Sec., Redlands, Cal.
Redwood City—C. Littlejohn, Sec., Redwood City, Cal.
Riverside—Joe Shields, Sec., Riverside, Cal.
Round Valley—H. W. Schutler, Sec., Covalo, Cal.
San Andreas—Will. A. Dower, Sec., San Andreas, Cal.
San Rafael—Mr. Robertson, Sec., San Rafael.
Santa Ana—J. W. Carlyle, Sec., Santa Ana, Cal.
Santa Barbara—E. C. Tallant, Sec., Santa Barbara, Cal.
San Bernardino—F. C. Moore, Sec., San Bernardino, Cal.
Santa Clara County—R. S. Kooser, Sec., San Jose, Cal.
Santa Cruz—Mr. Miller, Sec., Santa Cruz.
San Diego—A. D. Jordan, Sec., San Diego, Cal.
Santa Maria—L. J. Morris, Sec., Santa Maria, Cal.
Santa Rosa——— Mullen, Sec., Santa Rosa, Cal.
San Luis Obispo—H. C. Knight, Sec., San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Salinas—J. J. Kelley, Sec., Salinas, Cal.
Sanger—H. C. Coblentz, Sec., Sanger, Cal.
Selma—J. J. Vanderburg, Sec., Selma, Cal.
Siskiyou—W. A. Sharp, Sec., Sisson, Cal.
Santa Paula—Dr. R. L. Poplin, Sec., Santa Paula, Cal.
Sacramento County—A. Hertzel, Sec., Sacramento, Cal.
Sonora—J. A. Van Harlingen, Sec., Sonora, Cal.
Stockton—R. L. Quisenberry, Sec., Stockton, Cal.
Susanville—R. M. Rankin, Sec., Susanville, Cal.
Sutter Creek—L. F. Stinson, Sec., Sutter Creek, Cal.
Ukiah—Sam D. Paxton, Sec., Ukiah, Cal.
Ventura—M. E. V. Bogart, Sec., Ventura, Cal.
Visalia—* * * * Sec., Visalia, Cal.
Watsonville—Ed Winkle, Sec., Watsonville, Cal.
Willitts—Chester Ware, Sec., Willitts, Call.
Woodland—W. H. Huston, Sec., Woodland, Cal.
Yreka—F. A. Autenreith, Sec., Yreka, Cal.

A BIG JEW FISH CAUGHT BY CAPT. GEORGE E. BARTLETT.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants, or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured *written* authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or *without* your name and address.
To *buy* or *sell trout* less than *one-half pound* in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish, in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on enclosed land without permission.

COUNTY ORDINANCES

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may *shorten* (but not *extend*) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game *within* the dates fixed by the general State law.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are, however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted.

El Dorado.—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno.—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern.—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings.—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Los Angeles.—Doves, July 31 to October 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Madera.—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to Feburary 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrels, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino.—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced.—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey.—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa.—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange.—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Riverside.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Benito.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino.—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrels, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck, trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Mateo.—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrels, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara.—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), *except* hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrels. Black bass cannot be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100

Siskiyou.—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma.—Male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Trinity.—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare.—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne.—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2 north and twonship 1 south range, 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, August 15 to October 1.

Yolo.—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

MAMMALS.

	State.	Deer.	Elk.	Moose, Caribou.	Antelope.	Squirrel.[2]	Rabbit.
Northern.	Maine	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15[16]			Apr. 1-Sept. 1
	New Hampshire	At all times[4]	At all times	At all times		Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1
	Vermont	Nov. 1-Oct. 22		At all times			May 1-Sept. 1
	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1903				Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Oct. 1
	Rhode Island	To Feb. 1, 1905				Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15
	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911				Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	New York[1]	Nov. 16-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 16
	Long Island	Exc'pt 4 days Nov				Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	New Jersey	To April 14, 1905				Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10
	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Nov. 1
	Delaware						Jan. 1-Nov. 15
	Maryland[1]	Local laws				Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1					
	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct. 15				Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15
	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-June 15	
	Ohio	Dec. 16-Nov. 10				Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10
	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 8[1]	To 1911	To 1911		Dec. 1-Oct. 15	
	Indiana	At all times				Jan. 1-Aug. 1[10]	
	Illinois	To 1913				Jan. 1-July 1	
	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]				May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 11	At all times	Dec. 1-Nov. 11			
	Iowa	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Oct. 1					
	Kansas				To Mar. 13, 1908		
	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	At all times		Nov. 16-Aug. 15		
	South Dakota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		To Jan. 1, 1911		
	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times	To Jan. 1, 1911		
	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times		
	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912[10]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		
	Colorado	Oct. 1-Sept. 15	To 1907		To 1907		
Southern.	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Local laws	
	South Carolina	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]					
	Georgia[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1					
	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1				Feb. 2-July 1	
	Alabama[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1					
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15				Mar. 1-June 1	
	Tennessee	Dec. 15-Oct. 1					
	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]					Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Louisiana	Apr. 1-Nov. 1					
	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			To July 1, 1908		
	Oklahoma	At all times			At all times		
	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Mar. 7, 1905		To Mar. 7, 1905		
	Arizona	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	At all times		To Jan. 1, 1906		
Pacific.	California[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	At all times		At all times	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	
	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	At all times	At all times[16]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15		
	Utah	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times		At all times		
	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		
	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15		
	Oregon[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1904	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	
	Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]			
	Hawaii						
Canada.	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Jan. 1-Sept 1
	N.W. Territories[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1		
	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		
	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	At all times	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[10]		Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15
	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]
	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[1]			
	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1905		Jan. 1-Sept. 15[10]			Feb. 1-Oct. 15
	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[10]			Mar. 1-Sept. 16

BIRDS.

	State.	Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.
Northern.	Maine	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	New Hampshire	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15		
	Vermont	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		
	Massachusetts	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	Rhode Island	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 10		
	Connecticut	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	New York[1]	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	Long Island	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		
	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10
	Pennsylvania	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15
	Delaware	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		
	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1
	Virginia	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[10]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[10]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[10]
	West Virginia	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15
	Kentucky	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 16		Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Ohio	Dec. 2-Nov. 10	To Nov. 10, 1904	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10
	Michigan	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[10]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[10]	To 1910	To 1910
	Indiana	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times
	Illinois	Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To 1907	To 1907	To 1908
	Wisconsin	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Minnesota	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	
	Iowa	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Kansas	Jan. 1-Nov. 15[10]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[10]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[10]	
	Nebraska	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	At all times
	South Dakota	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	North Dakota	To Sept. 1, 1905	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	
	Montana	At all times	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 16	
	Wyoming	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	
	Colorado	To Oct. 1, 1920[11]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To 1907
Southern.	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	South Carolina	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Georgia[4]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	Florida	Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1
	Alabama[4]	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15
	Mississippi	May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1
	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1. Nov. 1
	Arkansas	Feb. 15-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1
	Louisiana	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Texas	Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
	Oklahoma	Feb. 1-Oct. 15	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	New Mexico	Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	Arizona	Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Nov. 1-Sept. 15
Pacific.	California[1]	Feb. 15-Oct. 15[1]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1		
	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	
	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	
	Washington	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	Oregon	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	To Oct. 1, 1905
	Alaska				
	Hawaii	Mar. 1-Sept. 16			
Canada.	British Columbia	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	N.W. Territories[10]		Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	
	Manitoba	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	
	Ontario	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec. 1-Nov. 1
	Quebec		Dec. 15-Sept. 1[1]		
	New Brunswick		To May 9, 1905		
	Nova Scotia		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]		
	Newfoundland		Jan. 12-Sept. 16		

BIRDS.

	State.	Dove.	Introduced Pheasant	Plover.	Snipe.	Woodcock.	Rail.	Duck.	Goose, Swan.
Northern.	Maine	At all times	To Mar. 22, 1911	May 1 Aug. 1	May 1 Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	New Hampshire	At all times	To Sept. 15, 1905	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15 Sept. 15[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	
	Vermont	At all times	Nov 20-Oct 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[16]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[16]
	Massachusetts	At all times	To Feb. 13, 1905	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Rhode Island	At all times	To Oct 1, 1905			Dec 16-Oct. 15		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[4]	
	Connecticut	At all times	To June 1, 1906	Apr. 1 Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[1]	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	New York[1]	At all times	To 1905	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 10	Jan. 1-Sept. 16
	Long Island	At all times	Jan. 1 Nov. 1[1]	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 15-Oct. 1
	New Jersey	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-July 15[3]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Oct. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	Pennsylvania		Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-July 15[4]		Dec. 16-Oct. 15[3]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	Delaware	At all times					Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[1]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	Dec 25-Nov. 1	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[4]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	At all times		Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[16]	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[16]
	Virginia	At all times	Local laws	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[10]	Jan. 1-July 20[10]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15
	West Virginia	At all times			July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[16]
	Kentucky	Feb. 1-Aug. 1				Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[16]
	Ohio	At all times	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[10]	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[10]	Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[10]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[4]
	Michigan	At all times	To 1910	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[10]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[10]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[10]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[10]
	Indiana	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1 Nov. 10[10]		Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]
	Illinois	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	To 1908	May 1 Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]
	Wisconsin	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1905[1]	Dec. 1 Sept. 1	Dec. 1 Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1 Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
	Minnesota	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Nov. 1 Sept. 1[1]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Apr. 15 Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[16]
	Iowa	At all times		Apr. 15 Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Aug 1	Jan. 1 Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 25-Sept. 1	Apr. 25-Sept. 1[16]
	Kansas	Sept 15-Aug. 1	To Feb 28, 1907	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1
	Nebraska	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	At all times	Oct 31 Apr. 15	Apr. 16-Sept. 1			May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[16]
	South Dakota			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[16]
	North Dakota		To Sept 1, 1905			Oct. 15 Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	Montana	At all times	At all times					May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[16]
	Wyoming	At all times	To Sept 1, 1906	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept 10[3]	Apr. 16-Sept-10[3]
	Colorado	Sept. 1-Aug. 1	At all times		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[4]				
Southern.	North Carolina[1]	Mar 15 Nov 1			Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws
	South Carolina	Mar. 1 Aug 1	To Dec. 22, 1903			Apr. 1-Nov. 1			
	Georgia[4]	Mar 15-Aug 15	To Nov 30, 1905					Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Florida							Apr. 1-Oct. 1	
	Alabama	Mar 1 Aug 1	To Feb 8, 1904			Mar. 2-Nov 15			
	Mississippi	Mar 1-Sept 15							
	Tennessee	Mar 1 Aug 1	Jan 1-Dec 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct 1	Apr 15-Oct 1	Apr 15-Oct 1[16]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Arkansas	At all times							
	Louisiana	Mar 1-July 1		Oct 1 Aug 1[4]				Apr 1-Sept. 1[4]	
	Texas	Feb. 1-Sept 1	To July 1, 1908						
	Oklahoma	Jan 1-Aug 1	To Jan 1, 1904	Jan. 1-Aug 1					
	New Mexico		To Mar 14, 1906				Mar 1-Oct. 15		
	Arizona		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15				
Pacific.	California[1]	Feb 15-July 1	At all times	Feb. 15-Oct 15			Feb. 15-Oct 15	Feb 15-Oct 15	
	Nevada	Nov 2-July 15	To Sept 1, 1906	Mar 1-Sept 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept 15		Mar. 1-Sept 15	Mar. 10-Sept 1[4]
	Utah	Dec 1 Aug 15	At all times		Mar 15-Feb 15[10]			Mar. 15-Feb. 15[4]	Mar. 15-Feb. 15[4]
	Idaho	July 15-Feb 15	To Mar. 11, 1907	July 15-Feb 15	July 15 Feb. 15			Feb. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 15-Sept. 15
	Washington	At all times	To Oct 15, 1906	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar 1-Aug 15	Mar. 1-Sept 1	Mar. 1-Sept 1
	Oregon	At all times	To Oct 1, 1905[1]	Jan 1 Aug 1[1]		To Oct 1, 1905	Jan. 1-Aug 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept 1[1]
	Alaska	At all times		Dec 16-Sept 1	Dec 16-Sept 1			Dec. 16 Sept. 1	Dec. 16 Sept. 1
	Hawaii	Feb 1-July 1	To 1907	May 1-Sept. 16	May 1 Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[4]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16
Canada.	British Columbia		At all times	Mar 1-Sept 1				Mar. 1-Sept 1	
	N.W. Territories[10]				May 5-Aug 23			May 5-Aug. 23	
	Manitoba	At all times		Jan 1-Aug 1[1]	Jan. 1-Aug 1	Jan. 1-Aug 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	Ontario		To Sept 15, 1905	Dec 16 Sept 15	Dec. 16-Sept 15	Dec. 16-Sept 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15
	Quebec			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb 1 Sept 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar 1-Sept 1[1]	
	New Brunswick		At all times		Dec 2 Sept 1	Dec 2 Sept. 1		Dec 2-Sept. 1[1]	Dec 2-Sept. 1[16]
	Nova Scotia		At all times		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Mar. 1-Sept 1[1]	
	Newfoundland			Jan. 12-Aug 21	Jan. 12-Aug 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug 21[3]

Protected in a few States only.

Ptarmigan.

Colorado	At all times
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1
Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
Nova Scotia	At all times
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Sept. 16

Sage Hen.

Nebraska	Dec. 1-Oct. 1
Montana	Dec. 15-Aug. 1
Wyoming	Oct. 15-July 15
Colorado	Oct. 21-Sept. 1
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1
Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15
Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15
Idaho	Dec 1-July 15
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]

Reedbird.

New Jersey	Jan 1 Sept. 1
Pennsylvania	Dec 1-Sept 1
Delaware	Feb. 1-Aug 25
Maryland	Nov 1-Sept. 1[1]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1

Curlew

New Jersey	Jan 1 July 15
New York	May 1-Sept. 1[1]
Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20
South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1
Nebraska	At all times
Wyoming	May 1 Sept. 1
Colorado	Apr 16 Sept 10[3]
Tennessee	Apr 15-Oct 1
California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15
Nevada	Mar 1-Sept. 15
Hawaii	May 1-Sept 16
Quebec	Feb. 1 Sept 1
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug. 21

Crane.

Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1
South Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
North Dakota	May 1 Sept. 1
Colorado	Apr 16-Sept 10[3]
Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1

[1] Certain local exceptions. [2] Certain species. [3] Except month of July. [4] Except Mar. 15-Apr. 21. [5] Except month of April. [6] Sale. [7] Except month of March. [8] Upland plover only. [9] Altitudes above 7,000 feet. May 1-Sept. 15 [10] Except unorganized Territories, in which the seasons are as follows Deer, elk, caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goat, Apr. 1-July 15 and Oct. 1-Dec. 1 musk ox, Mar. 20-Oct. 15; grouse, prairie chicken, Jan. 1-Sept. 1, duck, goose, swan, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. [11] Except July 16-Oct. 1. [12] Also Oct. 1-Nov. 10 unless permit be obtained. [13] Except certain species, Mar. 2 Apr. 11 [14] Caribou protected in Maine to Oct. 15, 1905. [15] Moose only. [16] Goose only [17] Swan North Dakota, to Sept. 1, 1905, Nevada, Wisconsin, and Wyoming at all times. [18] Caribou only. [19] Under the old law, which still stands. [20] Except Aug. 1-Oct. 1, caribou only, moose protected to Jan. 1, 1912. [21] Except Mar 16-Apr. 21. [22] Except south of Canadian Pacific R. R between Mattawa and Port Arthur, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. [23] Except crested quail, to 1907. [24] Except sora. [25] Except July Aug, and Sept. [26] Except Oct. 1-Dec. 15. [27] Except April 10-25. [28] Caribou protected in Nova Scotia to Oct. 1, 1905. [29] Swan only. [30] Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. [31] In twenty counties to Mar. 18, 1906. [32] Except wood duck, Mar. 1-Aug. 1.

* Laws for 1903 not yet received.

PRACTICAL GAME PROTECTION.

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: In an article in your October number in which you very justly defend the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners and their deputies against the accusation that they fail to apprehend all the violators of the law, you omit one very important factor with which they have to contend. I refer to the careless leniency of the average Justice of the Peace. This leniency is exercised without the last discriminating judgment, and with a carelessness which displays a zeal remarkable for its abandon. There are notable and praiseworthy exceptions, but I refer to the general rule.

The Legislature in providing a minimum and maximum fine or penalty for the violation of the game and fish laws must have had some intelligent reason for so doing, but that reason seems to be beyond the comprehension of the average Justice of the Peace. To him all persons and violations seem to be the same, and all crimes to be of the same degree of enormity—and that degree the least possible.

This curious assumption on their parts can not be maintained by any logical argument. The same crime committed by two different men has different degrees of aggravation in each case and should be punished accordingly. A man's ability to pay a fine should as a matter of fact have some influence upon the amount assessed against him. A poor man, struggling for a livelihood, might be severely punished by a fine of $25, whereas a rich one could well afford to laugh at the maximum of $500, which in fact would be far less punishment to him than the $25 fine to the poor man. Not only a man's ability to pay a fine, but his intelligence, his position in the community in which he lives, the effect of the example he sets to the younger generation does most certainly contribute to the degree of the offense. Were you or I, sir, who have both written volumes on game protection, and who from our long study of the subject are fully aware of the enormity of the crime we were committing against the commonwealth, to deliberately kill a doe, would any intelligent mind argue that our crime was of no greater degree than the same act committed by, say some ignorant foreigner who had never given an intelligent thought to the economic value of a good supply of these animals? Our positions, our full consciousness of the crime we had committed, our knowledge of the value of the game as an asset of the State would certainly aggravate the offense many degrees beyond the same act committed by some ignorant person who was mentally incapable of understanding the reason for the enactment of these protective laws. If this is true in the extreme case that I have hypothetically cited, it must be equally true in a greater or less extent with any other intelligent citizen.

Again, a second offense should be met with a most severe punishment, for it is certainly evidence that the offender considers himself above the law and proposes to defy it. One would think that where the same person is brought a second time before the court, the gentleman who presides over it would feel his dignity offended at the open defiance of his verdict, and even though he had no respect for the game laws himself, he would want to teach the offender that he must respect his mandates. But how often do they do this or impose more than the minimum for the second or even the third offense? How different is this from the case of the Montana judge, referred to in the same issue of your journal, where the judge imposed the maximum penalty upon his most intimate friend and then remarked that he was only sorry that the law did not allow him to send every man of his intelligence who violated the game laws to the penitentiary for a good long term!

In the case of the dealer who sells illegally killed game and fish for the sake of the money that he can make by the infraction of the law, the minimum fine is little less than the offering of a reward for the violation of the law. Their profits are so large that they can still make money by the illegal traffic so long as they only have to pay the minimum fine as often as it is possible to apprehend them.

Taking the whole State together it is no doubt true that the Commission do not arrest more than one-half of those who violate the game and fish laws. One reason for this is that the State is too large for the number of men which their appropriation allows them to employ to patrol it. Many persons knowing this, and feeling assured that if caught they will be let off with the minimum fine, are ready to take the chance and violate the law. Were the fines imposed adequate to the offense committed against the commonwealth, not one-half of the violations would take place.

The law, too, is at fault. A $25 fine for the killing of a doe while she is nursing a couple of little fawns, which in consequence must also die, is too ridiculous to waste words in discussing. The minimum should not be less than $250 with six months in the county jail if repeated. A dealer who acts as a fence for stolen property—for such he is whenever he buys illegally killed game—and the prime instigator of the crimes committed by a dozen others, should in every case receive such punishment for his act as would prohibit the possibility of profit by such nefarious business.

Most of the Eastern States have found a way to stop this trifling with the law, and now make every bird and every fish illegally killed or had in possession a separate offense. When California has such a law our dealers will either stop violating it, or like the Arctic Cold Storage Company of New York—whose plant was recently sold at auction to satisy a fine for violation of the game law of $1,000,052—go out of business. When our law imposes a fine of not less than $100 for killing a buck out of season and $250 for killing a doe at any time, we will then be entering upon an era of logical and successful game preservation.

H. T. PAYNE,
President California Game and Fish Protective Association.

THE LIFE HISTORY AND HABITS OF WASPS.

By Lawrence Irwell.

THE TRUE wasps, of whom the hornet is one, are distinguished from mud-wasps, sand-wasps and other "wasps" so-called, by their habits and by the existence of workers in addition to males and females.

The hornet, of course, is at once recognizable by its great size and the red-brown brands upon the body. The other species of wasps differ from one another chiefly in their faces; you may recognize them as you do your friends by the contour and complexion of the features. Some have long faces, others short and round; this one hirsute, that one smooth. Some faces are more yellow than black, others the reverse, and so on. A complete enumeration is unnecessary, but it may be said that the worker, which has a yellow streak on the first joint of the antenna, is worth tracking to her home, for the nest will nearly always be found above ground, suspended in a bush or tree, and most convenient for observation.

The life-history of one of these insect communities, terrestrial or arboreal, repays attention. In the warm days of early spring the queens may be seen flying around the fields in search of eligible building sites. Any crevice, or a tree twig, a half-buried tin can, or even an old hat or shoe, may offer the desired conditions. The site once fixed, the queen begins to lay the foundations of her palace. Paradoxically in so well-ordered an establishment she lays her foundation-stone in the roof, and from there builds downwards, sowing the seed of her race in veritable hanging gardens lot by lot.

The exact spot and its surroundings having been carefully surveyed and committed to memory, the queen sails out to a neighboring fence or post, and with strong jaws rasps off the thin pellicle of gray, weather-beaten material from the surface of the wood, material that has already lost all that the rain can take from it, and is therefore weather-proof. Gathering her load into a small pellet moistened with liquid from her mouth, she returns to her house and plasters the wood-pulp paper on to some branch or root at the top of the selected chamber. Again and again is the process repeated until a flat disc has been built. From the center of this a narrow stalk is constructed downward, and to the end of this stalk there is fastened a second flat disc on whose lower surface about a dozen hexagonal cells, open below, are built. Around the whole are placed two bell-shaped envelopes which are intended to screen the comb from rain and wind. In each cell is fixed an egg from which proceeds a white, unattractive grub, which by a providential arrangement of its remarkable anatomy is prevented from falling headlong out of its bottomless nursery.

At night the queen curls herself round the stalk above the inverted bases of the cells, and this, no doubt, in a small degree shields her children from the cold. By day she labors incessantly to provide them with food. Bountifully nourished, the grubs rapidly increase in size, casting their skins from time to time as the limits of stretching are reached, until they fill up the entire space within the cell. When full-grown they spin a silken cocoon, which lines the cell, and for the first time affords a bottom to the cavity. An inert chrysalis stage follows, and in a few days the young worker wasp bites her way out of her self-imposed prison.

The workers quickly construct new cells on the margins of the first tier until it becomes of sufficient diameter; threads and pillars of wasp-paper are now hung from it at intervals, and at the lower end of these a second tier of cells is suspended, and so on in quick succession until some eight or nine combs are, in a favorable season, completed. The development from egg to perfect insect occupies about three and a half weeks, but the time is to some extent regulated by conditions of temperature and food supply. In a month in any event the army of workers increases from the original dozen to a host several hundred strong, each of whose members is capable of acting in the manifold capacities of architect, builder, forager, scout, lancer or nurse. Small wonder that with so versatile and industrious a population the commonwealth flourishes. The greater the numbers, the greater the possibilities of still further increase.

Each cell is no sooner vacated by a perfect wasp than it is at once made ready for the reception of another egg. It therefore follows that the actual number of cells in a nest does not by any means represent the total number of wasps in the family. Indeed, given a good season and a large nest, there may well be as many as fifty thousand individuals, and these all the offspring of a single queen!

The life of a wasp's nest is only inferior to that of a bee-hive. The workers, loaded with their burdens of paper-pulp, add cell to cell with unerring accuracy and economy of space, using their jaws first as rasps and saws, then as trowels, testing their work with their delicate antennæ, nicely adjusting the thickness of the walls, occasionally measuring their distances with outstretched leg so as to have just sufficient room between the successive combs on the one hand, and the outer casing on the other, for the easy movement of the queen within the nest. All is orderly and methodical. Frequently, as the combs are enlarged in breadth, it becomes necessary to cut away the inner layers of the bell-shaped casing and add fresh material on the outer side in order that the growing colony may have both ample acommodation and adequate protection against loss of heat; for the internal temperature of the nest in which so much energy is being expended is higher than that of the surroundings and must be maintained for the due incubation of the eggs and growth of the young.

The accuracy of the spacing is remarkable; there is room for a big wasp to move between the various walls, but the curved upper surface of the body often comes in contact with the structure and gets scratched, so that an old wasp may be recognized by a bald worn spot on its back. Herein, too, we see a reason for the peculiar disposition in rest of the front wing, which in all wasps is folded lengthwise so as to reduce the width by one half. In this way the fragile hinder portion, so important as a propeller in flight and also as a means of linking the front and hind wings together, is prevented from overlapping the back and becoming frayed against the walls, but is safely ensconced along the sides of the insect.

The food of wasps is of a very mixed character; sugar, ripe fruit, meat—fresh or otherwise—are attacked voraciously. Hardly anything animal or vegetable comes amiss. The attendance of wasps in kitchens or bake-shops, and their ravages in the orchard are very well known. It is, however, not so generally realized that they rid our houses and gardens of many objectionable pests. They may often be seen chasing flies, seizing them on the wing with an audible snap of the jaws. The owner of a fish market ought to welcome the wasp, for although it is likely to cut small pieces off his fish, it will drive the blue-bottle flies out of his place. If these flies were allowed to remain they would soon bring the fishmonger's goods into bad odor (and repute) with his customers as they would lay great quantities of their eggs on the fish. Aphides also (those small green insects which are the scourges of so many plants) are greedily eaten by wasps. Butterflies and hosts of small caterpillars are carried by the wasps to their nests with great regularity. As scavengers, wasps rival the ants and beetles in sanitary value. They quickly strip the skin off any small animal by means of their cutting jaws and leave a clean and inoffensive skeleton.

During a plague of wasps a dead mouse was placed in a yard in order to ascertain

how soon it would be reduced to bare bones. By the end of the second day there was not a particle of flesh left, so freely had the wasps foraged and feasted upon it. No doubt wasps, when very abundant, are injurious in many ways, yet on the whole they are to be regarded as the friends of man and should not be ruthlessly exterminated.

How do wasps and bees which wander far afield in their expeditions find their way home again with such certainty? Undoubtedly they have, in common with all animals, wonderful memories; but it is possible that they also make careful note of the surroundings of the nest and do not at their first flights travel far from the entrance to their home. A German observer relates that a lucky accident once revealed to him an old meat-can that had been thrown into a ditch. Wishing to observe the wasp's operations somewhat more comfortably than when prone in the ditch he cautiously lifted the can onto the bank, a distance of two or three yards. The wasps that were away at the moment of the removal all came right back to the old spot in the ditch and were evidently perplexed at the absence of their nest, but after some search most of them discovered it in its new position. Those, however, which were within, noticed as soon as they came to the exit preparatory to taking flight that a change had occurred and paused upon the threshold, looking about and waving their antennæ; then they took wing and hovered over the can, flying to and fro in ever-increasing swings, noting carefully the exact surroundings; soon their oscillations brought them to the edge of the ditch and then, all being here familiar, they dashed quickly away. After an interval wasps began returning direct to the nest in its new position, and there is no doubt that these were the workers who had carefully noted the alteration when they emerged from their home.

Toward the end of the summer, when the number of workers is great, the grubs get more plentifully nourished than were their elder sisters, and many of the resulting offspring become great in size and almost attain to the dignity of queens. So near is the approach that some lay eggs, which, however, are never fertilized and give rise only to drones. The curious females referred to are simply well-developed workers. It is a remarkable fact that every queen lays unfertilized eggs producing drones and fertilized eggs which give rise either to imperfect females (called neuters or workers) or to perfect females (queens), the character of the food supplied determining whether any grub shall become maid-of-all work or monarch. It can not be claimed, I think, that the queen exercises any intelligent will in the production of drones or workers, for this is determined by the size of the cell. In laying an egg in a worker cell the queen's abdomen is contracted and a minute quantity of the seminal fluid left by the drone at the time of fertilization is thus brought into contact with the egg. In the case of the larger drone-cell there is no such abdominal contraction, and consequently no fertilization of the egg.

It is a most marvelous form of heredity that enables the workers—chiefly barren females descended from a queen who has, herself, never constructed other than worker cells—to instinctively prepare for the perpetuation of the race. The combs built late in the season contain numerous large cells, some of them intended for the next generation of queens, others for the short-lived drones. In the months of August and September the drones are on the wing gathering nectar from the fields for themselves alone. In appearance they differ considerably from the workers or queens. Their longer antennæ, narrower and longer wings and more slender body render them at once recognizable to the trained eye, while the welcome absence of sting will enable anyone who is not afraid to risk his person to identify the harmless, idle male. The nuptials are celebrated late in the season, and soon afterward the drones perish. Of the rest of the vast community the newly wedded and speedily widowed queens alone survive the winter. The rains and winds of autumn soon kill the busy workers, although they have been seen in New Jersey as late as the last week of November.

The queens, the sole hope of the race, hide themselves in roofs, under moss, in folds of curtains—anywhere where they are likely to secure shelter from storms and cold. Safe in their retreat, they seize their support with their jaws and their six-hooked feet, fold their delicate wings beneath their body, and enter on a long sleep, from which they

are awakened only by the warm days of returning spring. Queen wasps have been seen as early as the first week in February in New York State, but this is an exceptionally early and probably a disastrous occurrence. Hibernation having once set in, the queen wasps are capable of withstanding great cold, consequently a severe and prolonged winter does not diminish their numbers, but if unseasonable warmth should stimulate them into life they are likely to fall victims to succeeding cold and rain, so that a changeable spring, especially if wet, is usually followed by a summer comparatively free from wasps.

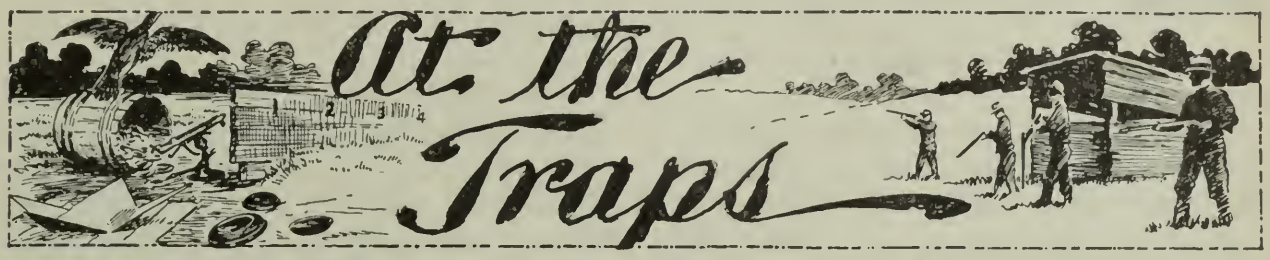
Returning to the question of memory for places, some of the burrowing solitary wasps display remarkable qualities. They provision their subterranean homes with spiders, and they usually run, instead of fly, when the sun is shining and they are searching for their victims. The spider, when found, is seized by means of the sickle-shaped jaws, while the sting is driven home between the joints of the armor, injecting a poison which at once paralyzes the muscles and puts an end to resistance. Now comes the work of carrying the spider home to the burrow, which may be many yards away; and a serious job it is, for often the spider is many times as heavy as the wasp.

Some years ago, on a bright July day, I watched the whole performance as given by a handsome black and red wasp living in a city park. When I first discovered it the wasp had hung the spider on a plantain stalk while she, herself, hustled to her house (underground) to attend to a few arrangements. Within a short time she came out, ran directly to the spider, seized it by its middle, and ran quickly backward over the grass, dragging her prey with apparent ease. She once more left it suspended on a blade of grass—probably to keep it out of the way of marauding ants that were swarming over the ground—and hurried back to examine her front door. In her absence a gust of wind shook the grass and dislodged the spider, which fell onto a lower blade and there stuck fast. Satisfied that all was well at home, the wasp returned to the spot where she had left the spider, actually passing within an inch of the insect and yet not noticing it, so firm in her memory was the place in which she had last left it. Amazed at not finding it where she expected, she paused, and then ran a zigzag course, searching for her property. A few moments' perseverance brought due reward, and the spider was carried to the entrance of the burrow, which had been made far wider than was necessary for the delicate figure of the wasp, but exactly gave room for the fat body of the spider which fitted it like a stopper. The wasp retreated backward down the burrow, gripped the tip of the spider's body with her jaws and dragged him down below. After some time she reappeared, rested for a few seconds outside the hole, cleaning herself with scrupulous care, combing her back and wiping her antennæ till she was glossy and free from sand. Then she suddenly scratched the loose sand into the burrow, filling it up and making the surface level so that nobody could possibly detect the treasure house. Not satisfied with what was probably perfect, she gathered a few dead blades of grass and carelessly strewed them around the place so as to give it an undisturbed appearance. After catching the wasp I dug up the spider, to which the wasp's egg was now attached, and eventually weighed them. I do not remember the respective weights but the spider was almost four times as heavy as the wasp.

Some species of solitary wasps have been seen to take a small pebble in their jaws and use it as a rammer to beat the earth firm after filling up the burrow. Such an act must be classed as the intelligent use of a tool. Experiment has proved that the displacement of a leaf or stone in the immediate neighborhood of the victim disconcerts the wasp somewhat, proving that careful note of the surroundings has unquestionably been taken.

Whatever may be the precise method in optics by which insects see—and the question is a very difficult one—there is no doubt that their vision and perception are not to any great extent inferior to our own, while both faculties may be superior to those of normal man whose eyes are not exceptionally satisfactory. The following striking example will illustrate what I mean. A long hill, a hot sun, and a bank decked with flowers had combined to make me walk slowly. A swallow-tail butterfly was also going up the hill and I watched him instinctively. He was visiting the pale blue flowers of the violet that were dotted

in twos and threes along the bank. I kept as close to the butterfly as I could for more than a quarter of a mile, yet only about five violet blossoms were passed over unvisited by him and two of these were half-hidden by leaves. Considering that the violets were not in masses, but were scattered as I have already mentioned, the direct manner in which the insect went to these and to no others, although blue speedwell, not differing greatly in color, was abundant, suggests a visual perception of a very high order.



THE ELEVENTH annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association was shot off at Prescott, Ariz., September 18-19-20, with the results appended. The tournament was a huge success in every particular and a large attendance of well-satisfied sportsmen was had. W. D. Tanner of Phoenix won high average, with Burmister of Prescott and Seaver of San Francisco tied for second and third. The shooting throughout was very fine, as the scores in detail show.

FRIDAY.

NAME	SHOT AT 10	15	20	30	20	50	25	15	15
Aitken	10	14	18	..	18	46	21	11	12
Miler	10	14	16	26	16	33	22	10	11
Tanner	9	13	19	25	17	48	24	15	13
Campbell	10	13	20	24	19	40	23	13	15
Jordan	8	10	18	..	18	40	24	13	12
Harrison	9	15	18	28	19	42	23	14	14
McDonald	7	11	17	28	15	44	20	13	11
Seaver	9	14	18	..	18	41	24	14	14
Burmister	8	14	17	29	18	45	24	15	13
Morin	9	14	20	30	19	48	23	12	13
Knoblock	8	10	16	..	14	37	18	10	9
Hawkins	10	14	18	27	16	43	21	14	14
Weber	9	14	16	..	19	44	20	12	14
Muller	6	9	14	..	14	..	19	8	12
Purcell	5	13	12	..	17	41	18	12	13
Ives	8	14	18	..	14	..	21	12	11
Meredith	9	10	13	..	16	28	12	8	5
Pickett	6	13	19	..	17	44	18	12	12
Archambeau	7	8	14	..	15	..	17	11	12
Morrell	10	14	20	26	14	44	23	11	15
Julian	6	10	18	..	14	..	..	..	..
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	5	..
Sessions	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9
Bate	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..

SATURDAY.

NAME	SHOT AT 15	15	25	25	50	25	—	20	25
Aitken	15	14	24	22	42	22	..	20	24
Miller	14	12	20	22	48	24	..	17	24
Tanner	14	13	24	24	49	24	..	19	23
Campbell	15	14	21	21	43	21	..	16	19
Jordan	8	10	22	22	44	21	..	..	..
Julian	10	11	..	16	..	17	..	..	..
McDonald	14	15	24	23	44	17	..	16	20
Knoblock	9	13	20	16	..	19	..	16	20
Seaver	15	12	22	25	..	23	..	18	23
Burmister	15	13	22	22	47	24	..	16	24
Morin	13	14	25	20	45	22	..	20	21
Hawkins	14	14	20	22	42	22	..	15	21
Weber	15	14	18	18	..	19	..	..	..
Purcell	11	8	24	24	..	21	..	17	20
Ives	11	15	20	23	..	21	..	20	22
Pickett	14	15	19	23	44	21	..	18	16
Morrell	13	13	24	24	44	19	..	18	25
Muller	12	13	23	17	..	24	..	17	21
Harrison	9	12	23	21	44	25	..	19	18
Pinney	9	9	..	21	..	21	..	16	..
Sessions	8	8	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	21	14	..	21	..	..	..
Archambeau	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..
Emerson	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	16	..
Meredith	..	..	..	9	..	19	..	..	..
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Hildreth	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	17	21

SUNDAY.

NAME	SHOT AT 15	25	25	25	25	25	15	20	25
Aitken	11	23	21	23	24	20	15	18	24
Miller	14	23	..	23	22	24	12	20	20
Taner	15	24	23	24	25	25	14	20	22
Campbell	14	22	22	22	21	19	13	20	21
Jordan	13	21	..	21	..	23	13	..	..
Harrison	12	21	22	20	21	22	15	17	23
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
McDonald	11	20	17	25	24	20	11	19	..
Seaver	14	24	..	21	24	24	14	19	..
Burmister	13	23	21	25	21	23	14	19	22
Morin	13	19	20	21	23	22	12	17	23
Knoblock	11	22	..	17	21	22	12	18	21
Hawkins	13	23	22	24	21	20	10	..	..
Hastings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
Weber	11	21	..	24	25	25	15	18	..
Muller	12	17	..	24	22	22	15	19	..
Ives	12	21	17	22	25	23	13	19	..
Pickett	..	..	..	18	22	24	11	18	..
Emerson	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	15
Archambeau	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
Morrell	14	22	19	25	23	22	14	..	..
Julian	9	17	..	19	..	..	..	..	..
Manderfield	13	..	..	21	..	23	13	16	..
Bate	10	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	18
Pinney	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	24
Hildreth	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	..

In the entire tournament, in the events which count for average, the following scores were made:

NAME	Shot At	Broke	Missed
Tanner	445	421	24
Burmister	445	406	39
Seaver	445	406	39
Aitken	445	401	44
Morrell	445	400	45
Morin	445	397	48
Campbell	445	390	55
Harrison	445	388	57
Miller	445	381	64
McDonald	445	373	72
Knoblock	445	334	111
Hawkins	425	364	61
Muller	395	318	77
Ives	395	340	55
Weber	400	346	54
Pickett	405	338	67
Jordan	380	317	63
Purcell	320	256	64
Julian	210	147	63
Meredith	220	139	81
Archambeau	145	104	41
Pinney	125	93	32
Sessions	85	48	37
Hildreth	105	91	14
Manderfield	100	86	14
Emerson	80	62	18
Marks	65	34	31
Bate	30	21	9

THE LOS ANGELES SCHUETZEN PARK ASSOCIATION.

ALTHOUGH only organized last August, the Scheutzen Park Association of Los Angeles has attained to proportions and importance which easily ranks it among the first organizations of the kind on this Coast.

It was incorporated as a stock company, one half of its $50,000 capital stock being paid up, with the following gentlemen installed on its directorate: John Hauerwaas, president; John P. Krempell, vice-president; A. Maas, secretary; A. Frese, treasurer: George Zobelein, Sr., C. F. A. Last, Chris Krempel, Joseph Singer, Henry Pfirrmann, Louis Luckel and C. Leonardt.

At the directors' meeting of September 3d rules and regulations to guide the board were adopted as read, and the following committees appointed:

Grounds—Joseph Singer, Adolf Frese, Adolf Maas.

Buildings—John P. Krempel, C. Leonardt, C. F. A. Last.

House—C. F. A. Last, Henry Pfirrmann, Adolf Frese.

Finance—Louis Luckel, George Zobelein, C. F. A. Last.

Range—Chris Krempel, Henry Pfirrmann, Joseph Singer.

Fifty acres of land were bought at an expense of $15,000, and the balance of $10,000 will be used to fit up the grounds, build one of the finest 200-yard ranges in the State, also a 50-yard pistol range and trap-shooting ground for blue rocks.

MEMBERS LOS ANGELES SCHUETZEN PARK ASSOCIATION.

All the members of Turn Verein Germania shooting section and most of the old "Sharpshooters" Association have already joined the new club.

The temporary range was opened for the first time Sunday, September 13, and Captain John Hauerwaas promptly started in on practice shooting and made the first 25 (bullseye).

Four sharpshooters qualified to shoot for the medal, which is the cornerstone of the local rifle club's monthly conpetitions.

The interest in the medal competition centered in the shoot which would determine the ownership of the championship medal, twice won by Joseph Singer. The conditions which govern the ownership of this medal are such that to win it finally the champion must defeat all comers in the champion class three times in succession before he is crowned king. In July and August Joseph Singer won the medal, but he finally lost to John Hauerwaas, president of the park association, and the new king was crowned with becoming ceremony. The score follows: John Hauerwaas, 205; Joseph Singer, 205; William Frick, 189, and O. F. Westcott, 175.

After a recess, which was devoted to the demolition of many ribs of barbecued beef with the side trimmings, the shooters repaired to the stand and the competition for the four first-class medals began. The shooting was rendered difficult on account of the variable character of the wind, which shifted from one-half to two points in as many minutes. The rapid shifting of wind gauges very materially affected the scores and, as a whole, the shooting was below the average in quality.

The medal shoot resulted in the following scores: Dr. Taber (Riverside) won first medal with a score of 209; A. Wagnier won second with 200; Chris Krempel (San Diego) won third with 177, and A. Maas fourth with 166. The following scores were made and became medal records: Louis Wolff, 153; Henry Pfirrmann, 151; Louis Herzog, 132; J. Breton, 119; Max Friese, 111; Tom Thompson, 112; Frank Huebsch, 119; V. H. Tisdale, 147.

Max Friese met with an accident with his rifle which materially affected his score.

After the conclusion of the medal shoots, handicap and bullseye sweepstake shooting occupied the time of the shooters until darkness closed the day's outing.

CANNOT BE PERMANENTLY WON.

Editor Western Field: Please be advised that a report was published recently that the Bekeart Cup was won by Mr. Clarence Nauman "for good." This is wrong. The cup is a mann "for good." This is wrong. The cup is a perpetual challenge cup, and was put up originally under these conditions at the request of the various shooters. It is open to challenge from any blue-rock shooter on the Coast under the following conditions: 100 birds, entrance $5.00 (birds extra), the winner to take both cup and money. The name of the winner, with date and score, will be engraved on the cup after each match, free of cost, by the undersigned. The cup has now been shot for six times and won as follows: The first time by A. J. Webb, score 94; second time by A. J. Webb, score 93; third time by M. J. Iverson, score 93; fourth time by Clarence Naumann, score 96; fifth time by Clarence Naumann, score 92; sixth time by Clarence Naumann, score 94. As I stated above it is a perpetual challenge trophy, representing the championship of the Pacific Coast, and is open to any shooter residing on the Coast.

Yours respectfully, Phil. B. Bekeart.

San Francisco, Cal.

NEW GUN CLUB.

The latest accession to the State's list of gun clubs is the "Lomita" of Los Angeles, owning and controlling about 900 acres between Long Beach and Newport, upon which there has been erected a very fine club-house. We understand that the location is a very favorable one and that excellent sport is assured the members. The officers are: J. C. Cline, president; W. H. Stimson, vice-president; A. C. Freeman, secretary. The membership is limited to thirty-six and the full quota has already been attained.

Marceau, Photo.
E. B. TUFTS, L. A. COUNTRY CLUB.

By R. L'HOMMEDIEU.

NEVER in the history of bowling on the Pacific Coast has the outlook been so promising as it is at the present time. There have been a few alleys devoted to the old game of nine pins for some years, but the modern pastime of ten pins in San Francisco dates back only about three years. The real bowling at ten pins only became a recognized pastime with the organization of the San Francisco Bowling Association.

When the association was first started hardly any of its officers had any experience in handling such a body, although a revival of the pastime had been well under way in the East for some five years previous.

Seven clubs constituted the association the first year and a series of championship teams games were played. The Eugenes won the high honors and the San Francisco team came next. In the same year Dr. G. W. Birdsall, also of the Eugenes, won the individual championship. The members of the Eugene team were Harry Leap, Dr. G. W. Birdsall, Godfrey Eacret, Arthur Thorpe and a Mr. Gott.

Last season there were twenty-four clubs in the association, showing what an advancement had been made in a year.

In the team tournament the Golden West team won the championship and the Eugenes came second. Dr. Birdsall entered the open individual championship and successfully defended the title.

This year there are thirty-three clubs in the association, showing a still greater advancement in the pastime. The thirty-three clubs entered in the competition do not by any means represent the number of clubs in existence. In fact, it would be hard to estimate the exact number, for the great majority are of a social nature, and only existing for the mutual pleasure the members enjoy in bowling together during the evening.

The thirty-three clubs in the association represent the bowlers that go in for the tournament work. They are composed of the players who are looking for competitions in which to try their skill. These clubs may be said to contain all the star players on the Coast; in fact, Harry Leap, Arthur Thorpe and A. Shave of the Eugenes put up the best showing against Samuel Karpf's "all star" trio that toured the East and West. The score made by the local men was the best of any of the teams which Karpf's men played against.

It has been hard for the Easterners to realize the strength of the local men, and time and again bowlers from the East have found to their sorrow the power of the game rolled on the local alleys. This strength has also been displayed on the home field—San Francisco bowlers have taken all the honors in the State. The near-by towns have been easily taken into camp, while Los Angeles, which has the honor of being the first to have an association, has not been able to cope with our boys.

In 1901, a team from the south came north and played at the opening of the Central alleys. They were defeated easily, leaving no doubt as to the superiority of the local men. Still smarting under the defeat of the previous season, last year they came north again, looking for satisfaction. The match was a series of games played in San Francisco and also a series in Los Angeles.

The first match took place in the city and the local boys went south with a good number of points to their advantage.

The series in Los Angeles was a disappointment. Never in the history of the State was such treatment accorded sportsmen. It was a disgrace! Tin pans, horns, howling and every manner of noise was used to disconcert the local men, but with it all the series also went against the southern players.

CALIFORNIA'S CRACK BOWLERS.

1—A. Shave. 2—Dr. G. W. Birdsall. 3—Harry Leap. 4—Godfrey Eacret. 5—A. Thorpe.

It was a thing to be regretted, for when the challenge was first received it looked as though the two prominent parts of the State were to be brought closer together for the benefit of the pastime.

The latest reports show that the game is being taken up by the northern cities on the Pacific Coast—Portland, Seattle and many other places are having alleys built. Seattle and San Francisco are matched to play a series of games by telegraph.

This scheme was tried last winter by a team representing the Olympic Club and the bowlers of the Denver Athletic Club. The arrangements were so perfect that each play, both in this city and Denver, could be recorded as it was made. Again the San Franciscans came out victorious.

The indications this year point to some very high-class bowling, and it would not be surprising if records were made that will place San Francisco in the front rank of the bowlers of the United States.

In all manner of sports and pastimes California has the advantage over the rest of the United States, inasmuch that these can be enjoyed the whole year round. It is never too warm here for bowling, while in the Eastern cities the alleys have to close down during the hot months. This is largely the reason for the rapid advancement at the present time. Many of the men who will take part in the present tournament have been practicing and are in splendid condition for the coming contests.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE Pacific Motor Car Company, of which Harold B. Larzelere is manager, is now settled in its new quarters on City Hall Avenue. The salesroom and offices are papered in dark red, the doors and baseboards being olive green. The floors are of cement. Dressing-rooms and lockers for use of customers will soon be put in. At the back is the machine shop, which is being fitted with the newest machines for automobile work.

The directors of the Automobile Club of California are working on the meet which it is proposed to hold at the Ingleside race-track during the present month. It is believed that interest in automobiling has now become so general that a large number of people will be glad to have an opportunity of seeing Barney Helfield, Henri Fournier and other notable automobile racers.

Edward Dwight of New York writes to the Locomobile Company of America that with two members of his family and his chauffeur he has recently completed a trip of 618 miles in the locomobile surrey which he bought in April. He says that the behavior of the machine during the trip and its condition at the end of the journey were so excellent as to deserve special notice. The auto was taken to Portland, Me., by steamer, and ran from that place to New York, stopping at Poland Springs and making a general tour of the White Mountains. Thence the party proceeded to Woodstock, Vt., to Manchester, Saratoga Springs, and home. Nearly all the hotels in the White Mountains were visited. The Crawford Notch and the Fanconia Notch were passed, all the hills being taken with great ease, it not being necessary to pull the machine up once. After leaving Plymouth, N. H., the route to Manchester, Vt., a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, was largely across country and over successive ranges of hills. Many of the roads on this part of the trip were of the worst possible description, the sand in some cases being more than a foot deep. In one of the valleys the road and several of the bridges had been washed away by freshets and the automobilists were compelled to travel over a track cleared through the woods and across a wide bowlder-strewn stream. The repairs necessary on the trip were very slight and were made by the chauffeur without difficulty.

Archibald McNeill of Bridegport, Conn., writes to the Locomobile Company of America as follows: "I have been on the point of writing to you several times before in regard to my gasolene car. I have just returned from a trip of three days to New York and Manhattan Beach. The trip down was without an accident, except the bursting of a tire, and was made in remarkably good time. The journey back from the Locomobile Company's garage at Seventy-sixth Street to Bridgeport was accomplished in three and a quarter hours without a stop for repairs of any kind. The engine seemed to run better every mile, and, so far as hills are concerned, I believe that your car is the best on the market for hill climbing. In fact, I believe it to be even superior to the steam wagon, as we took all the hills but one on the high gear. Since the car was bought from you it has been run continuously without the least trouble with the engine, which seems to improve by use. The only delay has occurred from accidents to the tires, for which the car cannot be held responsible."

The Winton Motor Carriage Company states that the representatives of other manufacturers interested in the transcontinental journey are circulating a story to the effect that Dr. Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vt., and his chauffeur did not cross the United States from Pacific to Atlantic in one car. They assert that Dr. Jackson used two Winton touring cars on the journey and at times found it necessary to put the

car on a railroad train in order to avoid rugged places and deep sand. The Winton Motor Carriage Company denies all these statements in toto, and offers a reward of ten thousand dollars to any one who proves that Dr. Jackson used more than one car during the whole trip, or that he was forced to put his car on a railroad at any time during the five thousand mile ride over mountains, deserts and plains. He made the trip for pleasure and was not aided by a corps of expert mechanics. Nor did he have any duplicate parts and supplies at various points along the route. Dr. Jackson himself offers the sum of ten thousand dollars or more, so that any one who can furnish satisfactory proof that two cars were used on the trip can secure the tidy sum of twenty thousand dollars.

Here is an amusing motor-car incident: A French gentleman, Monsieur A——, sold his motor-car, No. 410 G., and concluded that he was quit of it. In a short time he received a demand from Monsieur B—— for compensation for the death of a highly-prized dog. Monsieur A—— naturally replied that the affair did not concern him at all, as the car had passed out of his possession before the accident occurred, and he referred the complainant to Monsieur C——, the purchaser, who said positively that the car had not been out of the garage on the day on which the dog was said to have been done to death. B—— however, brought an action against A——, and recovered judgment for five hundred dollars, so that, when legal costs are added, the affair must have been quite expensive to A——. Now A—— is suing C—— to recover the money, but, as C—— says that he can prove that the car was in the garage when the dog was killed, A's—— prospects do not look bright.

An attempt has been made to improve the roads round Aldershot, the great English military camp, by oiling them. The attempt did not prove successful, and oiled roads are consequently regarded at Aldershot as a failure. It is said, however, that the oil used had a paraffin base and that this was the cause of the failure. Commenting on this, the *Chronicle* says: "Everything depends on the base of the oil used. . . . The secret of success of the oil treatment of roads in California lies in the fact that our crude petroleums possess an asphalt base which leaves an asphalt covering on the surface of the roadway after the volatile elements have been evaporated by solar action." The London *Daily Telegraph* goes on to remark: "It is certainly curious that oiled roads have proved very successful in some places and complete failures in others, and it is highly probable that some simple explanation like the above is the cause. The matter is of such great importance as to justify the appointment of a commission to carry out trials of various oils and methods of application. With the disappearance of dust the public objection to motor-cars would disappear in very great measure."

Inasmuch as Marin is one of the most beautiful counties near San Francisco, it is a favorite resort of pedestrians, equestrains, automobolists and other pleasure-seekers. It would, therefore, seem to be only the part of common sense for the authorities to encourage people of all sorts to seek recreation in the picturesque spots of the country. The automobile has now become a recognized means of locomotion and recreation. As it is hopeless to abolish it, Marin County people should not try to put obstacles in the way of its use. The opposition to the use of the auto in Marin County comes chiefly from one man, who is a livery stable keeper, and thinks that his business will be hurt by the horseless carriage. It is certain that, as the use of autos becomes more general, the employment of horses will diminish. But a public-spirited man should not allow his business to interfere with his duty to the country. Every new means of transportation causes a readjustment, and from this there is likely to be temporary loss to some one But real improvement must not be hindered by the self-interest of any single person or of a body of persons Whatever tends to the prosperity and popularity of Marin County will ultimately benefit all its business people. The man who reads the signs of the times most quickly and accurately, and adjusts himself best to new conditions is the man who will attain success and prosperity. To kick against the inevitable is always unwise and unprofitable.

A hill-climbing contest was held recently at Haverhill, Mass., in the presence of several thousand spectators. The Haverhill daily paper states that extra policemen were employed to keep back the crowd and prevent accidents. F. A. Hinchcliffe of Boston, driving a locomobile, won first prize, giving a fine exhibition of speed. As the time-keepers did not catch the time on the first trial, it was necessary to make a second attempt. Though the second trial was not as fast as the first, it won first award. A Phelps motor-car won second prize, and the third award went to a Stanley steam machine.

An ordinance regulating the use and speed of automobiles has been under consideration for some time in Santa Clara County, and went into effect on July 22. Automobolists must not travel along county roads at a rate exceeding twenty miles per hour, or along mountains roads at a speed exceeding six miles an hour. On meeting animal-drawn vehicles on a level road they must slow down to less than six miles per hour and must stop altogether if the animals manifest alarm. In the mountains they must take the outer edge of the road and wait while teams pass them. No automobiles or motor-cycles are permitted to travel on the Mt. Hamilton road above its junction with the road to Alum Rock Park, or on the Santa Cruz road above Los Gatos. Every automobile must carry lamps (presumably lighted) at night and a horn and adequate brakes at all times. A fine of from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars, or six months' imprisonment, or both, are the penalties for violation of the ordinance. Half the amount of the fine collected is payable to the person giving information of the violation of the ordinance. Such an ordinance, while apparently reasonable, has some undesirable features. A man who sees a prospect of reaping the half of a five hundred dollar fine from a man whom he dislikes is not likely to be a very accurate judge of the speed at which an automobile is traveling. All estimates of speed are highly doubtful, and the more capable a man is of forming a fairly exact estimate, the more careful he is about doing it positively. What ordinary person can tell whether a vehicle is moving at a rate of six or of eight miles per hour, or at a speed of twenty or twenty-five miles per hour? The speed of a motor-car, especially if the power is steam, varies from minute to minute, according to the amount of power used at each instant, the condition of the road, the grade, etc. It may run at a dozen different rates in the course of a block or two.

The Board of Supervisors of San Diego County early in August passed a more intelligent ordinance than the Santa Clara County authorities did, merely saying that the speed of an automobile must be proper and reasonable and not so great as to endanger life or property. From fifteen to thirty days' imprisonment or a fine varying from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars are the penalties set for infraction of the ordinance. A person driving an automobile on a highway of the county outside the city limits, when about to pass a horse, mule or ass being ridden or driven must bring the motor-car and its machinery to a full stop at the right side of the road or on the outer side of a grader road, and keep it at a standstill till the animal or animals have passed by.

The Board of Supervisors of Tulare County has passed a similar ordinance to the above, restricting the speed of automobiles on county roads in the county to a mile in three minutes.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D.

I HAD THOUGHT to resume my articles on the care of the body, but I find myself deluged with questions from every quarter. I have even had inquiries from the antipodes, having received a letter from Australia. I congratulate the Western Field upon its widespread field of usefulness, and am only too glad to add my mite to its success. So I shall postpone my regular article till next month and devote this month's pages to answering questions.

G. B., Boulder Postoffice, W. Australia—Your trouble comes from depleted nerves, and the attendant collapse. The waste of nerve energy has evidently been great, and the very best advice I can give you is—Rest. When I say rest I mean it in the fullest sense of the word. No stimulation of any kind, but perfect relaxation of mind and body. Teach your body to thoroughly give up all tension, so that every organ, nerve and tissue may have a chance to rebuild the wasted cells and acquire new vigor. No meat, no tea or coffee, no stimulous food or drink of any kind. Let your diet be entirely of vegetables and nuts, with a little choice fruit. Take cold sponge baths night and morning. Take the exercises which I have given in former numbers of this magazine, and above all practice deep breathing.

Mr. A. R., Denver—Many thanks for your kind words and I am glad, indeed, to know of the good my exercises have done for you. I shall be pleased to meet you at my office and will cheerfully lend my aid to your assistance. With regard to the trouble you mention, I would advise thorough treatment under a competent operator. In the meantime, long walks, followed by lying down flat on the floor with arms up over head for five minutes, then lower arms and lie relaxed for fifteen minutes. You will also find very beneficial, the stomach pumping exercise which I gave in the July (1903) number. Do not over eat, but be sure to eat slowly. Onions in any form are good for you.

J. R. R., Seattle, Wash.—Boils are the sure result of over stimulation. The blood becoming heated causes this painful complaint, and the surest cure for them is a fast. Drink all the cold water possible, and night and morning take the juice of a lemon in a cup of hot water—no sugar in it. Do not take cathartics of any kind, for they will only react in a hurtful way. I advise a fast of at least three days, to give the alimentary canal a chance to thoroughly free itself. After your fast eat very lightly for about six weeks, and in fact two meals a day are all you would ever require. Lettuce, spinach, cauliflower and celery are especially good for you.

E. M. B., City—It will be impossible to answer your questions through these pages, as your troubles cannot be publicly discussed. Come to see me, or send me your address and a stamp and I will send you a personal reply.

F. C. K., Astoria, Or.—No, sir, I cannot recommend a patent medicine. In the first place, I do not use drugs nor do I allow my patients to do so; therefore it would be impossible for me to advise or prescribe them for you or any one else. Thank you for your confidence in my judgment, and I am sorry to disappoint you. I sincerely advise you to try some other means of relief than the unsatisfactory temporary aid given by drugs. Try the exercises I have given through the Western Field. Eat sparingly and chew what you do eat thoroughly. Do not eat when you are over-tired; better lie down and relax for five minutes, then you can assimulate your food.

"Gunner," Helena, Mont.--Poor circulation is always the cause of hemorrhoids, and over-packing of the alimentary canal is the cause of portal non-circulation. A chronic case like yours will take some time to eradicate, but if you will persist in the following directions you will find immediate relief and in time a permanent cure. Lie down and practice carefully the leg exercise, also the

deep breathing given in the May (1903) number. Do not eat any rice, potatoes, nor mush of any kind, no cheese, no berries, and no white bread. If you take milk do not eat anything else with it except whole wheat bread. A brisk ten-minute walk followed by cold bath and vigorous rub down every morning. Drink at least six pints of water a day for a week. Eat only two light meals, breakfast at ten-thirty and dinner at five o'clock. No coffee, no tea, no liquors of any kind. Strip off all your clothes at night and exercise thoroughly by vigorously pumping the stomach as in the July (1903) number. Follow this with complete relaxation. Be very careful not to eat too much.

EXERCISE.

Having poised your body and taught yourself to stand so that every organ is in its proper place, you will now develop and strengthen the region that protects and surrounds the lower bowels and pelvic organs. In this work you will find great benefit to the whole digestive and nutritive systems, and your vitality will be greatly increased.

(*a*) Lie down flat on your back, arms at sides, legs straight out in front, as in Fig. 23. Slowly lift right leg till at right angles to body. Do not lift body from floor. Slowly lower leg till floor is nearly reached, but do not rest heel on floor. Now raise and lower leg in same manner four times, then relax. Repeat with left leg. Increase one each day until you reach eight times a day for each leg.

(*b*) Lie on floor as in (*a*). Slowly raise both legs till at right angles to body; hold a few seconds, then slowly lower them until floor is nearly reached, then raise them again three times without touching the floor. Relax.

(*c*) Lie on floor on back, arms at sides. Raise the knees, keeping feet on floor as in Fig. 25. Then push knees wide apart with rigid muscles. Draw them together slowly and with force. Keep muscles rigid, as if moving a heavy weight. Push out six times and together six times. Relax.

These exercises are invaluable for generating vitality, and in their use you will find you have made a great step in self-mastery. Take them slowly, and be careful to rest the nerves by relaxing after each exercise. Breathe deeply and regularly.

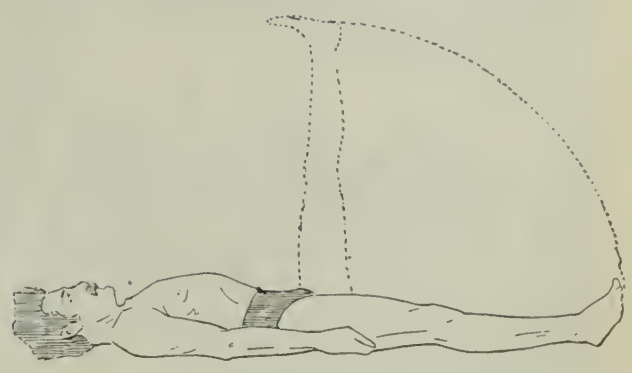


Fig. 23.

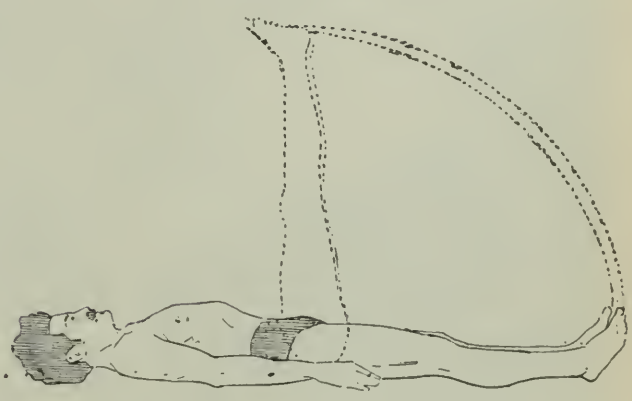


Fig24

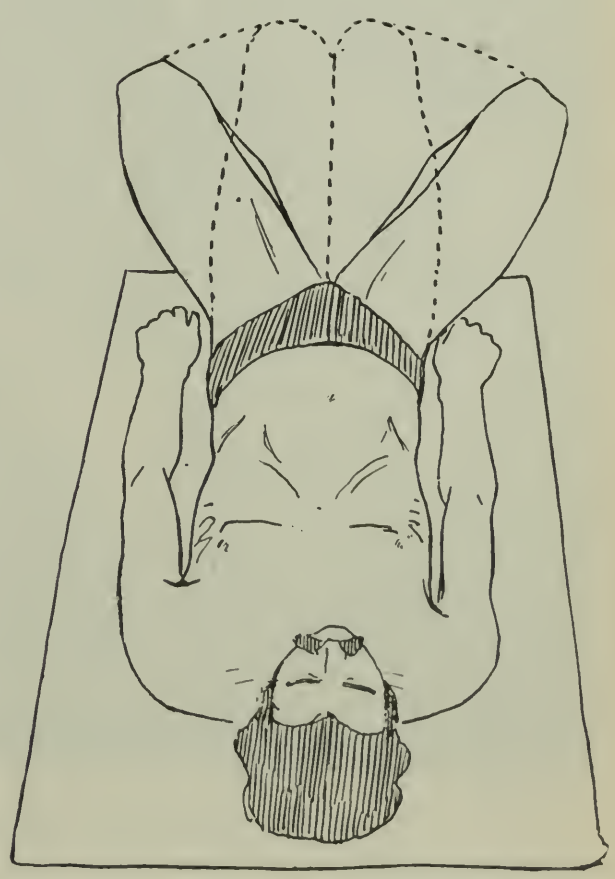


Fig.25.

SOLDIER FIELD SPORTS IN MOROLAND, WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, 1903.

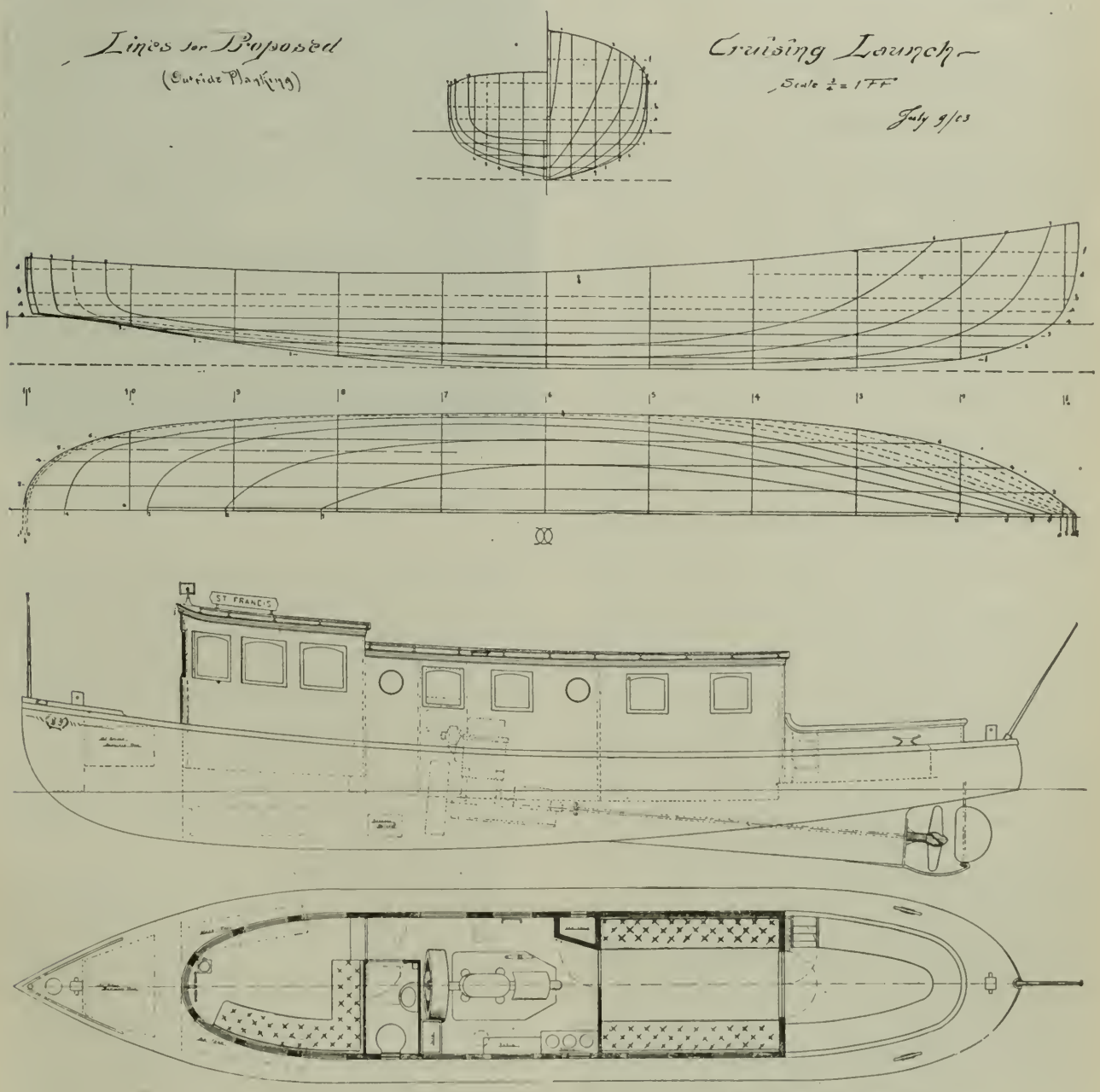
1—Getting a horse of Troop "G," 15th Cavalry, ready for racing. 2—Sack race was won by Private Fayette, "E" Company, 27th Infantry. 3—A fall. 4—Sultan of Bayan visits the soldier-sports. 5—Watching the ball game. 6—Artillery shooting by 25th Battery at Camp Vicarz. 7—Dog and monkey match. 8—Moros and soldiers watch the boxing match. 9—Running the gauntlet.

THE ST. FRANCIS.

We present in this issue drawings of the elevation, deck plan and lines of the cruising launch St. Francis, which has just been built in San Francisco for Messrs. Allan Pollock and Samuel L. Naphtaly, on designs made by Joseph M. Ough and Hugo P. Frear, of this city.

Her dimensions are 44 feet length, 8 feet beam and 34 inch draught. She is equipped with a 30-horsepower double cylinder Union gas engine and has developed a speed of eleven miles an hour.

She is intended as a pleasure craft, for cruising about the harbor of San Francisco, and her roomy cabin and saloon have been fitted with every modern convenience for the comfort and entertainment of guests.



YACHTING IN SOUTHERN WATERS.

By Herbert E. Carse.

THE racing season of the South Coast Yacht Club closed with the regatta of August 23. This season's programme called for three races. Besides these, two extras were brought about: one by the offer of a fine cup by the Los Angeles *Times* and another by the ambitious Country Club people of Ocean Park. Ocean Park is about two miles down the beach from Santa Monica, is on a lee shore, with a heavy surf and a pier reaching out beyond the breakers. The prizes offered lured a few of the yachtsmen to this race but, judging from their experiences, it will require prizes much out of the ordinary to pull off another race at this point.

The interest in all the races this year simmered down to the contest between Venus, with a racing length of 24 feet, and the Marie, with a racing length of 26.1 feet. Of course, these boats are not in the same class but are the same length practically over all. Venus is a modern-built boat and Marie is also a skimming dish with a fin carrying 2,500 lbs. of iron. The Venus has about the same on her keel. Marie is very heavily constructed. She was designed and built by C. H. Wedgwood, an architect in Los Angeles, who also sailed her in the races.

In all these races Venus won, having a very close second in Marie. The remainder of the fleet did very indifferent sailing. In the first race for the *Times* Cup Venus and Marie only finished within the time limit. Venus was ruled out for using a spinnaker-pole on her balloon jib. Marie was ruled out for not carrying a racing flag. Venus won by a larger margin in the postponed race.

Osborn, which hugged first place and finally won the pennant last year, was not in the reckoning this year. Osborn needs more wind and this season has been dry deck work.

Eagle, which carried away first money two years ago, did not race this season.

Myth (18-footer) which took first in that class last year did not race, although after the last regatta there was some air spilled on a matter of fifty dollars a side with the Ariel for a match to Catalina Islands and return. The money was up but Hebeler, owner of the Myth, having trouble with his eyes was unable to get out.

Fitch, Photo.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON CUP.

Presented to Corinthian Club, San Diego, Cal.

This season's yachting has been, of course, in the line of general growth, but the only real improvement over last season was in the matter of discipline. The programme was adhered to and an attempt was made to start the races on time.

The Lurline, now owned by Mr. Sinclair, is making the outer harbor of San Pedro her home when not cruising about southern points of intenest.

Speaking of enterprise in yachting, the Corinthian Club of San Diego certainly deserve our most profound admiration. Sir Thomas Lipton, for the asking, presented them with the most beautiful cup ever offered on the Pacific Coast, open to 30-footers, members of any recognized yacht club. The races for this cup will be sailed the latter part of next season.

LOCAL YACHTING.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE yachtsmen of San Francisco Bay were busy during the month of September. Labor Day falling on Monday, the 7th, and Admission Day on Wednesday, the 9th, several yacht owners who did not intend to take part in the inter-club regatta availed themselves of the opportunity of getting a four days' cruise from Saturday afternoon to the following Wednesday evening. Commodore R. S. Bridgman and a party left Sausalito in the sloop Thetis on Saturday evening, September 5, as also did W. W. Haley with several friends in the sloop Ariel. The flagship dropped hook in Paradise Cove, but the Ariel drifted as far as the Sausalito tide station and came to anchor there. Next day the Ariel joined the Thetis and the two yachts cruised up Petaluma Creek, passing the yawl Idler and the sloop Thelma of the California Yacht Club, and finding the sloop Espy anchored at Lakeville. After remaining there for two hours the San Francisco yachts dropped down the creek to the draw bridge, where they anchored for the night. On Monday afternoon the yachts made Sausalito. The sloops Nellie, Queen and Surprise left Sausalito also on Saturday but made a longer cruise than the flagship and Ariel, sailing through San Pablo and Suisun Bays to New York Slough; thence along the San Joaquin River to the Mokelumne River; thence through Georgiana Slough into the old Sacramento River; thence to Vallejo and Sausalito. On board the sloop Queen were Dr. T. L. Hill and R. M. Welch, the owners, H. C. Toll, Herman Gingg and Allen Hayes. The breezes were so light during the day that most of the sailing was done at night in the moonlight. J. M. Punnett and G. T. S. White went on a holiday cruise in the sloop Curlew, formerly Cygnus. On Saturday, the 12th, there was a dance in the San Francisco Yacht Club-House, several parties of ladies being taken out next day for a sail. On Saturday, the 19th, nearly the whole of the San Francisco fleet sailed to Paradise Cove, where hot frankfurters and cool drinks were enjoyed on shore. Next day the big sloops Nellie, Annie and Ariel brought up large parties of members of the club and friends to the rendezvous. Clam chowder, steamed clams, green corn, sweet potatoes and other good things were prepared under the direction of Chef Logan and were much enjoyed. After luncheon there were swimming races, foot races, a partnership race, hand paddling, and other contests, with a tug of war. The event was the last of its kind to be held by the San Francisco yachtsmen during the present season, and was highly successful.

On Sunday, September 27, the annual regatta of the San Francisco Yacht Club was held over the channel course, the distance covered by the 21-footers being 9 1-16th miles, and by the rest of the fleet 14 miles. The yachts started from the southerly side of a line off the Powell street wharf, one end of the line being marked by the launch Rob Roy and the other by a whitehall; thence to and round a stake-boat anchored three miles north from the center of the starting line, leaving the stake-boat on the port hand; thence to and round Presidio Shoal buoy, leaving it on the port hand and Alcatraz Island on the starboard hand; thence to and round the dredger at Blossom Rock, leaving it on the starboard hand; thence to and round Presidio Shoal buoy, leaving it on the port hand; thence to and across the starting line to finish. The small yachts in the 21-foot class did not make the second beat out to Presidio Shoal buoy, but finished after rounding the dredger.

The yachts were divided into five classes, denominated A C, special yawl, D and E. It was intended that all should start at the fire of a gun at 11:30 A. M., being allowed till 11:40 A. M. to cross the line without penalty. But at 11:30 hardly any of the yachts had reached the city front, so the race was postponed one hour. At 12:30 P. M. there was a good, though chilly,

Inkersley, Photo.

JENNINGS AND JOHNS SLOOP "SPEEDWELL."

breeze blowing and all the yachts crossed the line in good time and without mishap. In class A the starters were the sloops Dewey, Mistral, Alice and the yawl Witch. Mistral won easily, beating her nearest competitor, the yawl Witch, by more than half an hour. Witch and Alice finished neck and neck, but as Alice had started fifty-one seconds sooner than Witch, and the latter has an allowance for her yawl rig, it is clear Witch won. The little sloop Zada did not start.

In the special yawl class there were two entries—Royal and Wave. As Wave did not put in an appearance Royal was included in class C, which comprised the sloops having a racing length of more than twenty-one feet and less than thirty feet. Juanita and Halcyon did not start. Royal covered the course in the best elapsed time, Curlew being second, her sailing time being twelve minutes twenty seconds longer than that of the winner.

The sloop Annie, racing length 46.09 feet, having no competitor in her class, was included with Thetis, Ariel and Queen in the forty-foot class. In spite of her greater size she was beaten nineteen minutes thirty-one seconds by Hill and Welch's sloop Queen, which covered the course in the best time of the day. Queen was sailed by Dr. T. L. Hill and had aboard as crew Frank A. Bartlett, H. C. Toll, Herman Gingg,

Inkersley, Photo.

SHORT BROTHER'S SLOOP "EMMA."

R. C. Gingg and A. R. Haskins. Queen crossed the starting-line eighth, only Thetis, Curlew and Annie crossing it later. She overhauled all the boats ahead of her and was never passed at any stage of the race. She pointed high and footed fast, the moderate wind and smooth water suiting her well. Besides winning first prize in class D, her sailing-master and crew also won a dinner from the skipper and crew of the sloop Ariel, against which Queen was matched, boat for boat. The regatta committee consisted of George E. Smith (chairman), W. L. Spencer and J. B. Levensaler. Their work was unsatisfactorily done, no time allowances being reckoned and the chairman, in whose hands the whole matter seemed to be, treating the representatives of the press with scant courtesy. The details of the race, so far as they were obtainable after much delay and a good deal of hustling, are given in the table:

YACHT	Racing length in feet	Starting time	Finishing time	Elapsed time	Position
	Class A—Under 21 feet.				
Dewey	19.55	12.31.55	4.13.50	3.41.55	....
Mistral	19.68	12.33.19	3.29.08	2.55.49	1
Alice	19.02	12.30.59	3.59.01	3.28.02	....
Zada	15.05	Did not start.			
Witch	20.49	12.31.50	3.59.00	3.27.10	....
	Class C—Under 30 feet.				
Surprise	27.85	12.32.33	5.22.43	4.50.10	....
Halcyon	28.90	Did not start.			
Curlew	28.85	12.35.45	5.14.30	4.38.45	2
Juanita	25.29	Did not start.			
Royal	29.60	12.31.30	4.57.55	4.26.25	1
Wave	31.97	Did not start.			
	Class D—Above 30 feet.				
Thetis	33.31	12.34.37	4.41.47	4.07.10	.....
Queen	34.66	12.34.10	4.00.50	3.26.40	1
Ariel	39.05	12.32.32	4.18.43	3.46.11	....
Annie	46.09	12.37.14	4.08.19	3.41.05	2
White Wings	.....	Did not start.			
Chispa	55.35	Did not start.			

On the same day, the 27th, the California Yacht Club held a race for the second Vincent Cup, presented by ex-Vice-Commodore Robert Vincent (the first having been given last year) and for prize flags. Some of the yachts failed to get out of Oakland Creek in time to take part in the race, in which eight yachts started. The handicaps were based on the previous performances of the boats and were given at the start, instead of being taken off at the end of the race. The craft believed to be the slowest in the fleet received one hour's handicap and was scheduled to start at 12 noon. The scratch boats were the yawl Iola and the sloop Thelma, which left the starting-line from their anchors at 1 P. M. Robert Vincent's yawl Iola won, coming in five minutes five seconds ahead of the yawl Gypsie, which took second place and flag, and eight minutes three seconds ahead of the sloop Thelma, which won third flag. The details are shown in the table:

CALIFORNIA YACHT CLUB'S SECOND HANDICAP RACE FOR VINCENT CUP, SEPTEMBER 27, 1903.

	Rig	Time allowance M. S.	Starting time H. M. S.	Finishing time H. M. S.	Elapsed time H. M. S.	Sailed by	Position
Iola	Yawl	00.00	1:00:00	3:13:45	2:13:45	R. Vincent.....	1
Gypsie	Yawl	8.00	12:52:00	3:18:50	2:26:50	C. E. Clark.....	2
Thelma	Sloop	00.00	1:00:00	3:21:48	2:21:48	S. S. Marshall.....	3
Pilgrim	Yawl	24.00	12:36:00	3:34:07	2:58:07	J. Altendorf.....	4
Flirt	Sloop	24.00	12:36:00	3:36:20	3:00:20	Louis Ward.....	5
Idler	Yawl	20.00	12:40:00	3:42:15	3:02:15	G. M. Shaw.....	6
Secret	Sloop	16.00	12:44:00	3:52:15	3:08:15	Lee Gale.....	7
Hazel S.	Sloop	18.00	12:42:00	3:55:44	3:13:44	Fred Walker.....	8

The most important event of the month of September was, of course, the eighth annual regatta of the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association on Admission Day. The twenty-footers should have started at noon, but at that hour a flat calm prevailed on the bay, so that to reach the line was impossible. The race was postponed until 1 P. M., and then till 2 P. M. A little before two a breeze sprang up and relieved the minds of the committee, who had thought that it would not be possible to hold the regatta. The breeze strengthened rapidly and lasted all the afternoon. There were four starters in the twenty-foot class, the fin-keel Ruby taking first place and the yawl Kittiwake second. Afterward Percy Burr of the Kittiwake stated that she fouled one of the marks and so was subject to disqualification. The second flag goes to Mistral of the San Francisco Yacht Club. In the twenty-five-foot clas there were no starters, neither Neva nor Discovery reaching the line. In the special yawl class Robert Vincent's Iola took first place, C. E. Clark's Gypsie finishing second.

In the thirty-foot class W. G. Morrow's Challenger proved an easy winner, making faster time over the course than any of the boats in the fleet, beating the thirty-six-footers and forty-four-footers. The Vallejo yacht Helen took second place. In the thirty-six-foot class the sloop Harpoon, sailed by Commodore F. R. Cook, won from Commodore E. F. Sager's Edna and the Short Brothers' Emma, the California sloop Jessie E. not coming to the line. In the forty-four-foot class Speedwell, sailed by E. Howard, beat Fulton G. Berry's sloop Nixie, manned by a crew of hayseeds.

C. J. Lancaster was referee, George E. Smith and Louis Sonniksen were judges, P. J. Weniger and R. R. l'Hommedieu being timers. The race was sailed on an ebb-tide and was over the usual "special" course of five miles for the twenty-footers, the "short" course of ten miles for the twenty-five footers and yawls, and the "middle" course for the thirty-foot, thirty-six-foot and forty-four-foot classes. As Frank Bartlett, who was in charge of the yacht Emilie, was unable, owing to lack of wind, to reach the position of the leeward stakeboat, the committee steamer took up her place there. The full details of the regatta are shown in the table:

(*For table, see next page.*)

After the regatta Rollo Smith, judge on the windward stakeboat Alice, reported that the yawl Royal fouled the starboard stay of Alice with her jigger, and that the sloop Aeolus, sailed by Carl Weesterfield, fouled the mainsheet of the sloop Truant. Later C. E. Clark of the yawl Gypsie filed a protest against the yawl Iola on the ground that her jib halyard block was dropped on a pennant, thus reducing her measurement. The regatta committee decided that blocks must not be dropped from pennants and that the yawl Iola should be remeasured. It was found that the time allowance to be given to Gypsie by Iola did not equal or exceed the four minutes thirteen seconds by which the new boat beat C. E. Clark's yawl, and the Macdonough Cup for yawls goes to Iola.

As no Macdonough Cup was needed for the twenty-five-footers, no boat starting in that class, the value of the cup was distributed among the other trophies.

On Sunday, October 11, there was a Members' Day at the house of the San Francisco Yacht Club. Swimming races, rowing events and funny contests amused the spectators. There was also an open regatta for yachts having a racing length of twenty-five feet or less, over a course off the club-house. On Saturday October 17, the San Francisco yachtsmen cruised to McNear's, returning to Sausalito next day. Saturday October 24, was closing day for all the three yacht clubs, the last cruise of the season being taken on the Sunday.

The Corinthians cruised to Paradise Cove on Saturday evening, October 3, and next day held a small

yacht regatta. On the 17th they sailed to Corinthian Cove, where the annual Corinthian games were held on Sunday.

The members of the California Yacht Club made Sausalito on Saturday evening, October 3, cruising outside the Heads in company with the San Francisco yachtsmen on the 4th. On Saturday, October 17, McNear's was the rendezvous, the return to Oakland Creek being made next day.

On Sunday, November 8, the drawbridge over the entrance to the Tiburon lagoon will be raised, and the yachts will seek winter quarters.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE PACIFIC INTER-CLUB YACHT ASSOCIATION. SAILED SEPTEMBER 9th, 1903.

No.	Yacht.	Club.	Racing Length in feet.	Time Al'w nce M. S.	Starting Time. H. M. S.	Finishing Time. H. M. S.	Elapsed Time. H. M. S.	Correct Time. H. M. S.	Position.
TWENTY-FOOT, SPECIAL CLASS—START AT 2 P. M.									
8	Kittiwake	Corinthian	15 28	5 28	2 00 00	3 22 18	1 22 18	1 16 50	2
4	Ruby	Corinthian	19 35	0 19	2 00 00	3 05 30	1 05 30	1 05 11	1
6	Mistral	San Francisco	19 68	0 00	2 00 00	3 18 33	1 18 33	1 18 33	.....
1	Zada	San Francisco	15 09	5 46	2 00 00	3 31 30	1 31 30	1 25 44	.....
TWENTY-FIVE FOOT CLASS—START AT 2:10 P. M.—NO STARTERS.									
YAWL SPECIAL CLASS—START AT 2:20 P. M.									
40	Iola	California	39 97	0 00	2 20 00	4 04 04	1 44 04	1 44 04	1
15	Pilgrim	California	24 96	15 05	2 20 00	4 32 28	2 12 28	1 57 23	.....
24	Gypsie	California	32 84	5 26	2 20 00	4 14 13	1 54 13	1 48 17	2
12	Royal	San Francisco	29 60	9 15	2 20 00	4 32 02	2 12 02	2 02 47	.....
THIRTY-FOOT CLASS—START AT 2:30 P. M.									
38	Aeolus	Corinthian	27 65	1 42	2 30 00	5 21 05	2 51 05	2 49 23	.....
7	Helen	Vallejo	26 51	3 40	2 30 00	5 18 14	2 48 14	2 44 34	2
39	Truant	Corinthian	27 57	1 42	2 30 00	5 21 06	2 51 06	2 49 24	...
18	Challenger	San Francisco	28 58	0 00	2 30 00	4 59 52	2 29 52	2 29 52	1
THIRTY-SIX FOOT CLASS—START AT 2:40 P. M.									
30	Harpoon	Corinthian	32 90	1 11	2 40 00	5 16 47	2 36 47	2 35 36	1
23	Emma	Corinthian	32 12	2 16	2 40 00	5 21 21	2 41 21	2 39 05	.....
20	Edna	Corinthian	33 84	0 00	2 40 00	5 17 14	2 37 14	2 37 14	2
50	Jessie E	California	31 58	2 58	2 40 00	5 29 45	2 49 45	2 46 47	.....
FORTY-FOUR FOOT CLASS—START AT 2:50 P. M.									
22	Speedwell	Corinthian	37 31	3 26	2 50 00	5 22 07	2 32 07	2 28 41	1
25	Nixie	Corinthian	40 57	0 00	2 50 00	5 20 35	2 30 35	2 30 35	2

HILL AND WELCH'S SLOOP "QUEEN."

By Arthur Inkersley.

DURING the month of August several members of the San Francisco Golf Club took part in an early morning tournament, the conditions of which were that each player should make ten rounds of nine holes each before nine o'clock in the morning. More than a dozen players entered, and eleven handed in full scores. The handicaps were assigned by Robert Johnstone, the professional. Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Clark tied for the two prizes with net scores of 418, Dr. Clark receiving a handicap of 20 strokes and Mrs Clark one of 70 strokes. L. B. Edwards was third with a gross score of 489 less 70—net 419. Reginald White, with a handicap of seven strokes on each nine holes, played only one round, his gross score being 53. The full details of the contest are shown in the table:

SAN FRANCISCO GOLF CLUB—BEFORE BREAKFAST HANDICAP.

COMPETITORS	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	Gross	Handicap	Net
Dr. J. R. Clark.....	44	48	45	47	40	46	41	39	45	43	438	20	418
Mrs. J. R. Clark....	49	51	48	53	49	45	46	49	52	46	488	70	418
L. B. Edwards.....	47	45	50	46	50	52	46	48	52	53	489	70	419
Rolla V. Watt.....	51	54	52	46	50	47	41	49	48	44	482	60	422
R. I Bentley.....	48	47	45	49	49	46	51	52	45	48	480	40	440
C. H. Bentley.....	50	49	48	50	50	48	46	48	45	48	482	40	442
S. H. Boardman....	53	55	57	56	47	47	62	48	55	51	531	80	451
B. D. Adamson.....	43	47	47	48	46	41	46	43	43	47	451	0	451
R. B. Hale.....	55	48	50	58	52	51	55	53	60	56	538	80	458
Marshall Hale.....	56	63	63	60	56	55	58	59	56	56	582	90	492
F. J. Koster.....	71	60	66	59	66	68	61	67	75	61	656	90	566

Another ante-breakfast tournament has been begun on the San Francisco course, five rounds against bogey. Entries closed on September 20. The winner will receive a prize.

A good deal of golf was played on local courses on Labor and Admission Days. On Saturday and Sunday, September 5 and 6, qualifying rounds over eighteen holes were held on the Presidio links. The eight who qualified and their scores were: G. E. Starr 85, H. M. Hoyt and S. L. Abbott 88, H. C. Golcher and Dr. J. R. Clark 89, W. H. La Boyteaux 90, B. D. Adamson 91, and W. J. Dutton 94. On the 5th W. J. Dutton, at the fourth hole, which has a length of 125 yards, holed out in one stroke. The usual penalty, which costs "three and sixpence" in Scotland, but about $1.50 here, was willingly paid.

In the first match round W. H. La Boyteaux beat W. J. Dutton 5 up 4 to play; Dr. J. R. Clark beat S. L. Abbott 1 up; H. M. Hoyt beat H. C. Golcher 2 up 1 to play; and B. D. Adamson beat G. E. Starr 3 up 2 to play.

In the second and semi-final round Dr. J. R. Clark beat W. H. La Boyteaux 1 up, and H. M. Hoyt won 4 up 3 to play from B. D. Adamson. In the final round, which was played on Admission Day, Dr. J. R. Clark beat H. M. Hoyt 1 up, winning first prize The runner-up took the second trophy. The most remarkable match of the contest was that between H. M. Hoyt and H. C. Golcher in the first round, each making the second nine holes in 38, or one less than bogey.

In the ladies' handicap putting contest on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club on Labor Day each competitor holed-out three balls from the edge of five greens, or fifteen balls in all. Mrs. A. A. Curtis and Mrs. R. J. Davis tied for first place, with net scores of 27 strokes. The scores were as follows: Mrs. A. A. Curtis, 39 less 12—27; Mrs. R. J. Davis, 42 less 15—27; Mrs. G. Roe, 39 less 10—29; Mrs. D. Hardy 39 less 7—32; Mrs. D. E. Skinner, 39 less 5—34; Mrs. E. J. Hooper, 40 less 5—35; Mrs. R. G. Brown, scratch, 36; Mrs. H. O. Howitt, 52 less 15—37; Mrs. J. T. Hibbert, 45 less 5—40.

The scores made in the qualifying round (over eighteen holes) of the competition for the Council's Cup for men of the San Rafael Golf Club were also counted for the Admission Day handicap, which was won by George M. Pinckard, with a score of 103 less 30—73. George Heazelton was second, with a net score of 88. A prize was offered for the best gross score, for which R. G. Brown and R. J. Davis tied with 94. On Sunday, September 27, these two, in an attempt to play off the tie, tied again. The full scores in the qualifying round and the handicap were as follows: George M. Pinckard, 103 less 30—73; George Heazelton, 95 less 7—88; R. J. Davis, 94 less 4—90; C. A. Belden, 108 less 18—90; H. Dibblee, 107 less 16—91; J. J. Crooks, 97 less 6—91; R. G. Brown, 94 less 2—92; E. J. Hooper, 99 less 6—93; M. J. Casey, 111 less 15—96; W. L. Dean, 122 less 25—97; Carleton Curtis, 111 less 11—100; R. B. Hellman, 130 less 30—100; Douglas Hardy, 112 less 12—100.

In the first match play round E. J. Hooper beat R. G. Brown 2 up 1 to play; George Heazelton beat H. Dibblee 3 up 2 to play; R. J. Davis beat G. M. Pinckard 2 up; and J. J. Crooks beat C. A. Belden 7 up 6 to play.

In the semi-final round, E. J. Hooper beat George Heazelton 3 up 2 to play, and R. J. Davis won 2 up from J. J. Crooks.

In the final round, played on September 13, E. J. Hooper was dormie 3, but R. J. Davis tied at the thirty-sixth hole. The thirty-seventh hole was taken by Hooper, who won the match and the contest for the Council's Cup.

Enough competitors entered the Council's Cup tournament to make up a contest for the "Second Eight Trophy." In the first round F. H. Green won by default from Dr. H. O. Howitt; M. J. Casey beat R. B. Hellman 7 up 5 to play; Carleton Curtis won by default from W. L. Dean; and Douglas Hardy defeated J. Heintz 5 up 4 to play. In the semi-final round M. J. Casey won by the default of F. H. Green

and Douglas Hardy beat Carleton Curtis 1 up. The final round between M. J. Casey and Douglas Hardy had not been played at the time of writing (October 1) owing to the absence of the latter.

On September 12 the ladies of the San Rafael Golf Club held a putting contest, five balls from the edge of the ninth, first and fourth greens, for a prize presented by Mrs. H. O. Howitt. Mrs. R. G. Brown and Mrs. Roe tied with scores of 31 strokes for the fifteen balls. The scores were as follows: Mrs. R. G. Brown, scratch, 31; Mrs. Roe, 34 less 3—31; Mrs. Hooper, 35 less 2—33; Mrs. Hardy, 36 less 2—34; Mrs. Skinner, 40 less 2—38; Mrs. Crooks, scratch, 38. No returns were made by Mrs. Curtis (handicap 2), Mrs. Hilbert 3, Mrs. Davis 4, Mrs. Casey 5, Mrs. Howitt 6, Mrs. Williams 0, Mrs. Johnson 0, and Mrs. Green 0.

In the play-off of the tie next day Mrs. Brown won from Mrs. Roe, 33 to 40 strokes.

On Admission Day more than a score of golfers took part in an eighteen-hole handicap tournament on the Presidio course, the first prize being taken by one of the long handicap men, Admiral Trilley. For second prize, B. D. Adamson and J. W. Byrne tied. B. D. Adamson won the prize offered for the best gross score, with 83. H. C. Golcher, the only other scratch player, returned 87. The details are shown in the table:

SAN FRANCISCO GOLF CLUB.

ADMISSION DAY HANDICAP.

Competitors—	1st	2d	Grss.	Hd.	Net
Admiral Trilley	45	53	98	16	.82
B. D. Adamson	41	42	83	sc	.83
J. W. Byrne	43	42	85	2	.83
L. F. Monteagle	49	51	100	16	.84
Charles Page	42	48	90	6	.84
W. J. Dutton	52	48	100	16	.84
R. I. Bentley	50	43	93	8	.85
L. B. Edwards	49	52	101	16	.85
F. H. Beaver	49	48	97	12	.85
G. E. Starr	41	49	90	4	.86
Dr. T. G. McConkey	46	45	91	4	.87
H. C. Golcher	42	45	87	sc	.87
S. L. Abbot	44	45	89	2	.87
W. H. La Boyteaux	48	47	95	6	.89
C. H. Bentley	47	51	98	8	.90
A. C. Bingham	51	49	100	8	.92
S. G. Buckbee	55	54	109	16	.93
R. D. Girvin	55	55	110	16	.94
F. Madison	57	58	115	16	.99
C. P. Eells	*	....	....	....	....
R. V. Watt	*	....	....	....	....
Reginald White	*	....	....	....	....
C. Christensen	*	....	....	....	....

*No returns.

H. L. BETTEN, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—BYRON.

THE TRAINING OF THE FIELD DOG

No. 6.

FORCED RETRIEVING. PART I.

AS HAS been stated in a previous article, the teaching of retrieving by the force system is one of the fine arts of training, and but a small percentage, even of professionl trainers, acquire the ability to apply it in a manner conducive to the best results. Nevertheless this method is so much superior to the natural system, in so far as the production of a finished retriever is concerned, that the sportsman seeking a perfectly trained dog is warranted in expending from $25 to $50 more on an animal taught to retrieve by the force system, providing it has been properly applied.

Contrary to the method of procedure in natural retrieving, this system is taught by associating disobedience to certain commands with punishment, and compliance thereto with freedom from punishment, so that the dog is really forced against his will to perform certain acts desired by his trainer,

THE FIRST POINT.

A LIKELY SPOT.

and when once thoroughly perfected will always be a reliable retriever. Dogs of varying dispositions may be taught with perfect success, and in the instance of a stubborn dog, or one with a dislike for retrieving, it is the only method which can be applied with any assurance of success.

It is claimed by some that a timid dog should never be forced to retrieve on account of the severity to which he will be subjected. This may be true in an instance where the trainer lacks the necessary patience to apply the system with regard to the dog's sensibilities, but if due care is taken no evil effects should be noted in the most sensitive animal.

The writer once undertook the training of an excessively nervous setter whose timidity in the presence of human beings was pitiful to note. The sight of a person within one hundred yards caused him to tremble like a

leaf and a closer approach almost drove him into convulsions. This dog was first taught to retrieve by the natural method, but I soon realized he would be worthless as a retriever unless he could be forced to overcome his antipathy to members of the human race, for as soon as he saw a person approaching he would refuse to retrieve and nothing further could be done with him until the object of his fear was out of sight. Finally, when my patience was exhausted, I resorted to the forced method of retrieving, and before the end of two months I could force him to retrieve in the presence of a crowd, although his inherent fear of humans never left him and he performed his duty much as would a child commanded to explore the depths of a dark room of which it had a horror. With further experience it became possible to send this dog into the midst of a crowd in search of an article thrown in its direction, and he finally developed into a remarkable retriever. For use in shore-bird shooting I never saw his equal, for by the use of the whistle and signals he could be sent fully a quarter mile in any direction and made to work over every rod of ground in search of dead or wounded birds which had fallen a long distance from the blind.

Of course, there are different ways in which a dog may be forced to retrieve, some handlers pinching or twisting the dog's nose while others pull or pinch the ears or resort to the whip. One handler, it was claimed, made use of a thimble from which projected a short needle with which he pricked the

"I'VE FOUND THEM."

STEADY TO WING.

ears of the unfortunates which he taught to retrieve. To my mind, the spike collar, when properly applied, is the best agent with which to enforce obedience, for not only do you possess a means of keeping the dog in hand but punishment such as is needed can be applied at any instant and at a considerable distance.

It is now a difficult matter to purchase a well-made spike collar from any of the dealers in kennel supplies, as they are rarely kept in stock. However, any harness-maker should be able to furnish you with the necessary leather and fittings, while a little ingenuity on your part is all that is needed to attach the spikes to the collar. Secure a strap 1⅛ inches or 1¼ inches wide and cut off a section 21 inches long. To one end of this rivet or sew an oblong ring which should be made of heavy wire rod bent to measure ½ inch by 1 5-16 inches (inside measurement). Taper the other end of the strap as is usually done with ordinary dog collars and punch a series of holes so as to admit of adjustment to any dog's neck. Next take another piece of strap 7 inches long and (having secured a ring and buckle which cannot be forced through the oblong) run it through both and rivet or sew the two ends in such a manner that continued strain on the collar will not force them asunder; or better yet, you may take an old strap collar of the necessary width, simply cut off a section 5 inches long including the buckle, slip a ring through the end of the strap, lap the latter a matter of 2 inches and

rivet it securely, when it can be adjusted to the spike collar as needed.

In attaching the spikes secure four square iron or steel plates ⅛ inch or 3-16 inch thick and the full width of the collar and have two holes tapped in each 3-16 inch from the edge, so that ordinary stove bolts may be screwed through them. The heads of these should be cut off so that their entire length is not more than one inch when the threaded end may be left projecting 5-16 inch through the plates. You may now punch holes through the strap to admit the threaded end of the bolts, after which the nuts may be screwed on as tightly as possible. The length of the spikes (which should be rounded off at the ends) should not be more than ¾ inch. Single spikes may be used if preferred, the points merely being rivited to bands 1 inch wide and ⅛ inch thick, which are clamped to the collar.

A spike collar constructed as above will answer every requirement and, while punishment can be instantly applied, there is no danger of mutilating the dog as is often the case when the abominable sharp spikes, ground to a needle point, are used. It must be remembered that considerable dexterity is called for in using a spike collar and it should be handled only by one who is capable of governing his temper under the most trying circumstances. Used by any other it becomes an instrument of torture and no benefits are derived from its use; in fact, the unfortunate animal subjected to the ex-

LADY'S PRINCE GLADSTONE.
(Virgil N. Tognazzini, Owner.)

LADY'S PRINCE GLADSTONE.
(Virgil N. Tognazzini, Owner.)

cesses of a brutal trainer is terrorized to such an extent that he cannot comprehend the simplest orders, and often emerges from the ordeal with a wrecked constitution and a broken spirit.

In forcing a dog to retrieve, the handler follows a system of distinct stages of advancement demanding perfection in each separate stage before the next is taken up. Punishment such as is deemed necessary is applied in small doses and is inflicted in such a manner that the dog is not cowed. Of course, a certain amount of dexterity is required and your first pupil will suffer from your awkwardness in the application of the spike collar. This, as a rule, is further augmented by the impatience of the amateur trainer, who is amazed at the seeming stupidity or obstinance of the dog and at once loses temper. It must be remembered that the pupil derives no pleasure from the performance of the first stages of forced retrieving and must be forced, step by step, to bend his will to yours, otherwise your time has been wasted. Patience similar to that accredited to Job is a prime necessity in the teaching of forced retrieving, and unless you are possessed of this virtue, or the ability to curb your temper and keep it under absolute control, you have no business to manipulate the spike collar.

Before beginning the lessons in retrieving place the collar on your dog and lead him around. Very often you will find that he resents the pressure of the spikes and will attempt to wrest himself free from the collar.

This will not be continued very long and as soon as he behaves in a decorous manner he is ready for the first stage of retrieving, which consists of applying just enough punishment to cause him to open his mouth. In order to do this properly you should stand at his left shoulder, and holding the object which you wish him to retrieve in your left hand, grasp the ringed end of the collar with your right hand and give a sharp upward tug, continuing at short intervals until he open his mouth, when the object is placed between his jaws and punishment released. Should he attempt to eject it, hold your fingers over his mouth for a brief interval, and if he still endeavors to get rid of it punish him by a jerk of the collar or with a whip if you feel inclined to use one in connection with the collar. Persist in this until he realizes that he will be punished for a refusal to hold the object, but do not be severe in your treatment of him. If you experience any difficulty in forcing the dog to open his mouth to receive the object by a jerk on the collar, draw it tightly about his neck and, grasping the part protruding through the slip ring, give it a firm twist to the right and keep the pressure on his neck for a few moments until he opens his mouth. After you find that he yields readily to a tug or twist of the collar you may give the command "Fetch" as you place the object in his mouth. Continue the lessons in this branch of retrieving until he will open his mouth without the application of punishment when ordered to "fetch" and obeys with alacrity. Do not allow the dog to assume any but a standing position when giving the lessons, which should be of short duration, so as not to tire the dog or exhaust your patience.

ROBIN HOOD. (D. P. Ewing, Owner.)

SENATOR P. JR. (Thos. Johnson, Owner.)

Before beginning the next stage of forced retrieving it is well to accustom the dog to holding an object specially adapted to the purpose. For some unaccountable reason many dogs, when forced to retrieve, show singular awkwardness in picking up an object from the ground and unless it is readily grasped seem unable to lift it with their teeth. As an aid in overcoming this failing you should use an object made as follows: Cut off a section of an old broom handle about eight inches long and at each end fasten a piece of light sheet iron or heavy tin four inches square (after a hem edge has been turned all around). In the absence of the necessary iron plates you may use pieces of wood ½ inch thick, with cross strips tacked at the edges to prevent them from splitting when the object is thrown on the floor. Fasten these securely to the section of broom handle with long screws or wire nails and wrap the handle with a piece of cloth, over which you may tie feathers or the dried skin of a quail or other game bird. If it is found that the dog is inclined to have a "hard" mouth or, in other words, chews or uses undue pressure of his teeth in retrieving the object, you can roll a piece of tin about the broom handle, then tie on the feathers, and if he sinks his teeth through them he will not be in haste to repeat the experience. However, a dog trained to retrieve by the force system is almost invariably a very tender-mouthed retriever and not one in twenty-five will

exhibit the reprehensible habit above mentioned. Therein lies one of the chief recommendations of the force system, for nothing is more aggravating than to have your birds mauled and chewed beyond all semblance of a quail by a "hard" mouthed natural retriever.

FAN GO. (J. E. Lucas, Owner.)

BYGONE CELEBRITIES.

IN A VERY interesting letter Hon. C. N. Post of Sacramento has the following to say concerning some of the splendid field dogs which once graced his kennels:

"Sirius, a litter brother to Sunlit, was a grand dog which never ran up to his best form in field trials. Thomas Bennett, his then owner, sent him East, and he competed in the National American Derby of 1886, but was ten pounds under weight, and did not show anything like his average form. Mr. Bennett visited Major Murnan about a month later, and the major took him over to Charles Tucker's, where they held a private trial and ran a number of great dogs. Mr. Bennett, who was one of the best judges of field dogs I ever saw, wrote me that Sirius beat Gladstone's Boy, Ch. Cincinnatus, Ch. Gath's Mark, Sportsman (lame at the time), Nannie S. and others whose names have escaped me. I was inclined to think that Mr. Bennett was biased by his interest in Sirius, and wrote to Major Murnan for particulars. Major Murnan answered that the statements made by Mr. Bennett were borne out by facts, but that Ch. Gath's Mark had not seemed to run up to his best form. Sirius, at that time, had gained about ten pounds in weight and ran at fifty-five pounds, being at his best.

"Sirocco, another of the Sportsman-Sweetheart litter, ran in our all-age stake of 1888. R. N. Walters had both Sirius and Sirocco in training, and I was out with him some five or six times when these dogs were down together, and kept score on them. Sirius always beat Sirocco, but never more than two or three points in two hour's work. I sent a beautiful black, white and tan bitch of the same litter to Major Murnan, which he named Queen of Hearts, and which he pronounced one of the finest youngsters in appearance and merit that he ever saw. About the time the major had her going nicely she was attacked by rheumatism, and nothing could ever be done with her thereafter. Major Murnan, in my opinion, was one of the best judges of field dogs in America. He broke Sportsman, Gladstone's Boy and others just for the love of it, and was a true gentleman sportsman. I will mention one incident to

"WHITESTONE." (A. B. Jackson, Spokane.)

show his rare judgment. Along in 1889 he attended the last Derby of the season, and wrote me that Ollie S. had not been allowed to show her merits, and that she and Jack Modoc were the best dogs in the stake although both failed to get a place. The following season, true to his predictions, these two dogs won first and second in the Eastern All-Age Stake.

"Stilletto, which was also of the Sportsman-Sweetheart litter and promised to

LOTTIE RIPSTONE. (D. P. Ewen, Owner.)

make as clever a performer as Sunlit, died at the age of seventeen months, and Sidney Carton of the same breeding promised to developed into a crackerjack, but some scoundrel gave him ground glass, which killed him when eighteen months old. Sabrina, another very promising bitch, I presented to C. L. Ecklon, but she succumbed to distemper at an early age.

"I secured Harold (Ch. Gath-Gem when he was about eight months of age; he was the sweetest dispositioned dog I ever saw, and when aroused, the greatest fighter. He weighed about fifty-eight pounds in ordinary condition, and as he never was in real good field-trial trim, I can only guess that he would have weighed about fifty-one pounds when "fit." He was white with nicely ticked ears and body, no patch of color anywhere, and possesed beautiful dark eyes. When about a year old he was taken with distemper which finally left him with a touch of paralysis in his shoulders, making him weak and wobbly on his fore legs to such an extent that I never thought he would be of any use in the field. I fed him on iron, quinine and strychnine for over a year, and he finally grew strong enough to gallop. Harold was a dog of good speed and range, although handicapped by weak shoulders which would have made a less game dog quit. He had an exquisite nose, was perfectly staunch and a beautiful, natural quarterer, always hunting to the gun and being absolutely obedient. He was a great covey dog, and in looking for suitable grounds for the first trials that were held at Bakersfield, he pointed thirteen coveys of quail in two hours and ten minutes—the birds being left as soon as flushed.

"Harold had but little opportunity to show his merits as a sire, being bred to nothing outside of my kennels. Sweetheart had one litter by him, and it was a grand one. Salina (erroneously published as Saline) and Stephaine won first and third respectively in their Derby year; the former, a beautiful looking and moving animal, died from distemper a few months after the running. They were not the best of the litter, however, as a dog named "The Saxon" and "Buff and Blue" were of the very brightest class, though owing to various causes neither was able to compete in trials.

"Sunlit's first litter by Harold were a perfectly beautiful lot, but for some unaccountable reason, all became deaf by the time they were a year old. Of this litter Pelham and Petronella won in trials, but Pierre, for natural qualities, was the star and one of the grandest dogs I ever saw, galloping like the wind and whirling to points at incredible distances. Being deaf and hard to control for that reason, he was abused by his handler and nothing could be done with him, for at the first restraint he would come to heel and refuse to hunt at all. In this condition he was turned over to another handler who succeeded in getting him started aright, but at this juncture, Mr. Harper, who was interested with me in the kennel and at whose place near Suisun I was keeping the dog, foolishly had Pierre destroyed. Orion and Argus were the only two I succeeded in raising from the next litter by Harold from Sunlit. They were larger dogs and both proved good fielders, Orion's public performance being well known to fanciers.

"'Rowena, bred by me and owned by John Schumacher, was the only one of Enid's litter by Harold to live to maturity and proved herself a clever performer with great scenting powers. Haroldine, out of Janet, was an extraordinary bitch. She was broken to run by her owner, William de Mott, in the Derby of 1887, in which she was placed third, although in my estimation she should have been second to Sunlit, while Harold might have been placed first in the all age without harming any one."

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST FIELD TRIALS.

COUPEVILLE, Wash., October 3.—The annual field trials ended here late Thursday afternoon, after a better general performance among the dogs than at any previous event. The Derby stake was won by Uncle Jim, owned by Peebles of Seattle. The English setter Valita, owned by John Schumaker of Los Angeles was second, and the third money was divided between Cincinnatus Nat, owned by E. B. Roy of Seattle, and Count Whitestone's Chief, owned by N. A. Weeden.

Lady, owned by Joseph Terry of Sacramento, Cal., proved herself up to her usual form by winning in the all-age stake, and in second place was Fleet, belonging to William Paulsell of Seattle. Kilgarif, owned also by Terry, was third. Sportsmen were present from all parts of the Coast, and the trials were among the most satisfactory ever held.

Up to the time of going to press our full report by special correspondent has not been received. We will give it in detail in our December issue.

THE NANAIMO SHOW.

(*Special Correspondence.*)

The Nanaimo, B. C., Agricultural Society held a very successful dog show in Nanaimo under Pacific Kennel League rules, in connection with the annual agricultural show, on September 17-18-19. The attendance at the dog show was particularly good, in fact the feature of the exhibition, and it was remarked on all sides that the dog show was the best drawing card of the exhibition. Unfortunately, the hall in which the dogs were benched was altogether too small and crowded for the eighty odd dogs shown, to say nothing of the visitors who crowded the hall to its limit on the three days of the show. The judging was in the hands of Mr. R. P. Forshaw of Vancouver, who judged all classes and gave fairly good satisfaction—as good as the average judge can give in judging all breeds. We think that it would be much more satisfactory for the small shows that are not in a position to secure the services of a highly competent judge of reputation, to divide the breeds and have a special judge for each breed. Such judges can be easily secured, and in most cases without any expense, and would give much better satisfaction to the exhibitor and a better name for the show itself. Unfortunately, your correspondent has been unable to get a complete list of the wins, as there was no marked catalogue published and the show secretary has not yet complied with my request for a list of the awards.

The Victoria dogs on exhibition made a clean sweep of all the blue ribbons in their respective classes. In the English setters, T. P. McConnell's phenomenal young dog Count Rego (previously described) again swept the board, winning first puppy, open, winners and special for the best English setter on show.

"WALTER" (Woodcate Wonder-Ada).
H. Keown, Victoria, B. C.

S. W. Bodley's Gordon setter Heather Nell won first limit, open, winners and special, and is now a champion.

Dr. Garesche's Irish setter Ch. Hector took first open, winners and special.

J. Cottle's Irish setter Pat, first limit, second open, res. winners.

Haggart Bros.' collie Woodman Ranger, first limit, open, winners and special.

Mrs. J. J. Bostock's smooth fox terrier Reminiscence, first limit, open, winners and special.

George Florence's smooth fox terrier Wandee Revelry, first limit, open and winners.

W. F. Hall's fox terrier Cadger of Oaks, second limit, open and res. winners.

C. A. Goodwin's cocker spaniel Little Dorritt, first limit, open and winners.

NEW WESTMINSTER DOG SHOW.

The New Westminster, B. C., Gun Club held their first dog show in New Westminster, under the patronage of the New Westminster Agricultural and Industrial Fair, at Queen's Park, on September 29-30 and October 1-2. The show was held under Pacific Kennel League rules; it was pronounced by everyone a complete success in every way and as an annual feature of the exhibition to be looked forward to by all who saw the fine collection of over one hundred dogs benched. Considering the fact that this is the gun club's first show, and all were unacquainted with the necessary procedure of holding successful dog shows, the club is to be congratulated on their first effort, which argues well for the success of their show next year. Had they decided on a Pacific Kennel League show some weeks earlier, there is no doubt they would have benched from 150 to 200 dogs; as it was, they only decided to hold the show under recognized rules a few days before its opening, and many exhibitors did not know of the change until it was too late to enter. However, with the experience gained this year, they will be in a position next year to hold one of the most successful shows on the Coast. The show was a financial success in every way, the club giving silver medals for first prizes in all classes. Mr. R. P. Forshaw of Vancouver, who judged the previous week at Nanaimo, judged all classes. The officers of the club are: Hon. president, C. G. Major; president, B. W. Shilesa0oik,C istheaegfnathertgoaiinn Hon. W. Norman Bole; vice-president, Alfred B. W. Shiles; captain, Mr. Clifford Lord; treasurer, W. J. Briggs; secretary, J. H. Vidal. Bench Show Committee—J. A. McMartin, George Cunningham, H. Rushton, J. Henley, L. A. Lewis, Alfred A. J. Holmes, Alfred W. E. Vanstone. Superintendent, C. H. Barker of Vancouver.

[We regret that lack of space prevents our giving the tabulated list of awards. Those interested can obtain the same by communicating with Mr. J. H. Vidal, secretary.]

A NEWSY LETTER FROM "CINNA."

Kennel Editor, Western Field: You have asked me to give you data concerning Champion Dido II and other dogs owned or bred by me, and although this is my busy season, and I thought to write but a few lines, I find that my pen has bolted (as is often the case when on "doggy" matter) and my lines have grown into pages.

Speaking of Dido II and the almost universal belief that she lacked in field qualities, I will say that I am, with a few exceptions, the only person who knows anything of Dido II's field ability and I think I may be credited with knowing a field dog. I have no hesitation in saying that Dido II was one of the highest class field dogs I ever saw. I shot over her the fall before I sold her and killed a large number of quail over her points, as birds were plentiful that season. After taking her out a few times to give her a little experience on game I went out for a day's shooting with W. D. Tristem, a famous quail shot and good judge of dogs, who has judged the International and

North American Field Trials on a number of occasions. Mr. Tristem had a brace of good dogs, while I had Dido II, and it was not long before we were down in a weedy cornfield and had killed a number of birds over Dido. At this juncture the owner of the farm ordered us off and we said we would go as soon as we could call in the dogs. Dido refused to obey the whistle, and hunting for her we found her on a staunch point in high weeds. I flushed the bird and killed it, much to the disgust of the farmer, who said, "Didn't I order you to stop shooting on my land?" I told him I just had to kill that bird after the puppy holding the point so well, no matter what the consequences. Well, we killed sixty-three birds that day and Dido II did her share of the work, Mr. Tristem saying she was the best puppy he had ever seen. I shot over her a great deal that fall, killing from fifteen to twenty-five birds over her points each day. She worked right through the season without a let-up and was a splendid shooting dog, and I think the fastest I ever owned.

The following winter I sold her to General Shattuc for $800, after having shown her in Pittsburg, where she swept the boards under Major Taylor's judgment —nor was she ever beaten on the bench after that. She possessed a remarkable coat from the first and a few brushes would cause it to shine like satin.

General Shattuc had a kennel man named Murphy, who in the general's absence used to give Dido a run in a field behind the residence, for as he said, "He liked to see her go." One day the general happened to bring some friends to look at Dido and she was taken out in the field, where Murphy cast her off. Scudding over a hill, she was out of sight in a few seconds and General Shattuc cried, "She's lost! She's lost!" However, she returned in course of time, but the kennel man got the "bounce" just the same.

Later on Dido II was bred to Ch. Gladstone, having already whelped a litter to Count Noble. Avent, Merriman and Gates, et al., took her out to see if she

could go; she could not, and no wonder if she was in the same condition as at Cincinnati, two years after I sold her, when she still knew me and would leave the general to follow me—which he didn't seem to like.

Speaking of Avent and other Tennessee dog men, I must say they are all "set" in their views. I was approached in a roundabout way and asked for my opinions as to the proper dogs to breed to, as they are about bred out and have centered on the stock of a few dogs, notably Tony Boy and Ch. Count Gladstone IV. I had a dog in a trainer's hands down there that had as good natural qualities, and could stay as long and run as fast with more style than any dog I saw down South, but do you think they would take the trouble to go and see him? I told Avent and Tucker about him and asked them to try him out for three hours if they liked, but they wouldn't take the trouble to look at him.

This dog, Selkirk Solus, is by Selkirk White out of Selkirk Tana, she by Thiers out of Cambriana. Thiers I bred to in preference to Ch. Count Gladstone IV on account of his grand way of going. I shot over him for two weeks when Dr. M. F. Rogers owned him, and from his litter out of Cambriana got two bitches: Selkirk Tessa, dam of Selkirk Freda (winner of first International All-Aged Stake and first at the New York show), and Selkirk Tana, dam of Solus. Two better or gamer little animals never ran.

In breeding I pay no particular attention to fashionable blood lines but so far have bred straight Llewelins. I avoid inbreeding as much as possible, and always endeavor to select young and strong individuals possessed of excellent field merit. Yours,

Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells.

N. B. C. FOURTEENTH ANNUAL FIELD TRIALS.

At a recent meeting of the National Beagle Club of America it was decided that the Fourteenth Annual Field Trials of the club, which will commence on November 9, 1903, be held at Howardsville, Albemarle County, Virginia.

Howardsville is between Richmond and Lynchburg, distant from Richmond about ninety miles. Full details and information concerning these trials will be given through the sporting papers from time to time, or upon application to Charles R. Stevenson, secretary of the club.

A FIELD TRIAL JUDGE.

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

WANTED—To correspond with any parties who contemplate a hunting, fishing or camping trip in the mountains or a camping trip through the Yellowstone National Park. My facilities for outfitting parties are of the best and my long residence, experience and thorough knowledge of the country makes the chances of a pleasant and successful trip assured. References furnished on request. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Unmounted live game and other pictures, 5x7, $1.50 per dozen; 6½x8½, $2.50 per dozen. Bromide enlargements of live elk, 14x17, $5.00 each; all postpaid; satisfaction guaranteed. S. N. Leek. Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred black cocker spaniel pups. Pine Hill Kennels, San Anselmo, Marin Co.

* * *

FOR SALE—Liver and white pointer pups at reasonable prices. Out of Juno by Rollo. Box 111, Arroyo Grande, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—I am offering some choice straightbred Llewellin puppies by Llewellin Drake, also brood bitches both Lanerack and Llewellin. Particulars apply Thos. Plimley, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

FOR SALE—Two Bedlington Terriers (male and female) about four months old. Best stock in the world, pedigree given. Price, $25 each. Julius Redelsheimer, 1218 Madison Street, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

CAMERAS—I have a number of brand new latest model, 4 x 5 and 5 x 7 Premo, Century and Korona cameras, both long and short bellows, which I will sell at half price. Can save 25 per cent on any 1903 camera made, or 20 per cent on high grade lenses or shutters. Address, H. Pierson, Box 504, New York City.

* * *

FOR SALE—Litter of English setter puppies, sire Real John (Real English-Mallwyd Bess) winners of two firsts, New York; first Danbury, first Victoria, first Seattle; dam Albert Rosalind (Count F., Cassie Sheldon), winner of first open and winners New York; first Wissahickon, first open and winners Seattle, first open and winners, Portland, first open San Francisco, 1903. These puppies are evenly marked, white and black, ticked and white and orange ticked; strong, healthy and sure to be winners. $25.00 each. I also offer the dam of above, Albert's Rosalind, for sale for $200. T. P. McConnell, 55 Johnson street, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

FOR SALE—White, black and tan English setter male pups; three months old; thoroughbred stock. Geo. E. Williams, 621 R. R. Ave., Alameda.

* * *

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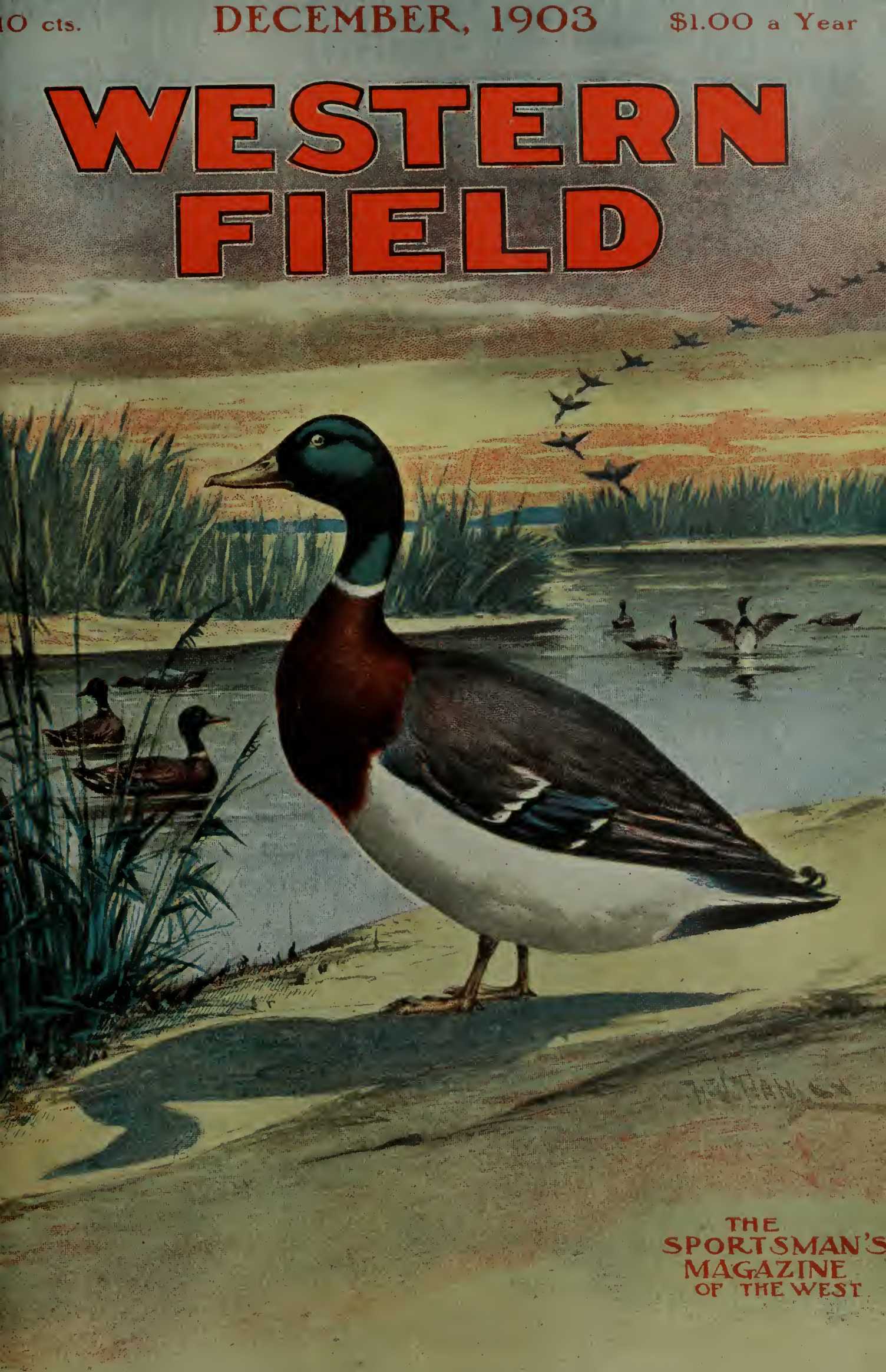

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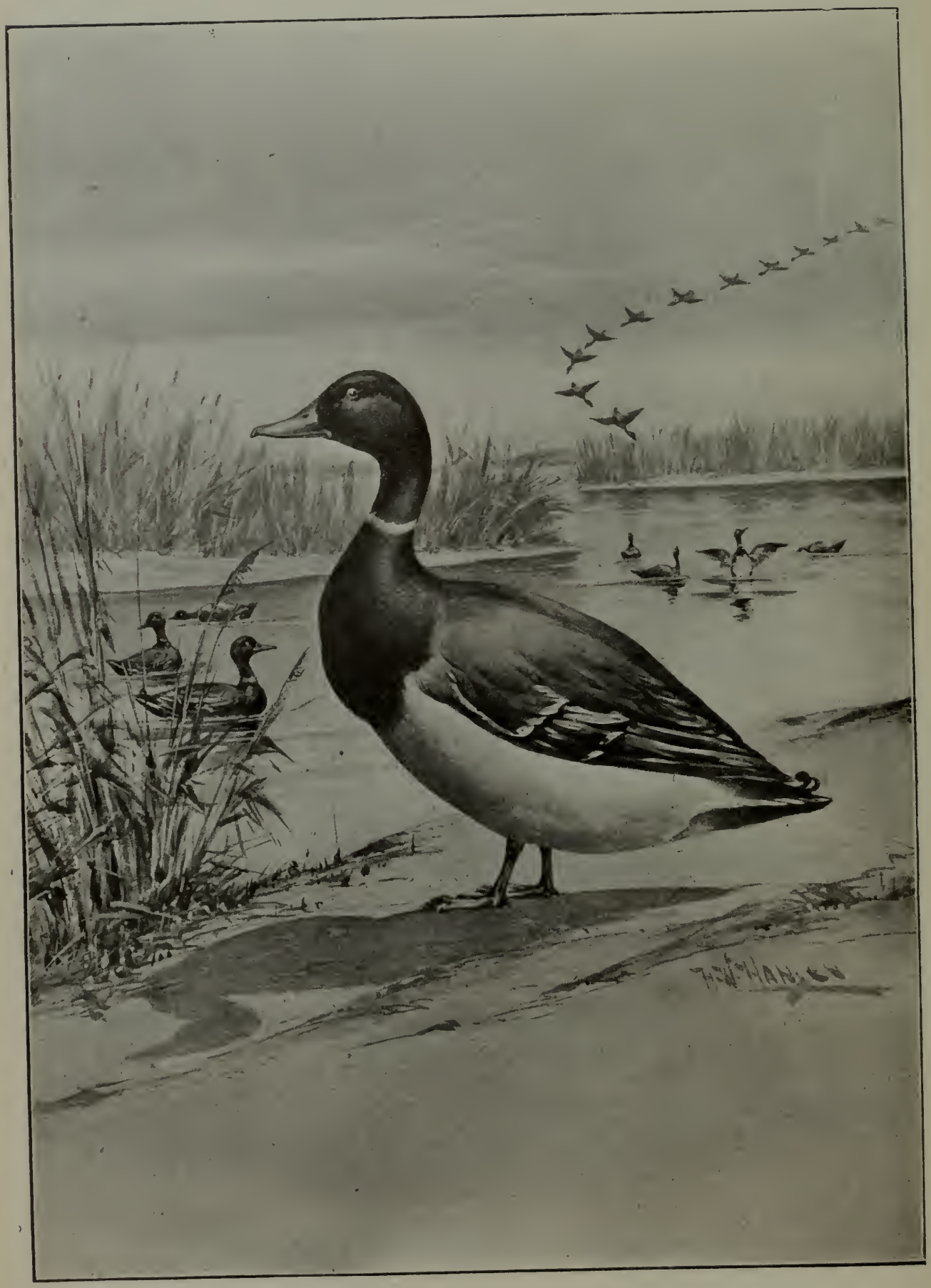


"THE MALLARDS REST UNDISTURBED."

Painted by H. W. HANSEN.

See "Over the Decoys."

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 3 DECEMBER, 1903. NO. 5.

OVER THE DECOYS.

By "FEATHERWEIGHT."

WHEN, in response to the keepers' insistence we turn out, heavy-eyed and with grunts and yawns, the present discomforts of duck shooting seem altogether disproportionate to its anticipated delights. We haven't had half enough sleep; the big wading boots have a clammy coldness that abides with one even after the amelioration of a hot "Scotch"; a glance outside reveals a fog as woolly and thick as down on a grebe, and your chop and coffee lack the zest of maturity that a few hours would bring—for it is now but half after four and you ordinarily breakfast at eight.

There is a repellant sliminess to the world outside as you stagger down to your boat with an overload of decoys, shells and gun. The wet ground is treacherous and slippery, the water cold, and the thwarts and gunwales of your boat are greasy with their salt ooze varnish. You lumber unsteadily into the craft, which somehow seems cranky and unwilling to the last degree, "cussing" *sotto voce* as your warm hands encounter the soft mud which somehow always gets on your oar grips over night. Your lantern gives just light enough to deceive you, and everything seems strained ana unnatural until you finally reach good rowing water and bend your efforts to the raising of a stiff "ash breeze."

All about you are the misty glow-worms of other lanterns and hollowly to the ear comes the muffled *tchock, chuck* of the oars in the rowlocks as the procession dims out in the false perspective of the mist. Fortunately, you have not far to go, and as your station is at a point favorably situated on a narrow neck of land between the salt slough and the fresh water ponds constructed just along its edge, you hug the shore, peering anxiously for the mooring stake in the bight where you land.

As you wallow along in the thick fog there is a ceaseless rising of clucking mud hens ahead, with an occasional roar of flapping wings and hoarse quacks as a flock of good ducks saw their way through the dense haze and circle to a drop on the ponds beyond. A brace of ruddys splatter away from just under your oar and a chain shot of teal whistles across your bows. As you back into the landing cove a team of canvasbacks swings in, tearing and ripping the air as a woman tears a breadth of muslin, and your trigger finger aches impotently; you couldn't see to shoot if you dared and you dare not if you could, for it is still a long cry to the legalized shooting hour and there is yet much to do before your sport inures.

Personally, I take as much pleasure in the arrangement of my decoys—when I have the time—as I do in shooting ducks over them. There is a certain satisfaction in being able to artistically place them in such a natural array that their seduction is irresistable to the wary old fellows whom they counterfeit. But this morning—as usual—I have not the time; the fog is lifting and the grey mare's tail is already flicking in the eastern sky. I make a bluff at arranging them, but they are a very disordered squadron, indeed, when the opening gun sends me into my olive cask in a hurry.

"Mark—south," from my pond-mate, and a brace of widgeon flash by before I can close the little 16's breech over the fumbled shells. As they swing wide and then turn toward the decoys P——'s "pump" speaks imperatively and the leader hesitates flutteringly and drops at the second command. His mate

whirls in a half circle, but the Ballistite is quicker and it, too, floats among the decoys. "Who says a '16' won't kill ducks!"

In the interim of quiet which succeeds, the old briar is lighted and soulful are the grunts of satisfaction it evokes. Maybe the success of the previous shooting has something to do with it, *quien sabe?* After, on "Parson's Slough," there is a double clutter and a succeeding nitro cough from a blind in the intervening stretch. Then, flashing suddenly into view out of apparent nothingness, a hail of animated bullets that contemns our slower shot and leaves us grinning sympathetically at each other across our blinds. Teal fly pretty fast sometimes, and these, scudding just in the edge of the overhanging fog, were simply "too big to miss."

Then of a sudden the fog lifts and dissipates. A pair of spoonbills pottering along pay the penalty of unsophisticatedness, and I can't help reproaching P—— for that double—it was so easy! But I yell with approbation as, ten seconds later, he cuts down a ghost of a sprigtail that miraculously materializes out of the dusky chaos behind him—a beautiful bit of work. Then I get busy among a tangle of the flock he vanguarded and when the rattle is over I get a commending yell from P—— in return.

The guns are crackling all along the marsh now and a trying irregularity of flight ensues. My right hand neighbor scrapes the sky ineffectually a couple of times to our joint remonstrance and P——'s vociferous disgust. "What's the matter with you?" he yells; "think you're shooting a rifle? Let them come within range—now wouldn't that cork you?" as a sprig fully seventy yards high comes swirling down at the next "scrape." But our protest bears fruit and soon the result of judicious shooting develops. The Doctor cuts them down in magnificent style and gets plaudits instead of "prayers" from us in consequence.

"THE GUNS ARE CRACKLING ALL ALONG THE MARSH."

Just as the sun is trembling on the horizon our cup begins to fill. Now it is a brace of widgeon or sprig, again a team of teal or a flock of shovelers with an occasional sprinkling of canvasbacks sandwiched in to our infinite gust. Owing to the close proximity of other gunners the ducks decoy but poorly and the shooting is, in consequence, difficult enough to keep us on our metal. An overhead double on sprigs, the last shot being fired at an angle of fully twenty degrees from the perpendicular and behind, necessitating my leaning over backward in the blind, puts me in a high humor with myself for fully half an hour. Alas! for the irony of Luck. Closing the empty gun unconsciously when turning to mark down the falling bird, I whirl at P——'s warning to see the morning's biggest bunch of teal just hovering over the decoys within easy reach. Deliberately I cover them as they bunch up and pull the trigger with the most glowing assurance—*snap-snap* ! * *

Well, P—— gets three of them—and a laugh at my expense besides. And the thing is evened up when I wipe his eyes on a pair of spoonies a minute later. And so throughout the whole delicious morning. Alternate success and failure keeps alive our interest and accentuates our pleasure. It does a man good to miss occasionally. The lust for slaughter is soon glutted when one is killing straight.

A shoot like this we are enjoying is full of incidents that one remembers long after. One which befell me was a very creditable double on wood-ducks—a variety which I had not killed for thirty years previously. They brought back the roseate old past most felicitiously—the days of tender boyhood by the Atlantic waters on the other side of the continent, the days of bare feet and smooth

"THE WOOD DUCK WILL BREED UNMOLESTED."

"DELIBERATELY I COVER THEM."

bored musket, of hornet's nest wadding and home-made "slug" shot. They recalled even more than the joys of that dulcet period; for I saw again a memorable other morning—the morning of the third day at Gettysburg.

A morning hazy with the fog of powder smoke, a lethal fog punctured here and there with spitting red flashes and humming with the passage of leaden messengers. Hugging the ground closely so as to see better under the smoke were two boys, the elder but sixteen years old. Turning to the younger, to whose shoulder belt still clung the shattered remnant of a drum, the elder said jocularly: "Reminds me of the Sunbury dam on a wet mornin'; but gee! these ducks that are comin' up the hill aint half so easy to pot—" Through the rising tear mist I see again his head droop piteously as the cruel Minie singles him out. God, how long does it take to forget!

Looking over in P——'s direction I saw him duck his head at sight of a black line to the north and comformably I followed suit. As soon as it takes to tell it a bunch of canvasbacks were roaring over his decoys. They were directly in line between us and I caught perfectly the slope of his gun and the bird he essayed being able to so plainly discover the "lead" he was giving it. It looked altogether too much allowance, but the man behind that pump knows his business. The leader doubled up like a wet rag and as the flock climbed quarteringly upward the magazine was emptied with rapid precision, a bird falling to every barrel. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, a visible demonstration of the principles of correct leading that was worth going miles to see.

This question of leading is, at best, one of conditions purely. If all ducks flew at uniform and constant rates of speed it would be very easy, knowing the velocity or the shot in one's charges when fired, to figure out, at least theoretically, the proper distance to hold ahead. But, considering the fact that first, the pellets in each charge travel with varying velocity, the first pellets reaching the object a twentieth part of a second ahead of the last pellets—during which twentieth of a second the bird has flown about four and a half feet (if traveling at ordinary duck speed, say sixty miles per hour) so escaping fully two-thirds of the pattern if hit by the leading pellets; and second, that both duck flights and shot velocity differ with each individual bird and charge, it is more or less a matter of intuitive instinct which guides a man to making the proper allowance. In fact, there is also more or less a factor of luck attendant in every case. But of that anon. If the editor generously gives me space again I will discuss this question in a separate article in another issue.

A SAIL ON THE SLOUGH.

"ENOUGH TO SATISFY ONE MAN."

It is ten o'clock and bright sunshine. The morning flight is over and retrieving is in order. We pick up birds enough to satisfy any reasonable man and take our way homeward across the marsh, picking up a few jack snipe en route. After a good dinner, followed by a sail on the slough, we again return to our stations, and when darkness finally intervenes we count noses and heads, load our duffle aboard, and scud cheerily toward the haven of rest and bed.

A word now in defense of game preserves: We know that on the morrow the ducks will swing in to disport themselves on the fresh ponds which for five days in each week are jealously guarded sanctuary for them, and we glory in the knowing of it. We rejoice in the knowledge that on our broad reserved acres the wood-duck will breed unmolested and the teal will assume parental duties that will perpetuate our pleasure; that mallards will rest undisturbed and give their progeny to swell the heterogenous legions that will swarm in from the sea to feed and rest. And we will sleep the more soundly for the assurance that by our logical restraint and moderation we are laying up treasures for the future of good sport.

A SWAMP IDYLL.

THE Redwing swung on a cat-tail slim
And the glad spring sunshine shone on him,
He whistled and sang with amorous glee:
"Cooky, cooky, cook-cook-e-e-e."

The gray swamp willows have yellow grown,
The swamp has taken a greener tone;
But the gay Redwing still sings with glee:
"Cooky, cooky, cook-cook-e-e-e."

There's a rushy hammock with cat-tails clad,
And nestlings five that call Redwing "Dad."
No longer he whistles with amorous glee:
"Cooky, cooky, cook-cook-e-e-e."

But fiercely scolds each passer-by,
As he circles and darts through the summer sky;
And rustles for grub for his family
Instead of caroling "Cook-cook-e-e-e."

Soon, soon to the corn fields they'll wing away
To swing and chatter the livelong day,
Gladding our hearts with their cheery glee:
"Cooky, cooky, cook-cook-e-e-e."

—*Henry Howard Rose.*

THE LAST WILD BUFFALO

BY L. R. ANDREW

THE DEATH of the last buffalo will mark the passing of North America's representative big game. In the entire history of the extinction of wild animals there is nothing more pathetic than the almost total annihilation of the bison, yet the event is but another evidence of the survival of the fittest.

Where once countless thousands of these noble animals roamed the plains, scarcely a solitary specimen remains to-day. The few survivors of the great herds, not in captivity, have sought a haven in the protected precincts of Yellowstone Park and among the foothill fastnesses of the Eastern Rockies.

The power most responsible for the slaughter of this mighty army of ruminants (the United States Government) now exerts its forces for the conservation of the straggling remnants of the once innumerable host whose thunderous tread shook the earth during stampedes of the shaggy monsters.

The aboriginal owners in fee simple of this magnificent continent, the noble red man, in daring to dispute the encroachment of the white usurper of his hunting grounds, incurred the displeasure of the Great Father at Washington. With his paunch full of choice buffalo tenderloin, porterhouse or pime rib roasts, and plenty of hides for his teepees, the astute savage followed the semi-annual north and south migrations of the vast self-contained food supply, and disregarding the solemn treaties made when the grass was short, waxed bold and bloodthirsty in his predations upon unwary settlers or emigrant trains.

Ergo, said the "Great Father" in Washington, remove the Buffalo, and thereby subjugate the savage by making a good Injun of him. Many men living to-day were employed by the Government to slaughter the buffalo without quarter. They did their work well, and with the disappearance of the red man and his source of supply vanished the Great American Desert, which forbiddingly embellished our school geographies as late as thirty years ago.

To-day, not a hide, hair, hoof, horn or bone of the mighty hordes that once wore trails two feet deep from the Rio Grande to Hudson Bay remains to tell of their former presence.

Cross the plains in palatial coaches on any one of a dozen transcontinental roads to-day, and from the car windows infrequent wallows, now dried up and overgrown, may be discerned by the practiced eye.

The intelligence displayed by the boss bull of the herd, who invariably prepared the wallows, is remarkable. On finding a swale or damp spot on the prairie the great brute sank on one knee and with his horns and head dug a hole into which the water slowly filtered. He enlarged the excavation rapidly with horns and body by throwing himself on the ground and rolling vigorously, soon gouging the wallow out until he was able to sink his entire body in the paste of mud.

The big fellow remained in the hole until he was soaked with the cooling mixture, which plastered him from head to foot. He took his time about it, for there was none to dispute him, although the young bulls fought fierce duels for second chance. When the king of the herd emerged from his mud-bath he was a frightful-looking monster, with ooze dripping from his huge body.

Then came the turn of the younger bulls who preceded each other in accordance with

their prowess as fighters, until the wallow gradually became enlarged to a diameter of fifteen or twenty feet and from two to four feet deep. The cows took no interest in the antics of their lords beyond apathetically regarding the many contests which occurred at the wallows. In times of drought the mud-holes dried up, but the bulls appeared to enjoy wallowing in them just the same.

These wallows alone are the sole remaining monuments of the bison. The law of compensation is unfailing, and herds of neat cattle thrive where once their shaggy, ponderous predecessors foraged.

"IT WAS A RACE TO MAKE THE BLOOD TINGLE."

Some years ago a monster bull buffalo appeared on Antelope Island, which is on the southern end of Great Salt Lake, fully twenty miles from the mainland. The island on which the animal sought refuge is some twenty-five miles long by eight to ten in width, and is inhabited only by a few ranchers who raise cattle.

Undisturbed, this monarch of the plains roamed at will for seven years. A number of buffalo cows were taken to the island in the hope that the breed might be perpetuated there. The bull refused to affiliate with them, however, and they munched bunch grass in peace.

Finally the bull changed his tactics and declared war. He came into the open and fought every living thing that crossed his path. Barbwire fences were so many cobwebs to him, corrals and stockades a pastime. He developed a special antipathy to dogs and treed every rancher on the place time and again.

After he had gored several head of valuable stock, the ranchers, harassed and in danger of their lives, held a council of war and passed measures for self-protection. Although it is against the law in Utah to kill buffalo, it was evident that there was no other means of relief to be obtained and, as the only weapons on the island were shotguns, an appeal was sent to Salt Lake City for assistance.

Hank Bell, an old buffalo hunter, organ-

ized a little coterie of congenial sportsmen who would enjoy a hunt of this nature. Among the party were Frank Lamb, Utah's champion rifle shot, Harry Bird, a dealer in sporting goods, and Jake Freeman, an old hunter and trapper.

From Farmington the party sailed to Antelope Island, where they were met by the besieged islanders, who reported that the bull had retreated to a small cañon at the extreme northern end of the island, but still had his full war-paint on.

The following morning, mounted on horses furnished by the ranchers, the party rode forth to do battle with their foe. They scoured the country and it fell to the lot of Harry Bird to unearth the belligerent brute. With a snort of defiance the enraged animal lowered his head, raised his tail, and charged the hunter with fire flying from his wicked, bloodshot eyes. Bird's mount was buffalo shy and, wheeling suddenly, took the back track for safety at a record-breaking clip.

The other members of the party were scattered and did not observe Bird's predicament until the chase had carried the hunted hunter far to the rear. They followed in rapid pursuit and for three miles it was a race to make the blood tingle. At least so Bird declared later. Fear-stricken, his horse tore along with the bit in his teeth, closely pursued by the monster, which developed surprising speed and wind, thundering on with venomous velocity.

Suddenly Bird's horse thrust his foot into a hole and fell, throwing his rider twenty feet. Bird's rifle flew far to one side, and the shock of the fall stunned him.

In a second the ponderous pursuer had gored the recumbent horse, killing him instantly. He then turned his attention to Bird, who, weak and dizzy, was attempting to reach a sapling a few rods away.

Frank Lamb, riding up at a fierce gallop, drew bead on the bull and fired, striking him in the shoulder, too far forward for execution. The wound was enough to distract his attention from the dismounted hunter, however, and maddened with pain he wheeled and charged his new enemies, who circled about so rapidly that he was confused and bewildered. If ever an animal looked the incarnation of rage and hatred, it was that frenzied bison.

Several more shots struck him but none were fatal, and the infuriated beast charged each of the party in succession. Bird had regained his scattered senses and rifle, and having esconced himself in the crotch of a tree, he opened fire on the bull whenever

"THE ANNUAL NORTH MIGRATION."

the brute came within range. Discovering his assailant, the infuriated bison charged the tree, striking it with a shock which threatened to uproot it, or to break it short off, and almost jarring Bird from his perch. The party of hunters now closed in and fired a fusilade into the fierce animal, little puffs of dust arising from his thick hide, showing where the bullets hit him. His vitality was astounding and he pawed the earth and shook his head in implacable hatred against his foes, but they were too many for him.

Slowly he sank to his knees, and with a defiant bellow which blew the blood-flecked foam from his nostrils, he glared savagely at his slayers as his noble head went down in death. The outlaw of Antelope Island had fought his last fight.

The big fellow weighed twenty-five hundred pounds, and the hair on his forehead was a foot in length. The marks on his magnificent horns showed him to be seventeen years old, and he was in splendid condition. The hunters removed his hide and cut off his head to be mounted. They divided the carcass and gave a buffalo barbecue at Salt Lake City.

[While the occurrences above mentioned seem to be unusually well authenticated, the writer, in common with all experienced buffalo hunters, must confess to a certain skepticism in regard to several important details. During ten years of almost constant buffalo "work" I encountered only one man who claimed to have been run any distance—about fifty yards in this case—by a charging buffalo bull. The cows would occasionally charge viciously for distances up to one hundred yards when protecting their calves or when slightly wounded and "cornered," but the bulls invariably made only a few threatening steps and stood still, except for pawing and tossing their heads. They would quite frequently make a sharp lunge or two sidewise when being closely crowded or wounded, while running, by mounted hunters, but this Utah bison is certainly the only one, outside of Mark Twain's famous tree climber, who was ever known to make a three-mile charge at top speed and "tree" his victim. The weight given—twenty-five hundred pounds—also characterizes the peculiar exceptionality of this particular beast.—Ed.]

QUAIL SHOOTING IN ALAMEDA COUNTY.

By H. L. Betten.

FULLY an hour and a half was consumed in reaching the crest of the Redwood grade and the horse was then given a short rest while we looked back at the beautiful panoramic view below us. For miles and miles stretched the checker-boarded plain, while beyond were visible the dun-colored marshes with their network of sloughs shining like beaten silver in the bright sunlight. To the south and west the eye gazed upon the sparkling waters of the bay, dotted here and there with vessels at anchor, while ferry-boats with their loads of human freight were seen crawling from shore to shore. In the dim distance we could discern the rocky defile which marked the Golden Gate, but the metropolis itself was veiled by clouds of smoke.

Turning to the north an entirely different view presented itself; rugged hills with wooded slopes and dark shady cañons loomed before us, while from the deep defile below, known as Redwood Cañon, the redwoods and laurels exhaled a fragrance beloved by those who delight in upland shooting.

With a long, parting glance to the rear, we resumed our journey and were soon in the bed of the cañon, where the chilly breath of winter was yet discernable. Beside the road brawled a noisy little stream and the shrill cries of blue jays came from the chaparral, punctured by the "tap-tap-tap" of flickers in the dead tree tops. From far up on a steep slope the call of a quail was borne to our ears, but the distance was too great to think of accepting the challenge, The road being quite level, we drove at a fast clip, rumbling over the shaky bridges and splashing through the shallow pools of water left standing from heavy rains a few days previous. Here and there could be seen a tiny chipmunk doing acrobatic stunts among the hazel branches, or a cotton-tail scudding to cover. Ground squirrels were running to and fro on the sunny slopes, and a hawk was seen hovering above a patch of ferns on a

THE HEAD OF THE CAÑON.

hillside, from which came the *Whit! Whit! Whit!* of a frightened bevy of quail, which flushed a moment later and sped like bullets for the heavy chaparral in the bottom of the cañon. Rapid as was their flight, they could not avoid the lightning-like swoop of the hawk, and a plaintive "*whee-e-ee*" bespoke a forest tragedy.

A drive of four hours landed us at our destination. After a bounteous luncheon we lounged around for an hour or so and then went a-field. Taking a course along the creek which flowed by the ranch house we followed the winding trail for three of four hundred yards and then stopped to map out our campaign. To the left was a long, sloping hillside, replete with many a swale or "pocket" where the quails love to hide at this season of the year. Along in the fall, however, when the hills are dry as tinder and only the larger springs in the beds of deep cañons have not ceased flowing, one might hunt for weeks on the high ground and scarcely see a quail, for the birds are then located in the vicinity of creeks or

water-holes and rarely move any considerable distance until bounteous rains have caused the grasses to sprout and water is once more abundant in the upper coulees.

"You're sure you know where the birds are?" inquired Tom as we gazed at the inviting hillside and watched the dogs ranging.

"Never was more sure of anything in my life! I'll wager we find three bevies on this long slope if we hunt it out thoroughly to the head of the cañon. You see that little draw up there by that bunch of laurels just above the ferns? There's always a bevy up there on warm afternoons like this, and if you approach the birds in a proper manner you can scatter them out in the short cover among the rocks and enjoy the finest kind of shooting."

"All right, then," said Tom. "Let's head for that spot and see how your predictions pan out. See, there's 'Mug' making for that swale already; guess she's been there before by the way she's acting. Wonder where that wild Irishman of mine is? Way over in the next county, likely as not."

As a matter of fact, the most unworthy namesake of the great Gaelic patriot and martyr might easily have ranged into the next county, as the dividing line, marked by the high rocky barrier known as Rocky Ridge, was scarcely a half mile distant. Emmet, however, had selected easier going, and while off on a tremendous cast had disappeared over the ridge at the cañon's head. With the speed of a coyote and the stamina of a foxhound this wild representative of Erin would run from morning to night; but his industry availed nothing, for when he ran upon birds he would flush them with the utmost nonchalance and pay no more attention to them than if they were a flock of sparrows. With a peculiar fox-like gait (head and tail held low) he would glide along the paths and cow trails, always seeking easy going and yet always on the move. When he did happen to point (which was, I might say, on perennial occasions) he struck an attitude painful to behold—a peculiar crouchy position difficult to describe. His tail would crook downward like a scorpion's until its tip seemed almost about to touch the ground. His neck would sink back between his shoulders until his head seemed to be joined directly to the shoulder blades, and his jaws would open as if he were about to emit a doleful howl, while his head would be thrown back and cocked to one side as if he had located the bird by sound instead of scent. A more ludicrous position was never assumed by a field dog. Tom had spent the most of four season trying to educate the irrepressible Emmet and so far as results were concerned was no nearer the goal than when he commenced his education in puppyhood. A son of the "Sod" himself, Tom reasoned that there must be some good qualities lying dormant in the dog—"for didn't he belong to th' Irish breed?"

"But that's all very well, Tom," I said. "Your dog is an Irish setter, but you must rembember that his immediate ancestors hailed from England."

"True enough," he answered. "Association with Englishmen is a bad thing. Look what its done for the Irish."

Nevertheless, Tom was loyal to Emmet and never did he go afield without the red dog by his side. On the snipe grounds Emmet charged around like a thing possessed, flushing birds right and left while steady-going little Rose picked up points on those overlooked by the zealous Irishman.

"She's a trusty little thing," said Tom. "You'll find such in the worst of families."

Tom was everlastingly prating of the all-around qualities of the Irish setter. "Now, there's a dog," he would say, "can be used for any purpose you've a mind to. Just as good on ducks as he is on snipe or quail. Take him out duck shooting and he will retrieve from cold water as well as a spaniel. Now, where would your English setters get off, I'm wondering?"

Now, many Irish setters have doubtless proven to be splendid retrievers from land or water, but Emmet was not one of them. With him possession was nine points of the law, and he always considered his master's claims as secondary to his own. If Tom happened to drop a quail in Emmet's immediate vicinity he always scrambled to head off the dog before the bird disappeared down his insatiable maw. On the marsh Emmet's novel methods of retrieving were often in evidence. It is true the coldest water never deterred him, but after having secured the duck it was a question whether he would drop it at his master's feet or swim to the opposite bank of the slough and there

calmly tear the bird to pieces before his master's eyes and in spite of his vituperation and profanity. But I am digressing.

We started up the draw to where Mug was stiffened out on point and Rose was whistled up for a back. Just then we spied Emmet topping the ridge above us, and knowing that we had little time to lose if we wished to reach the birds first, we scrambled up hill and flushed the bevy, which proved to be a large one. Tom missed a snap shot at the brown of the bevy but succeeded in stopping a bird with his second barrel, while I accounted for a double on a part of the bevy which took a course up hill. The majority of the birds flew down to the bottom of the cañon and lit in the chaparral, where it was useless to search for them. The remainder, about twenty in all, took to cover among the rocks above us and after ordering the dogs to retrieve the dead birds we leisurely climbed the hill. No sooner had we reached the rocky ground when Rose dropped to a point and a moment later Mug was on a stylish stand only a few yards distant. Just as Tom was preparing to take a snap shot of both dogs on point the wild Irishman reappeared upon the scene and bore down on us like an avalanche. Realizing what would happen I was prepared to shoot at the flush and cut down Mug's bird as it broke cover. Tom was so engrossed in working the camera that he did not awaken to the situation until too late, and although he fired both barrels at his bird the distance was too great and he did not ruffle a feather.

WE WORKED MUG AND ROSE AMONG THE ROCKS.

MUG STIFFENED OUT INTO A POINT.

"Confound that dog! He always shows up at the wrong time. Wish I had left him home this trip!"

"What is he good for, anyway?" I asked, innocently enough, but with an utter lack of discretion. The glance Tom bestowed upon me would have wilted a less astute person, but I knew my friend too well to let it feaze me and pased it off as a joke.

And here a word to the reader. If you would be wise and gain the good will of a dog fancier never under any consideration make mention of the failings you note in the animals he may possess. It matters not how much he may condemn his own dogs, the moment you comment upon the same faults you arouse his ire and all friendly relations are likely to cease.

Leaving Emmet to his own devices we worked Mug and Rose among the rocks, and the former was soon on another point with her brace mate backing in nice style. The bird when it flushed "looked too easy," but, nevertheless, it escaped my gun without a scratch only to succumb to Tom's Parker.

"Somebody's eye was wiped that trip," he said as he blew the faintest trace of nitro smoke through the barrels of his gun and inserted a couple of fresh "prescriptions."

"You had an easy shot, too. A blind man hardly could have missed it."

"Never mind, my critical friend. Your turn will come only too soon," I replied, a trifle nettled at my failure to connect with the bird.

The quail were now commencing to "loosen up"; that is, they forsook the cramped position they had taken when they first lit and were beginning to move about cautiously, thus giving off more scent. As a consequence both dogs were soon on point and Tom took a couple of snap shots before we went in to flush. Knowing that the majority of the quail would take a course down hill I was careful to work to a position above Mug before raising her bird, which offered a nice straightaway shot. Holding a trifle under it I pressed the trigger and at the crack of the "Dupont's" Mr. Quail wilted and, striking a bare spot on the hillside, fluttered and rolled down the slope until his plump body lodged against a matted clump of blackberry vines. In his haste to flush Rose's bird Tom worked up hill to where it was hiding and it surprised him by whizzing past his head. Quickly turning about face he sent two harmless charges after the little blue meteor, which only served to accelerate its speed.

"Well, wouldn't that beat you," he cried as he viewed the disappearance of the bird with disgust.

"No excuse in the world, Tom. A man who could miss an easy shot like that should stick to rail shooting and never pull a trigger on quail." I had gotten my revenge.

The dogs continued to work among the rocks and before we left the spot we had added seven more birds to our bag, all killed over points. Continuing over the slope of the side hill we traversed quite a distance before we struck another likely locality, but, unluckily, when we did find birds the bevy flushed wild to high chapparal, where it was useles to follow.

At this juncture we spied Emmet on the opposite slope of the cañon, where he was following a cow trail and still pegging away at a good clip. As he failed to take notice of us we took no particular pains to attract his attention, and I for one was glad to see that he was taking a course opposite to ours. Reaching a division fence near the head of the cañon we were surprised to find it posted with the ominous "No Shooting" sign. This was a disappointment to us, as the piece of land in question harbored two large bevies and the cover to which they generally resorted was of the best.

"Now, see here," ejaculated Tom, "I know old R——, in fact, he's a countryman of mine, and these signs were never meant to bar an Irishman from engaging in a bit of delectable shooting. I move you that we encroach upon the enemy's territory, and if he appears I wil be ready with the blarney to take the wind out of his sails."

PERFECTLY WILLING TO REPEAT THIS EXPERIENCE.

Knowing R—— to be a determined old codger and not wishing to appear in an unenviable light before him, I refused to accompany Tom on his poaching expedition, and we separated for the time being. I started to climb to the top of the ridge, thinking that I might possibly find a bevy on the other side, and had hardly proceeded two hundred yards when I heard the crack of Tom's Parker and saw a large bevy scatter out in splendid cover at the head of the coulee. The temptation to join the nefarious poacher was very strong, but after having raked him over the coals for his action in ignoring the notice I thought it best to remain aloof. A few minutes later I did not regret my course, for a wrathful voice proclaimed the fact that old R—— was on the scene, and I laughed inwardly as I pictured Tom making a hurried exit from the ranch. Imagine my surprise when after

a lengthy interval that worthy hove in view and instead of "hot-footing" it for the fence calmly headed for the spot where the birds had lit.

Spying me leaning over the fence, he yelled: "Come over here, you old dromedary, and help me thin out this bevy a bit! R—— says we can shoot over his land as long as we keep away from his cattle."

"Thought it was all over with you but the wake when I heard the old man delivering his oration. How in the world did you bring him to time?"

"Oh, that's easy enough when you have an Irishman's gift of the gab and hail from the same county," said Tom as he gave vent to a hearty laugh. "You know this country was founded for the benefit of the Irish, and every man of the race has a right to share in the pleasures and profits."

Together we started for the head of the coulee, where the birds had lit in knee high cover, consisting mainly of poison oak with clumps of blackberry vines and small patches of fern. We commenced to work from the top as the birds had scattered out nicely and were certain to "stick" like glue after a few shots were fired. As I slid down a little declivity a quail flushed from a clump of poison oak and darted between the fence rails close to the ground. I took a snap shot and although I caught no more than a glimpse of the bird I managed to connect, and, towering high in the air, it made a short circle and dropped over the knoll, where Mug found it a minute later. Meanwhile, Rose had pointed and Tom walking in flushed two birds and made a neat double.

"Couldn't miss 'em with a rifle," he said with an air of born confiedence. "It don't do for a bird to——" Just then a quail arose from almost under his feet and he scored a two-barreled cipher which caused him to revert to the Gaelic for suitable expressions of good-will. At such times a delicious brogue was wont to fall from his lips, although on ordinary occasions an education acquired in our public schools enabled him to conceal his nativity.

Points by both dogs now followed in rapid succession until we had added seven or eight birds to our bag when the gentle voice of R—— was heard from the knoll above.

"Hould on, there! Hould yer fire, byes!" he bellowed as he ponderously made his way down the coulee. "I wanter watch yez knock uver a few bir-rds."

"That you'll see in a minute or two," said Tom. "Careful, Rose! There she's got the bird! Now, just watch me knock it over when it gets up."

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! Three birds got up and started straight down the coulee. Bang! Bang! went Tom's Parker, and still they sailed on serenely with nary a feather missing.

"Do ye alweeys miss them loike thot?" queried R——, a smile spreading over his countenance as he noticed Tom's chagrin.

"No, darn it," replied that worthy, nettled at his failure. "This is the first I've missed to-day."

Tom always could prevaricate in a manner which would put a ward politician to the blush, and I felt like "showing him up" on this occasion, but wisely concluded to let him perform that unpleasant duty himself. Nor was he long in doing it. As the Fates would have it, Rose nailed the next bird and Tom went in to flush with the utmost confidence. Instead of scooting down the hill the bird leisurely swung over the side of the coulee, offering an easy straight away shot, but it failed to drop in answer to the fusillade. Mug nailed the next bird, but I inveigled Tom into taking the shot, and he, being anxious to redeem himself in the eyes of R——, rashly stepped up and scored his third consecutive failure.

"Well, that's the worst I've ever done," said Tom, evidently looking to me for sympathy.

"ROSE NAILED THE NEXT BIRD."

"DO YE ALWEEYS MISS THEM LOIKE THAT."

"Shooting his regular gait," I said to R——. "Never does much better than this. Lucky thing he's out with a good shot or he wouldn't have a quail to show to-night. Some people never can learn to shoot, anyhow."

"That's all right—the joke's on me this trip, but just wait until you are shown up. There you are now! Mug's on a point!"

"Mr. R——," I said. "You are no doubt tired of watching that duffer missing birds right and left so I'll just drop a quail or two to show you that they are easy to hit when you know how to shoot." So saying I walked up to Mug, filled to the brim with confidence, but, although the bird offered me a beautiful quartering shot, I failed to bag it. I tried to explain that I was influenced to miss largely through viewing Tom's inferior shooting, but would redeem myself at the next opportunity. So I did, for a bird flushed close beside me and, starting for the side of the coulee, gave me an easy straightaway shot. At the crack of the gun it whirled down amid a cloud of feathers. Mug scored two more points while R—— remained with us, and I refused Tom an opportunity to shoot over either, scoring both birds myself. As a consequence, R—— retired with a very poor opinion of Tom as a quail shot, and to this day believes that I killed at least nine-tenths of the birds bagged on that trip.

We continued to work out the coulee long after R—— had taken his departure, and a half dozen birds were added to our string, after which we concluded to retract our steps and try for a bevy which resorted to a coulee back of Petersen's house. On the way Mug located a small bevy feeding on a slope and, although the birds flushed wild, we managed to drop two of them. Of the remainder, several lit in a small "wash-out" about one hundred and fifty yards above us, and Mug having marked one of the birds started after it and soon stiffened out on a staunch point. I labored up the hillside and flushed the bird, only to miss it cleanly with both barrels. To say that I was exasperated would hardly express my feeling at the time, but I soon recovered my equanimity when I saw Mug on another point. This time the bird did not evade my gun and I felt repaid for the expenditure of so much energy in the shank of the afternoon, when one's pedal extremities take on a peculiar leaden feeling and one is content to meekly crawl under the lower rail of a fence instead of vaulting over.

Arriving at Petersen's, we stopped long enough to partake of some fresh warm milk and then sent the dogs on to look for the bevy back of the house. While the dogs were working through the coulee the birds flushed wild from a knoll above, and it being late in the afternoon, flew to an impenetrable growth of scrub oaks and laurels, where they were wont to roost. Deeming it useless to follow them, we returned to the house and prepared to start for home. In this we were delayed a half hour by the non-arrival of Emmet. Finally, he showed up, as dejected a specimen of his breed as ever put four feet to the ground.

"He's tired," said Tom. "No wonder, either. Did you ever see anything to equal him?"

I was forced to admit that I never had.

"That dog's the making of a great one if he ever gets down to point work," continued Tom. "I wouldn't take $150 for him right now!"

My valuation of Emmet was considerably less than that figure, but I allowed Tom to explode heated atmosphere to his heart's content; and why not? We are all fond of praising the good qualities of our belongings, and it is seldom you will find a sportsman so modest that he will not give vent to peans in praise of his dog.

NOTES ON SEA-LIONS.

By Cloudsley Rutter.

Naturalist, U. S. S. "Albatross."

(Head of the Commission Investigating the Sea-Lions of the Pacific Coast in 1901.)

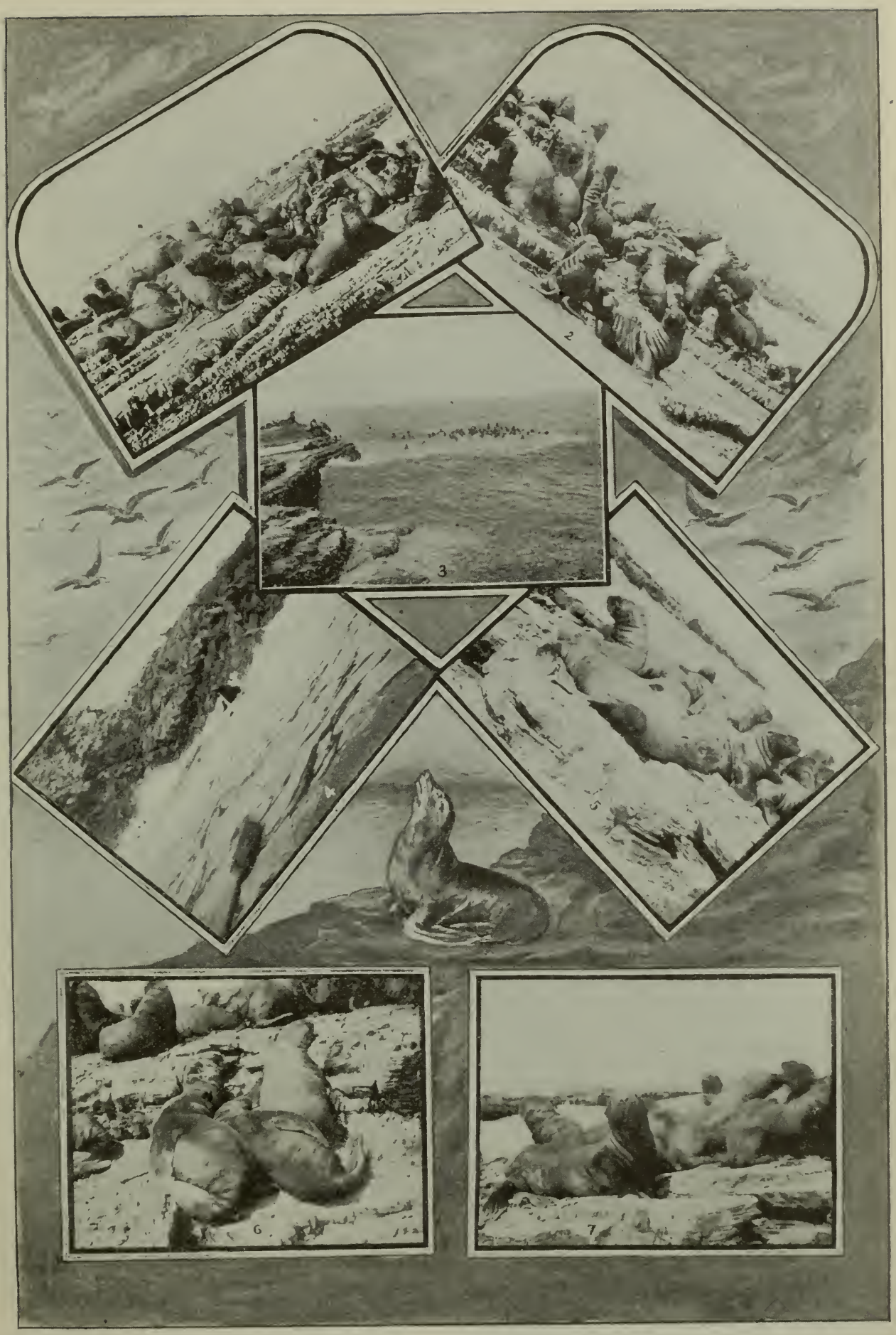
FOR SEVERAL years prior to 1900 the fishermen of California and other Pacific Coast States complained that the sea-lions were doing great damage to the fishing industry, not only by catching the free-swimming fishes, but also by mutilating those caught in nets and at the same time destroying the nets. The California Fish Commission took up the cause of the fishermen, and began killing the sea-lions in 1899 in order to thin them out a little and relieve the fishing industry of a nuisance. Considerable objection was raised to this procedure by a number of prominent scientists, who supposed that the California Fish Commission was bent on exterminating the species. An investigation of the subject was thereupon requested, and it was in answer to this request that the investigation of 1901 was undertaken. In the meantime, the California Fish Commission, being convinced that it was in the right, continued killing the sea-lions during the seasons of 1899 and 1900, and by the time this investigation was begun the sea-lions had almost entirely disappeared from the salmon fishing grounds in the San Francisco region, and, therefore, very little interest was taken in the investigation by those who had asked for it. Most of the information given below was obtained during this investigation.

Species.—The three species of seal-like animals common on the Pacific Coast of the United States are the California sea-lion (*Zalophus californianus*), the Steller sea-lion (*Eumetopias stelleri*), and the harbor seal (*Phoca vitulina*). The sea-lions are several times larger than the harbor seal, and in the water can be distinguished by the long, bear-like head, the head of the harbor seal being almost spherical. The sea-lion can bend its hind flippers forward and use them as legs, and can lift the body clear of the ground, none of which points are true of the harbor seal.

Of the two sea-lions, the Steller is the larger and more yellowish, though it is difficult to distinguish them by sight. There is a marked difference, however, in the voice, that of the Steller being a deep, growling roar, somewhat like a mixture of the roar of a bull and the angry grunt of a hog; that of the California sea-lion is a short, sharp bark, much like "ownk," which is usually repeated several times. Although the sounds are hard to describe, they are readily recognized when heard, and afford a ready means of distinguishing the two species.

Distribution.—It was not practicable during the investigation to visit the entire coast, and the location of all the sea-lion rookeries, therefore, was not determined. So far as could be learned, the California sea-lion breeds only on the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel and is not found north of that point. Rookeries of the Steller sea-lion were found at Ano Nuevo Island, Purissima, the main Farallone Island, the north Farallone Rocks, and Point Arena in California, and Tillamook Point in Oregon. Rookeries of this species have been reported as existing at Point Pinos and Point Reyes in California, Hekate Head in Oregon, and near Grays Harbor and at Cape Flattery in Washington. This species is also said to breed on San Miguel and Santa Rosa islands in the Santa Barbara Channel in the vicinity of the rookeries of the California sea-lion, but the statement could not be verified, owing to the rookeries having been deserted when they were visited.

Breeding Habits.—A typical sea-lion rookery site is a rock a hundred yards or more in length, with one side sloping down to the water's edge at an angle of less than forty-five degrees, the sloping side affording the means of climbing up. The rookeries at Ano



THE SEA LIONS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Nuevo Island, Point Arena, and some of those of the Farallone Islands are of such formation. Many of the Farallone rookeries, however, are rather steep, and it is remarkable what inclinations sea-lions are able to climb. The Purissima rookery is flat-topped with almost vertical sides, and is difficult of ascent.

In 1901, when the investigating party reached Ano Nuevo Island on July 13, all the pups had been born and the harems were broken up. At the time of the first visit in 1902, May 27 to June 7, very few sea-lions had hauled out on the rocks, and only two pups were found. It was unfortunate that the observer could not remain longer at that time, for when he returned, June 20, practically all the pups had been born. Only two births were noticed between June 20-25, although 150 pups had been produced between the two visits, a period of twelve days. It seems, therefore, that the breeding season at Ano Nuevo rookery lasts but a few days during the middle of June.

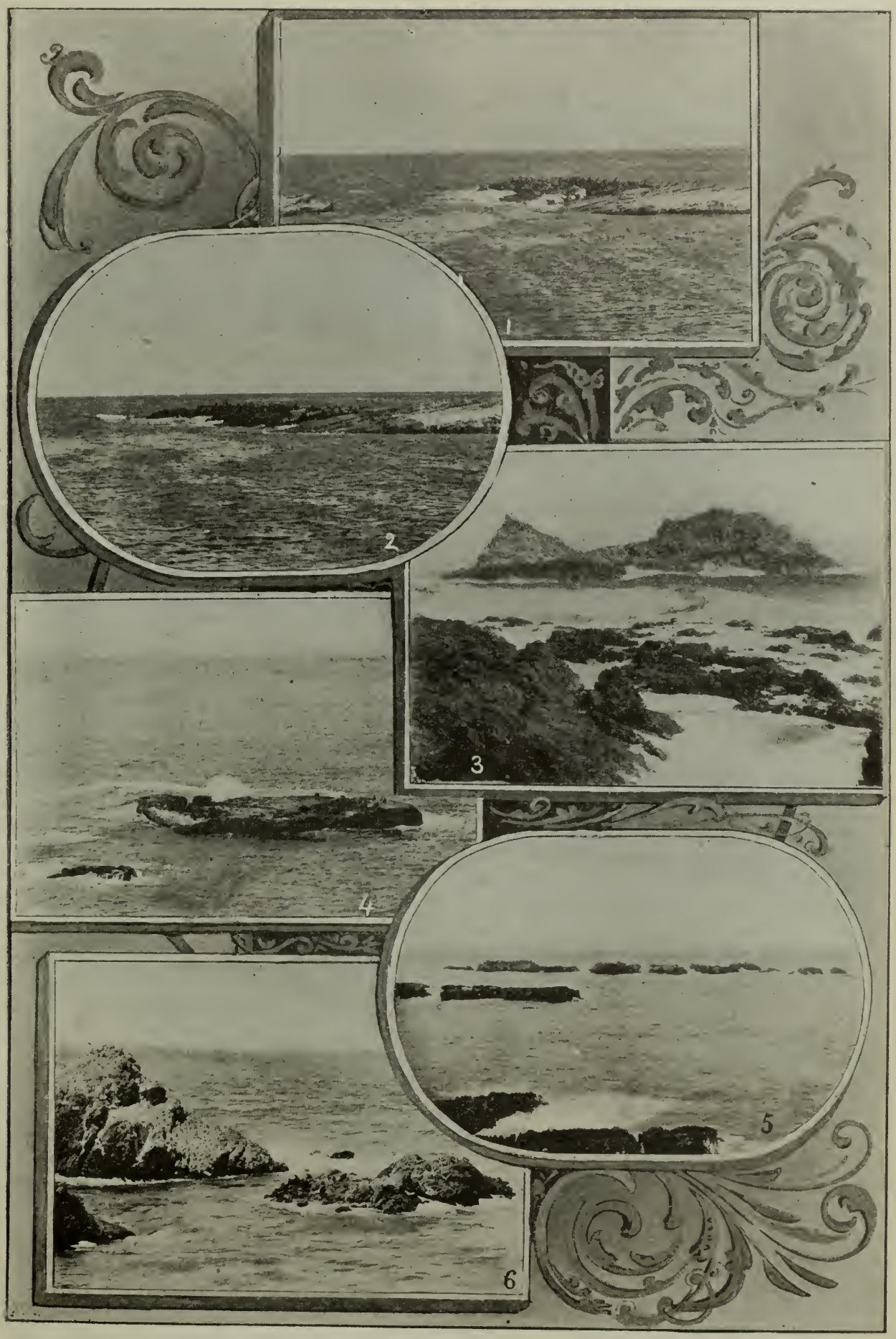
The larger bulls round up the cows into harems as they come ashore, but the control over them is slight. They usually come and go as they please, even before the pups are born, though occasionally a harem-master really keeps his charges under control, spending most of his time in rounding them up. Eternal vigilance is also required in keeping other males away from his harem. As the rocks on which the rookeries are located are usually not large, the harems are often contiguous, and it seems improbable that a harem-master knows just what cows belong to him. Once, when about eighty cows were hauled out in a bunch on one of the rocks at Ano Nuevo Island, they were watched over by two bulls who were very industrious in keeping other males away, but were very careful not to come in contact with each other. Usually, no attention is paid to year-old pups, and they haul out within the harem limits without being molested.

A YEARLING "PUP."

The Pups.—The pups are quite helpless at time of birth, but are able to walk a day or two later. The mother spends much of her time caressing her offspring the first few days, and is always solicitous for its welfare. Pups are able to swim when about two weeks old, though they do not take to the water readily till about two months old. If driven into the water the first week they drown, not because they do not know how to swim, as swimming is apparently instinctive, but because they are not strong enough to swim any length of time nor crawl back onto the rocks. The following incident, one of several noticed, shows how helpless the young are in the water, and also shows the solicitude of the mother for her young:

"Once when they [the cows] all went into the water, the older of the two pups, five days old, followed its mother to the water's edge on a sloping rock over which the waves washed. The mother came back to the edge of the rock, and as the water washed about them she nosed her pup and held it to her side. A wave larger than the others washed over them, and the mother seized the little one by the neck and prevented its being washed away. Soon another and larger wave came up and took the pup out of its mother's mouth, and she plunged into the water after it. For a time the pup seemed strong and held its own, but after about twenty minutes it became exhausted and disappeared frequently, the mother trying to keep it up by getting under it. Then it became entirely helpless; first one flipper and then the other would appear above the surface, and it could not keep its nose above for any length of time. At last it disappeared permanently, the mother diving for it repeatedly. Soon other cows came about, and she could not be distinguished from them."

Other instances were noted in which the mother enticed the pup into the water before



THE PACIFIC COAST ROOKERIES.

it was able to swim, or in which she clumsily, though apparently unintentionally, pushed it off the rock.

Two pups, known to be less than three weeks old, that had been washed ashore on the main island at Ano Nuevo, were seen to take to the water and swim two hundred yards to the rookery and successfully land there.

While the mother is very affectionate toward her own offspring, she is quite the reverse toward others. When a cow comes onto a rookery she is frequently met by other pups than her own. These she always brushes aside, sometimes violently, frequently catching them by the nape and slinging them several feet away. In one instance noted the pup was killed by such treatment. It is quite certain that a pup will have to starve if its mother is killed.

It was reported by a sea-lion hunter that among the California sea-lions the male pups are always in excess and at Ano Nuevo rookery thirty out of fifty pups of the Steller sea-lions were males.

Yearlings.—There is much speculation among persons living near rookeries as to the whereabouts of the yearlings, it being asserted that they are never seen. But our observations indicate that they are found at the rookeries at the same time that others are there. Once, when there were but twenty-seven sea-lions on Ano Nuevo rookery, six of them were yearlings. The current opinion probably comes from the supposition that there are as many yearlings as there were pups born the previous year, whereas there are doubtless not a quarter as many, and the few seen are not considered. It is quite certain that the mortality among sea-lions, as among other animals, occurs during the first year, and the species is fortunate if twenty-five per cent of the young survive that time. That so few yearlings are seen may be accounted for by their small number in comparison with other sizes, for the two-year-olds can scarcely be distinguished from adults, by their not hauling out as much as the breeding animals, and particularly by the difficulty in distinguishing them among the closely-packed larger individuals. It is not at all probable that they spend a season away from the remainder of the herd.

A HAREM.

Number.—In 1902 the Ano Nuevo rookery contained 150 pups, which would indicate as many females. As there are more males born than females there is no apparent reason why there should not have been as many adult males, so that the adults of the herd certainly numbered 300, this not including the one- and two-year-old individuals. The number of pups could not be determined at any of the other rookeries, and there is, therefore, no basis for estimating the number of adults at any point except Purissima, where the adults themselves could be counted. But as Purissima was not a regular breeding rookery in 1901 and 1902, and as it is probable that many of the Ano Nuevo sea-lions spent part of the year there, the Purissima counts cannot be relied upon for statistical estimates. The most that can be said is that there were more sea-lions at Point Arena than at Ano Nuevo Island, and that there were several times as many at the various Farallone rookeries. Probably half the Steller sea-lions of California are at the Farallone Islands, and it seems doubtful whether the total number in the State amounts to five thousand.

During the breeding season of 1901, the larger males began leaving Ano Nuevo rookery about the middle of July, and were followed by the younger males, and these by the cows and pups. The rookery was entirely deserted by the first of September, and remained so until the following May, the beginning of the next breeding season.

Such was not the case with the Purissima rookery. This was not an important breeding place, though a few pups were found there in 1901 and also in 1902. The rookery

is located on a single flat-top rock lying close to a high bluff, affording an excellent opportunity for observation, and being the only point at which accurate counts could be made. Advantage was taken of this condition, and semi-monthly counts of the sea-lions at this rookery were made throughout the year ending June 30, 1902. The record is as follows:

1901.	No.	1902.	No.
July 15	225	January 15	16
July 31	312	January 31	42
August 15	578	February 15	0
August 31	558	February 28	68
September 15	302	March 15	7
September 30	370	March 31	29
October 15	417	April 15	66
October 31	313	April 30	36
November 15	311	May 15	122
November 30	59	May 31	64
December 15	48	June 15	78
December 31	90	June 30	143

It seems from this record that there was a large number of sea-lions at Purissima from the middle of July till the middle of November, and a small number during the following winter and spring. The number began to increase again in the latter part of June, 1902, at the close of the breeding season. It seems quite probable that the increase at Purissima was due to the decrease at Ano Nuevo Island. The decrease at Purissima after the middle of November was probably due to stormy weather. Whether they remained in the vicinity during the winter and did not haul out much on account of the rough weather is not known; nor, if they left, where they went.

Food.—Below is given a tabulated list of the stomach contents of forty-two sea-lions, eighteen of the Steller and twenty-four of the California. A study of the table shows the following points:

(*a*) There were fish remains in eighteen of the twenty-six stomachs that contained food material, and squid in fifteen.

(*b*) All of the Steller sea-lions whose stomachs contained food had eaten fish, while only four had eaten squid. The number of squid eaten was very small, six being the largest; while the quantity of fish eaten was large, at least thirty-five pounds being taken from one stomach.

(*c*) Of the thirteen California sea-lions whose stomachs contained food, five had eaten fish, eleven had eaten squid, and the stomach of one, a yearling, contained milk.

This study indicates that the Steller sea-lion is largely a fish consumer and the California sea-lion a squid consumer. It is apparent, however, that either species feeds upon whatever is most convenient.

TABLE OF STOMACH-CONTENTS OF SEA-LIONS.

Sex.	Food fishes 1 ft. long. Over.	Food fishes 1 ft. long. Under.	Sharks, skates, etc.,	Quarts of fish-bones representing fish.		Squid.	Pebbles.	Stones over 1½ in. across.	Remarks.
				California.					
*	..	..	2	4	52	...	..	..	One giant squid; bit of crab.
*	..	..	..	2	25	...	..	..	
*	16	1	6	..	23	...	..	8	Several "sea pens."
*	..	..	..	3	40	1	..	4	
*	..	1	..	½	7	2	..	..	
†	2	..	5	..	7	...	..	..	Few shrimps.
†	14	..	2	..	16	...	..	..	
†	..	..	..	2	15	...	..	..	
†	1	..	..	1	6	...	..	..	
†	1	30	..	..	31	6	..	1	
†	..	..	..	½	5	...	..	..	Octopus.
†	..	..	..	2	15	...	..	..	
†	..	..	..	½	5	...	..	..	Unrecognizable material.
				Steller.					
*	..	..	..	..	..	...	31	..	A yearling with milk in stomach.
*	2	17	..	1	19	4	..	14	
*	..	..	..	..	..	200	..	..	
*	..	..	..	..	..	200	..	..	
*	3	..	1	..	3	...	..	..	
†	..	7	..	..	7	8	15	..	One gastroped shell.
†	..	..	..	..	..	X	..	..	
†	..	..	..	..	..	X	..	..	
†	..	X	..	1	5	X	..	..	
†	..	..	..	..	..	300	..	..	
†	..	..	..	..	..	...	..	4	
†	..	..	..	..	..	300	..	..	
†	..	..	..	..	..	100	4	..	
†	..	..	..	..	..	...	..	3	
†	..	X	..	1	5	X	..	..	

* Male. † Female.

SALMON MUTILATED BY SEA LION.

Sixteen stomachs contained no food. Small stones, sometimes aggregating several pounds, were frequently found in the stomachs. The purpose of these stones is unknown, though an old sea-lion hunter thinks they are swallowed in order to kill parasitic worms. Whether this be true or not, it is a fact that large quantities of parasitic worms are found in sea-lion stomachs, frequently over a pint in one, and, so far as observations have gone, all stomachs containing stones are badly infested.

Fourteen large bulls of the Steller species were killen in 1902 between June 20 and 25, that is during the breeding season, and their stomachs found to be empty, while two smaller males were found to have been eating. It seems probable, therefore, that while looking after their harems the bulls do not eat.

Damage Done to the Fishing Industry.—On this point much of the evidence was contradictory. In Southern California some fishermen claimed that the sea-lions were becoming more numerous yearly, while others claimed that they were rapidly becoming exterminated; some claimed that they do very little if any damage, while others claimed that the fishing gear was damaged more by sea-lions than the fish caught would pay for. The fishermen in the San Francisco region made no complaint; and sea-lions were unknown in Puget Sound.

The only point at which sea-lions were doing any damage in 1901 was at the mouth of the Columbia River. Here the sea-lions were fishing in large numbers in the shallow water about the bar, though the investigator saw only one free swimming salmon that he was reasonably sure had been killed by them. However, it was not uncommon to find salmon that had been mutilated (presumably by sea-lions and harbor seals) after being caught in gill nets. The fishermen stated that the seals pull off the gills (opercles), but that the sea-lions always take a bite out of the belly, and from his observations the writer believes the statement to be correct. Besides these damages, the sea-lions frequently enter the traps and, after eating what fish they want, break through the sides, thus liberating the fish in addition to injuring the traps. Thirty traps were reported to have been entered thirty-three times during the season of 1901.

It appears from this investigation that the sea-lions are doing very little damage anywhere except at the mouth of the Columbia River. The shallow water and the large number of salmon make that point a favorite feeding ground, and there is no doubt that the sea-lions were doing some damage there in 1901.

THE "HOT AIR" CLUB (OF DENVER, COLO.) CAN SHOOT A LITTLE, TOO!

W. W. Richardo, Photo.

W. W. RICHARD'S OPENING DAY BUCK.

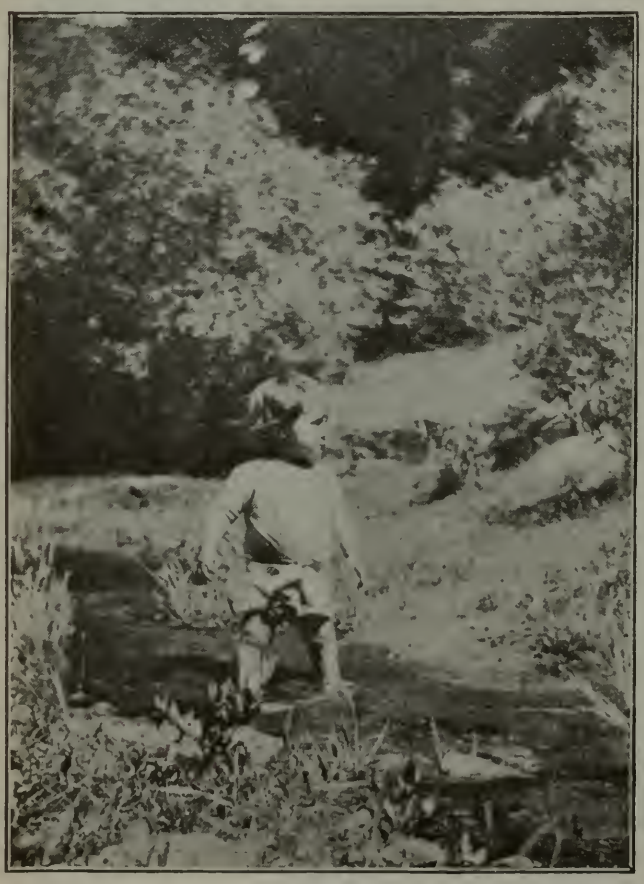
A LITTLE SPORTSMAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

By J. VAN ARSDALE HENRY.

When everything was ready for the start we got word from the "Kid" in Arizona that we would have to cut him out; Miss Nicholson also wired regrets. Fletch sorrowfully said: "Caint nohow. Plum tied up 'till November. So the "Superintendent," his wife, the "Pirate," the boy and myself started. At Glennville the "Superintendent" found an old boyhood chum, and for two days all they did was to sit with their backs against a tree and, "Do you remember the time we stole strawberries?" etc., and then they'd pound their knees and roar.

Of course, we were told that Tobias Creek was fished out, and that there was no game there, but we went just the same. We got both game and fish, but somehow my time was so taken up hauling the "Pirate" out of some trouble and aiding and abetting her in others, but all other incidents seemed commonplace.



"WADIN'."

HIS FIRST TROUT.

The "Pirate's" supreme joy was "wadin'" and as this was prohibited we had to sneak away, or take the time when Mother was out picking flowers; "Daddy" stood in. At first I had some misgivings about that ice-cold water, but the "Pirate's" chuckles and wild shrieks of joy as she chased the "skaters" and little trout was too much to resist.

The "chum" came to visit us, and there was more pounding knees and roaring, but he showed us more kinks about camping out—the little things that go to make camping complete—than I thought one man was allowed to know.

The boy caught his first trout and we took its picture and lied like gentlemen about the weight of it; the Mother forgave us, and I know the Recording Angel closed the book while that boy's trout was being discussed.

One day the boy came into camp with his

face scratched and other pronounced evidence of having been in a fight. "Yes," he had been "scrappin' with a kid" belonging to a neighboring camper. The other kid and he had run into a covey of young quail and the other kid had caught one and was going to keep it, "the poor little thing," and there was a scrap.

"Did you whip him?" said the rather.

"No, sir. He was too big, but you betcher life he let that quail go!" And the Superintendent went up to see if the horses were all right. The Mother—well, she was a woman and had a right to. I took him hunting with me that evening.

The hunt consisted principally in sitting on logs and "chumming." He told me about the game laws and what they were for; that "nuthin' should be killed, unless you've got use fer it." He thought fishing with flies was best, "cause they're harder to catch that way, and anyway Daddy says a *real* sportsman won't catch them any other way, unless they might be real hungry for fish." He thought that next year he would be able to "hike" everywhere with his Dad.

"I tell you, sometimes when I'm out with him now, gee! but my side does hurt. Did your side hurt when you was a boy? an' gee, but I do get tired, but you bet he don't know it, coz 'f'e did he'd kick on letting me go. I'm learning to ride, too, coz my Daddy says I'm getting to be man enough to have a burro next year, an' I'm to carry my little sister, too." He said he watched sister when she was around the pine trees, "of course, I really don't think the squirrels would cut off a pine cone when she was under it, coz they know she is little and can't watch out, but she might run under, so I watch her." Little man, if you can read this you will know that I for one will be a "real sportsman." I am sorry I did not tell you then what I thought, but I will when I join you. We had caught the horses to go hunting, and he had helped us and was riding back to camp. Perhaps it was a squirrel dashing up a tree, or the flight of the quail whose little ones he fought to save, that frightened the horse: When Daddy and I reached that still form under the pines, the Little Sportsman was asleep, and his soul was resting in Another's arms in the spirit land.

PURE AS THE FLOW OF HIS THOUGHTS.

"ONLY WHEN YOU'VE GOT USE FOR IT."

A CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

By Henry Reed Taylor.

THERE is a fascination about the study of the birds of the sea, whose fearless love of a life wild and free invites our admiration. It is natural to suppose that the birds of the sea, of which we on land catch but fleeting glimpses for the most part, resort to distant climes to rear their young, and there would be no surprise to most persons in being told that they must first go to Alaska, Iceland or Greenland to become acquainted with the home life of the gulls, cormorants and puffins. With these common but erroneous impressions, the blank amazement of the California student of birds who makes a voyage in summer time but twenty-three miles outside the Golden Gate to the Farallone Islands, may be better imagined than described.

This interesting group of islets becomes, between the months of May and December, a vast metropolis of sea birds. Since the earliest visits of maritime explorers to the islands they have been alive in summer with myriads of water fowl, an avian population of which any census would be but idle speculation.

The Farallones are inaccessible to most tourists and have been visited by few naturalists, as a permit must be obtained from the government and an opportunity for the trip is limited to the occasional visits of a fishing smack, a tug out looking for ships, or a chance on the lighthouse tender which at long intervals touches at the islands. If the weather be rough, as happened once in the experience of the writer, the visitor may wait for a week for a chance to get back to the mainland.

The lighthouse, one of the first order, is three hundred and forty feet above sea level and is situated on South Farallone. This is by far the largest island of the group—a mile in length and one-half mile wide at its widest point—and is the only one inhabited by man. It is of volcanic formation and is in many places precipitous, its crags and pinnacles, in ever broken outline, being remarkably picturesque—at night they take on forms that are wierd indeed. There is hardly any soil and the only vegetation observed is the long spongy "Farallone weed," used by many of the birds in making their nests, and a few hardy grasses, mosses and lichens.

At the northern end of the island are three large rocks: "Finger," "Arch," and "Sugar Loaf," forming a shelter which is known as Fisherman's Bay. Herein, and with a stretch or hardly thirty feet wide, is a little beach, the chief landing place, where small boats with passengers or supplies find their way through the surf while avoiding dangerous jutting rocks. Here, on June 6, 1885, I first set foot on this most marvelous island,

SUGAR LOAF ROCK, FARALLON ISLAND.

ARCH ROCK.

having made the trip on the small government steamer Madrono, through the kindness of Captain Phillips, then Lighthouse Inspector for this district. The voyage to the island was subsequently made on Captain Pizzone's thirty-foot fishing boat, beating drearily all day long against a fierce head wind, with no land in sight anywhere, and hope pinned solely to the "instinct" of the old fisherman—but that is another story.

No one with a love for the wonders of animated nature can ever forget his first impressions of the Farallones. As the little steamer nears the main island its rugged slopes are seen to be dotted everywhere with something like a low, thick vegetation. This appearance is caused, in truth, by the countless thousands of birds which cover the rocks, and when a whistle is blown or a shot fired the air becomes suddenly clouded, and the intruder's ears are assailed by the alarmed cries of the myriad hosts which have been startled from their eggs. Murres, cormorants, puffins, and above all, the gulls, contribute a din indescribable.

Here is, indeed, a literal cradle of the deep. Ten varieties of sea birds resort to these islands to breed, and of these the California murre or guillemot is by far the most numerous. Like most of the birds on the Farallones, the murres nest in colonies, but, accurately speaking, they cannot be said to nest at all, for the murre deposits its single pear-shaped egg on the bare rock, with no protection other than is afforded by the brooding bird. Very zealously must the mother murre guard its egg, for should it be left unprotected for a moment it is sure to be swooped down upon by one of the hovering gulls, those pirates of the air who are ever on the watch to devour. The western gull discovered that the big egg of the murre was edible long before did the Greeks who used to gather thousands of dozens for the San Francisco markets. This traffic is now prohibited to prevent the bird's extinction. The gull's procedure is to seize the egg in its bill, carry it to a convenient height, and drop it on a stone to break the hard shell, when it is greedily devoured. The young of cormorants and other sea birds are also snatched from the nest by gulls whenever opportunity permits.

The murre is rather deficient in its wings, and while it is capable of considerable swiftness in headlong flight it is a clumsy bird

ashore. It uses its short wings in swimming under the water, looking from the surface like a queer fish. On the islands the murres are seen huddled together in vast colonies, scarcely a foot apart, each one covering its treasured egg. When disturbed they take flight reluctantly with much flapping of wings, and one may sometimes almost step upon the birds on the ledges. The eggs are astonishingly large for the size of the bird, and so diversely are they marked in lines, dots and splotches of brown, green, blue, chocolate, lavender and other very showy colorations, that it may be said no two are alike, though in a heap of eggs green is the predominating color noticed. It is a providential ruling, seemingly, that the eggs should be pear-shaped, for the axis being in the larger end they cannot readily roll off an inclined plane.

The murres are preëminately birds of the ocean, but occasionally a number are observed in San Francisco Bay. On the Farallones they are said to lead their young to the sea at night to avoid the hungry gulls, which swallow chicks with as much relish as they will the eggs. Young sea-lions, too, are fond of eggs, and the island mule, the sole quadruped in its fauna, munches in his wanderings at gull's eggs and murre's indiscriminately. At certain seasons hawks from the mainland visit the islands to fatten on the murres, which they find an easy prey.

The queerest birds, perhaps, to be seen on South Farallone are the tufted puffins, or "sea parrots," as the lighthouse-keepers have aptly named them. With their showy, oddly-shaped and powerful bill, giving a hook-nosed appearance, their white eyes and yellow nuptial tufts which stream in the wind, they are sure to attract attention. When alighting they draw back their heads proudly. Their nest, when any is built at all, is composed of Farallone weed, and the single large egg is deposited in a burrow. Both male and female, as is the case with the auklets, attend to the duties of incubation, one almost invariably remaining near the entrance to the hole as a sentinel. Their food consists chiefly of small fish, with some marine algæ. The birds will fight viciously in protecting their egg or young, and a bite from the puffin's heavy beak will be felt for some time.

A. L. Bolton, Photo. TUFTED PUFFINS.

Cassin's auklet is a much smaller bird and lays a single greenish-white egg in a cleft in the rocks or a burrow excavated in the earth

FISHERMAN'S BAY.

on a "flat." They fly at night, when their notes are more noticeable than that of any of the other birds. Of the cormorants or "shags," there are three varieties found breeding, and although at a distance they appear to be ugly enough, at close range their glossy plumage is very attractive, particularly the iridescent hues of Baird's cormorant, the western representative of the violet-green. This species is less common than Brandt's

BREAKER'S BAY.

HOMES OF THE LIGHT KEEPERS.

A. L. Bolton, Photo.

THE EGGERS.

and the Farallone cormorant, and unlike the birds mentioned, place their nests in the most inaccessible places, sometimes close to the water's edge where the waves beat a ceaseless lullaby, and again high on some rocky ledge. Only ten or a dozen pairs are found nesting near together. Three or four eggs are laid; these have a thin chalky wash, which usually obscures the blue shell coloration, and they are smaller than those of the other cormorants.

I visited a rookery of Brandt's cormorant on a little flat containing hundreds of nests. These were built of dry weeds and lined with algæ and mosses secured by diving in the sea. There was hardly room for the birds to walk between many of the homes in this shag-town, yet each seemed to know its own domicile. The nests held from three to six eggs and a large basketful could have been gathered in a few minutes. The cormorants were continually stealing nesting material from their neighbors in the colony. One may approach within a few feet of them before they take flight. About the nests were quantities of small fish. The young are hatched with no down, their black skins having a kid glove appearance, and when half grown and frightened they resort to regurgitation, a repulsive means of defence.

The pretty pigeon guillemots, or "sea pigeons," are the daintest birds of the island and are found in rather limited numbers. Most interesting are these graceful birds which love the salt spray, looking so petite and modest among an army of clamoring gulls. Two handsome eggs are laid in a hole in the rocks or in a depression under a boulder near the shore, a few small flat stones being invariably gathered together, oddly enough, to form the nest.

The ashy petrel is the one species of "Mother Cary's chickens" found on the Farallones. Its single egg, usually with a delicate wreath of pale lavender at the larger end, seems too fragile to have no nest, but is safely hidden in some rocky cleft or well within the crevices of a rough stone wall. The bird, as is well known, has a strong musky odor, and to locate its nest one must use not his eyes but his nose! Absurd enough is the sight of a sedate ornithologist going about sniffing among the rocks, but if he has a nose for petrel's eggs he is sure to uncover some of these oological treasures. The petrels seem full of oil, and relying for protection on their distasteful smell, eject it freely when disturbed. Like the auklets they may often be caught alive.

Aside from a pair of ravens, which formerly nested on an inaccessible cliff, the cheery rock wrens are the only land birds which make the islands their home. When the winds blow wild and high and the breakers beat in fury on the shore, the sweet piping love notes of the rock wren, rising above the blast, are pleasing indeed. The bird is twice the size of the more common wrens and its nest is a remarkable one, being invariably decorated at the entrance of the chosen hole in the rocks with many small flat stones which have little connection with the nest proper and are arranged as a sort of ornamental pavement. The whitened bones of rabbits, which run wild on the island in great numbers, are also gathered. These curious collections of stones and other relics invariably attract the attention of the naturalist to the location of the nest, which would otherwise seldom be discovered.

The western gulls build their careless nests of dry Farallone weed anywhere on the rocks or on the flat near the keepers' houses and a dozen nests may sometimes be counted from one spot. Two or three eggs are laid, which like those of the murres, are good to eat when fresh. Owing to their thinner shells, however, they have seldom been gathered for market purposes.

On the Farallones in summer the stranger is at once impressed with the fact that he is within a bustling city, though not of human habitations. The air is at all times a-quiver with life, the murres, cormorants and pigeon guillemots, with the queer tufted puffins, seeming ever to be traveling from one spot to another on affairs of most serious bent; and this apparent ceaseless activity, accompanied by the mingled cries of the feathered tribes in perpetual concert, is one of the strangest features of this wonderful spot.

At night the auklets and petrels are heard in their revelries, and over the dark crags in the moonlight, shimmers and flutters a ghostly canopy — countless white-winged gulls in serried columns are holding high carnival where the Farallone light throws its beams, like giant arms far out upon the bosom of the sea.

WHITEHEAD TORPEDOES AND THEIR WAYS.

By A. C. Candy, of H. M. S. *Argonaut*, China Station.

THE PUBLIC'S chances for witnessing torpedo practice are so very limited that it is more than probable that only a very few have any idea of what a torpedo even looks like, let alone how it is discharged from a ship or how it is propelled when once discharged.

With this in view, this short description and the accompanying photographs may be interesting to some who have not had any opportunity of meeting this odd-looking weapon of offense.

The Whitehead torpedo has been rightly called the "fish torpedo," this name being derived from its shape; but since there are so many shapes of fishes, it is better represented to the imagination as a steel cigar-looking fish about fifteen or sixteen feet in length, with a vertical as well as a horizontal fin as a tail.

Although there are many different types of torpedoes, one description will suffice for them all since the general idea is the same, differing only in details in the various types.

The Whitehead torpedo is one mass of delicate and beautifully made machinery, which must of necessity be very strong, since after it has once been discharged from the ship it has "to do the rest itself." In other words, as soon as the torpedo is fired at an enemy the power of manipulating it is taken away from the person who fired it and he has to trust it to go straight and carry out his wishes in hitting the object aimed at. This is done by the various engines carried inside, which propel and control the torpedo as it goes along.

There are, no doubt, many who imagine that once a Whitehead torpedo has been discharged at the enemy's ship it is bound to hit her even if it has to chase her; but this (unfortunately for those who are not the enemy) is not the case.

To give an idea of what really happens, it may facilitate matters if we look into the size and shape and internal arrangements of death and destruction to a whole ship's company if it only carries out the wishes of its manager.

Its length is generally about fifteen or sixteen feet, with a diameter of about a foot and a half, and its total weight is about half a ton, including the explosive charge (of about two hundred pounds). The engines are worked by stored compressed air.

When once the torpedo is let loose in the water after being discharged from its ship it works its own engines (by means of the compressed air) and these revolve the propellers. Of these there are two, but they are not placed in the same way as they are in a ship, for instead of being by the side of one another, as they are in all twin-screw vessels, they are put one behind the other, and are made to revolve in opposite directions by suitable mechanism off the same shaft from the engine. The reason for their having to revolve in opposite directions is obvious, for were they to revolve in the same direction they would cause the torpedo to go round in a circle. There is a special engine in the torpedo which takes care that the depth is maintained uniform throughout the whole "run," also another which has nothing to do but to keep it straight on its course in which it has been started.

The torpedo will continue running until all the compressed air has been used up, or until it has come to the end of the range for which it was set. It can be set to run at any range between 100 yards and 2,000 yards, and it will stop itself automatically when that distance has been completed. The man who fires can arrange for the compressed air to be used up as he desires, either economically for a long range or quickly and at full pressure for a short range, the intermediate ranges being accounted for in the same manner. Thus the average speed of a torpedo for 800 yards is 30 knots (34¼ miles per hour) and for 2,000 yards it is 18 knots (20½

miles per hour). So it will be seen that the speed of the torpedo does not remain constant for every range.

From this we may gather that if the torpedo is fired at exactly the right moment (it being in thorough good working order) it is certain to hit the enemy unless he can alter his course when he sees it coming; but should the firer make a mistake, however small, the chance is wasted and the torpedo, being unable to steer in any other direction than that in which it was originally started, will go gaily on and miss its mark. In passing, it may be mentioned that before the torpedo is fired arrangements are made which ensure its sinking should it miss its mark by the time that all the compressed air has been used up. If this were not so the chances are that a friendly ship might run into this dangerous torpedo and blow herself up. The method of firing a torpedo from a ship need hardly be dwelt upon, because its description will not convey much to the reader unless he could be actually shown each little detail connected with it.

Nowadays most torpedoes are discharged from "under-water" tubes. The torpedo is put into a tube in which it fits fairly tight; this tube is then closed up by means of a water-tight door and the torpedo is ejected by compressed air. Although the tube is below the waterline, the man who is going to fire has to be on deck, otherwise he would not be able to see the target he was aiming at. He is stationed in the conning tower with the captain and he fires the torpedo by electricity. Before the torpedo is put into the tube it has to have its adjustments made for range and depth; the explosive charge is made dangerous and it is then ready to be sent on its deadly errand as soon as the opportunity arrives.

During practice everything is done in exactly the same manner as it would be in war, with the exception of making the explosive charge dangerous; in fact, there is a special piece which is fitted on to the body of the torpedo in place of the charge, which is exactly the same weight, shape and size but contains no explosive at all. Before carrying out torpedo practice, the torpedo is hoisted up from the store and lowered into the water to see if it is well in every respect and will float; when this has been ascertained it is hoisted on board again and is got ready for a run.

Photograph No. 1 shows the torpedo hanging from the davit, in the act of being hoisted up from below; it does not require a great stretch of imagination to understand that this is a very hazardous position for the torpedo, and great care has to be exercised in doing this, for fear of damaging some of the delicate parts or of denting the very thin steel shell.

No. 2 shows the torpedo landed on the deck, ready to be lowered over the ship's side into the water.

No. 3 shows it hanging from the davit while it is being lowered into the sea.

No. 4 gives another view of the same subject.

No. 5 shows the torpedo turned upside down on the deck while one of the leading torpedo-men of the ship is putting in the engine before mentioned, which keeps the torpedo straight on its course. This engine is called the "Gyroscope."

Although we have as yet only mentioned discharging torpedoes from a tube on board ship, they are used a great deal from boats; in fact, the latter way will probably be the more prominent in the next naval action because a boat can approach a ship under cover of darkness without running a great risk of being discovered, whereas it is doubtful whether two ships would come within such a close range as even 2,000 yards. A large ship always carries one and generally two boats fitted to take away two torpedoes each; these are not to be confounded with torpedo boats which are built for torpedo work only. A boat carried by a ship carries her torpedoes one each side, hung clear of the hull from tongs which can be disengaged at will.

Photograph No. 6 shows a ship's boat with one torpedo on board, but the second would be placed in precisely the same manner on the other side.

In this particular case the torpedo was being charged with compressed air prior to its being taken away to be fired for "live practice."

"Live practice" is only indulged in once a year, for the purpose of giving confidence to those concerned in handling a torpedo in its dangerous state and to teach them that

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all weapons, however dangerous to the enemy, are really quite safe to handle by competent persons, provided they treat them with respect and care, but on *no account with familiarity.*

So many of the very serious accidents that have occurred during the last few years, during which time such tremendous advances has been made in the power of explosives, can be traced to the fact that those who are in the habit of handling these dangerous weapons in time become so callous that they almost begin to treat them with familiarity —then there comes some small oversight, followed by an explosion resulting in the death of not only the person who committed the error but of many of his fellow-workmen. Nobody cares to blame the "departed," but in order to teach those that come after, it is necessary to point out to them that such and such a mistake made by some poor unfortunate fellow was the immediate cause of such and such an explosion. It is only by such gruesome experiences that perfect confidence, care and efficiency can be bought. It is with this view that "live practice" is carried out.

The torpedo with its explosive charge is one of the safest implements of modern warfare to handle, but like its more dangerous confreres it will "show its teeth" if it is not treated with the respect that it deserves. Therefore, the more practical instruction that can be obtained with it in a dangerous state the better for those who will have the handling of it in war-time. Torpedoes during the ordinary practice are invariably treated exactly as if they were fitted for war, but this is not enough, so "live practice" is introduced to add the finishing touches to the lesson of care to the torpedo-man.

Having touched upon the reason for this apparently extravagant method of instruction, it may be interesting to add that only the older and more obsolete types of torpedoes are used to be blown up.

A suitable rock is selected as the target. It is most important that a rock be chosen which has deep water all around it, as will be gathered from the lesson taught by the experience depicted in photographs Nos. 8 and 9; but we will refer to this later on in its turn.

Before discharging the torpedo on its last run (that is, with the intention of blowing it up), a series of trial runs have to be made in order to make certain that the torpedo is not going to curve round and hit the ship or boat from which it has been fired. This may sound odd, but since a very small dent in the thin steel shell is quite sufficient to make it curve very badly, and since it is very hard to notice these small dents, too much care cannot be taken. If, on the trial runs the torpedo is found to "curve," this has to be altered time after time until two or three absolutely straight and reliable runs have been made with the torpedo in exactly the same conditions, except the danger part, under which it is going to be fired for exploding. By this means it is insured that it will go straight when it is most desirable that it should. It must be remembered that it is harder to do this with an old torpedo than it is with a new one, because the engines and all working parts get worn after years of use and abuse. Some of the torpedoes used are as much as twenty years old.

Everything being thus prepared, live practice can be carried out. To see a large torpedo explosion is a very interesting and awe-inspiring sight. As soon as the torpedo strikes the rock it explodes, and a large column of water is thrown up some two or three hundred feet in the air; if one happens to be afloat in a small rowing boat when the explosion takes place, the shock can be easily felt up to distances of four to five hundred yards. If by any chance a diver should happen to be at work at the time, it may cause him a great deal of unpleasantness, even at greater distances, and if closer it may probably do him or his apparatus so much harm as to seriously endanger his life. Therefore, it is most important to insure there being no divers at work within a mile of two when there is about to be an explosion.

Photograph No. 7 shows the torpedo exploding on impact with the rock it was aimed at; its track can be easily seen in the water.

No. 8 shows the track of another torpedo which was fired for live practice, which ran straight enough for a good distance but struck something or other in its track and

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got deflected without being exploded. This is quite a likely occurrence, since the explosive is carried in the "nose," which is naturally rounded off so as to offer as little resistence to the water as possible; so unless it hits nearly "end on" it may not explode. This particular torpedo is the hero of the above-mentioned occasion in which a rock was chosen around which there was not sufficiently deep water. Apart from the fact that it struck some obstacle on its way, it also got into shoal water and "ran up" the shelving, rocky beach without ever striking the "nose" sufficiently square to explode the charge. On close examination it will be seen that the torpedo is expending its last breath aimlessly on the rocks, throwing up the water with its propellers, which are revolving till all the stock of compressed air is exhausted.

Photograph No. 9 shows the torpedo as it lay on the rocks when it was first approached after this mishap had occurred.

The part of the torpedo which was referred to above as the "dangerous part" can be distinguished protruding from the end of the "nose" (the end nearest the reader); it is an instrument with a number of points or arms sticking out in all directions. Had this part gone on about four inches further it would have struck the large rock in front of it and would certainly have exploded, but the body of the torpedo got so firmly wedged up between the rocks that it could not move especially since the propellers were beating the air wildly instead of revolving in the water.

To some it might appear that to approach this live torpedo as it lay on the rocks would be attended with much danger; but there was not so much as one would be led to believe, provided the person who did so knew his business. A space of about one hour was allowed to elapse and then with great care a little safety pin was put in place, which made everything quite safe unless by great carelessness a very heavy blow was given to the head of the torpedo. The object now was to remove the dangerous part as soon as possible, but it was unfortunately discovered that this had been rendered impossible on account of a large dent in the shell, sustained, no doubt, when the torpedo hit its first obstruction. Seeing that this could not be removed separately, the only thing left to do was to remove the charge and dangerous part in one. This was done as is shown in photograph No. 10, where the men can be seen in the act. When this had been completed it was taken carefully away into deeper water and exploded by itself, so nobody has anything to fear from that particular charge again. Luckily, this sort of bad luck is not of frequent occurrence, otherwise only one kind of instruction would be gained, and that not the sort that is required.

The last photograph, No. 11, shows a ship's boat away with divers, who have been looking for a torpedo which has been lost during practice. The diver has just come up to say he has found the torpedo and has made a rope's end fast to it and that it is ready for the men in the boat to pull up. This, although not frequent nowadays, when torpedoes are much more reliable than they used to be, still happens now and again, and it is a very hard job to find when the bottom is mud, for the diver stirs up so much of the mud in his movements that he may even walk over the torpedo without seeing it; in fact, he generally finds it by touch, because except on very clear days and on a sandy bottom, nothing can be seen distinctly by any diver in depths of over seventy feet.

We have so far followed the torpedo throughout its exercises and to its death, and have shown some of its funny little ways which have to be guarded against in order to get good results. We known what it will do in peace time and that is all we know for certain; at ranges up to 1,200 yards the practice target is seldom missed, and it is only missed at ranges above that on account of the indistinctiveness of the target used. Of course, this is greatly dependent on the person who fires it, for it is easy enough to make an error in judgment of the enemy's speed and so miss the chance of sinking her, which may only occur once, and that at considerable risk to the ship who misses; but in this, as in everything else, practice makes more perfect every time. We have yet to see what effect the torpedo is going to have on the next naval action.

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

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FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

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OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

PURSUANT to our established custom our next (January) number will be of unusual size and interest. Our ordinary edition will be doubled to meet the demands which we are assured will be made for it, and in number of copies issued it will establish a record for sportsmen's magazines published west of New York.

We simply make this announcement as a matter of interest to the trade, preferring to let our readers make their own comments upon its literary and artistic merit. It suffices to say that in our opinion it will represent fairly the progress of modern journalism in Western America.

In this connection we desire to extend our heartfelt thanks to the multitude who have given us unstintedly of their support and encouragement. It will be our dearest duty to try and better deserve a continuance of the unqualified kindness which has rewarded our modest, if sincere, efforts.

A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the whole world!

AFTERMATH.

THE CLOSING year has been a very satisfactory one from the game protectionists' view. Elsewhere in these columns is given a short *resumé* of the progress attained throughout the country, and here at home, particularly, we have much to felicitate ourselves upon.

One of the leading gun clubs of this State is now favorably considering a club regulation to restrict the daily bag limit of ducks on its preserves to twenty-five, and we understand that the resolution will pass at its next executive meeting. There is a healthy sentiment in favor of protection for snipe and swans among our sportsmen, and a decided aversion to a continuance of the clause in our law permitting the sale of game and fish.

The State Game and Fish Commission has done very commendable work and its influence has advanced materially. There were many less open violations of the game laws this year than last, and convictions were readily secured in all cases tried. Taken all in all we could have done much worse and the forecast of the future is brighter than ever before. A little more concerted effort, a little more stiffness of backbone, and a little more harmony among the friends of the cause and we will evolve and enforce a game law that will assure to posterity the sport which is its just heritage.

TWO INDISPENSABLE REQUIREMENTS.

TWO THINGS are imperatively necessary to the effectual preservation of game in this State: the incorporation of a clause in our game law prohibiting absolutely the sale of any and all kinds of game, and a sufficient appropriation from the State funds to defray the entailed cost of full enforcement of these laws.

The amount presently appropriated to the use of the Fish and Game Commission is so ridiculously inadequate for the purposes intended that it is not worth serious consideration. It hardly suffices to pay the very modest office expenses of the Commission and is, therefore, really a detriment instead of a help to the cause, because the fact that there is an appropriation leads the public into the grave error of expecting impossible results from its expenditure. Were the truth known that the appropriation is not large enough to decently cover the cost of operating one single modern fish hatchery alone, to say nothing of the great expense incident

in a hundred other connections, it would lead, among our progressive citizens, to an immediate and imperative demand upon the public treasury for a fund more in conformity to the requirements. It is only just to state in this connection that the good results so far attained are due almost, if not entirely, to the personal enthusiasm and generosity of the members of the Commission, who have given to the cause, in time, labor and money, a hundred-fold more support than has been grudgingly extended by the commonwealth.

This exaction upon individuals is altogether wrong. The State should set aside a sum sufficient for this purpose and the amount, conservatively estimated, should not be less than twenty thousand dollars per year. Other States of less than half our size and importance are even exceeding this figure, with entire justification and proportionate good results in every case.

These matters, together with the insistence on a State law protecting snipe and song birds, should receive a prompt and thorough agitation at the convention of protective associations which is just about going into session at the time these lines are being written. They are of the utmost urgency and should be handled broadly and intelligently. Our game protective associations have hitherto been making too many bites at a cherry. Let us more dignifiedly and forcefully assert ourselves. The game must be protected and we must insist upon the means commensurable to that end. To those that ask justly and wisely much is given.

THEY ARE WAKING UP.

IT IS a pleasure to note that throughout the length and breadth of the land there is a general tendency toward the adoption of advanced, intelligent, restrictive legislation to protect game of all kinds and yet to allow shooting by sportsmen under conditions as liberal as possible.

The public seems at last to be aroused to the possibility of game extermination, and more or less well advised efforts are being made to avert what is now universally recognized to be an impending calamity. Most of the States have, in the past two years, enacted laws to prevent all traffic in game, and every commonwealth except Kentucky and Mississippi has adopted non-export laws, some of them even going to the extreme of prohibiting, in greater or less degree, the shipment of game within their own limits.

In thirty-one States of the Union and throughout Canada licenses must be obtained by non-resident hunters, and in three States non-residents are generally prohibited from hunting. In thirteen States and two Canadian provinces residents are compelled to take out hunting licenses, sometimes a separate license for each county. Three States compel market hunters to take out special licenses; one (Tennessee) putting this class of shooters under $200 bonds. In Pennsylvania all unnaturalized residents are treated as non-residents when they want to hunt.

All of which, while a little late in materializing, is a great stride in the right direction, even though some individual corns get sorely trodden upon in its taking. There is an evident disposition in each State to preserve its game for its own people and to bar outsiders from participating in its enjoyment—a disposition that is not really as selfish as it appears on first blush, when one comes to consider that the expense of protecting and conserving the game in any one commonwealth falls entirely upon the residents thereof. People usually like to get what they pay for and charity begins at home.

All of which is suggestive to the people of California. Why keep an open door for the entrance of game destroyers at large when all the adjacent portals are barred? How long would our game last under such conditions?

The most encouraging feature of the times is that the agriculturists are awakening to the importance of bird protection. Over in Wyoming the grangers are conceding that with the decrease of the prairie chickens there has come a corresponding increase of grasshoppers, and to a man they have become rabid protectionists. With game and song birds sensibly protected, the abolition of spring shooting, a seasonal as well as a daily bag limit, a non-sale clause in every game law and a uniform open and close season throughout the land, millenium in the way of field and water sports is a thing not altogether impossible of attainment.

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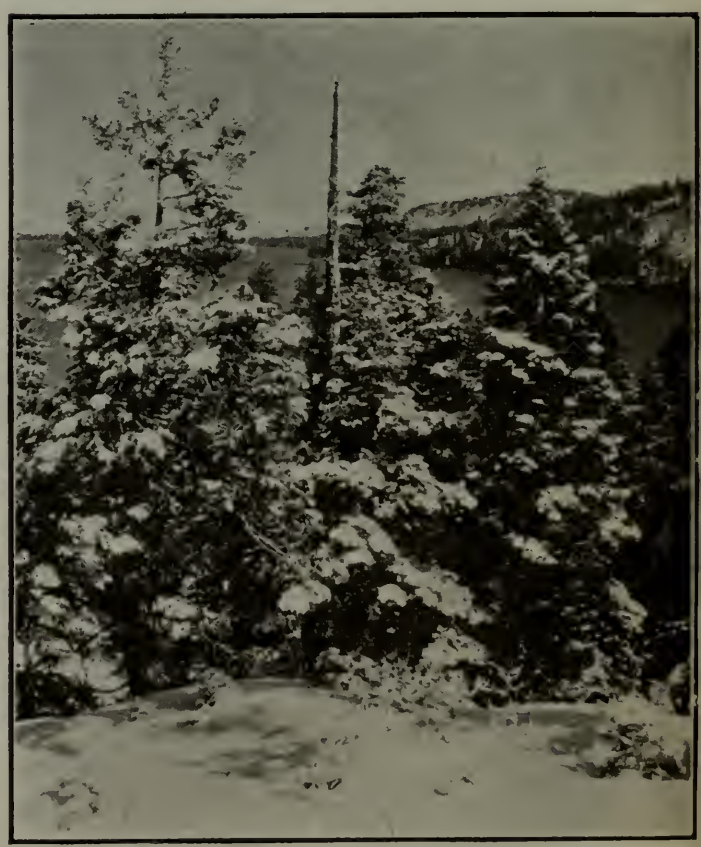
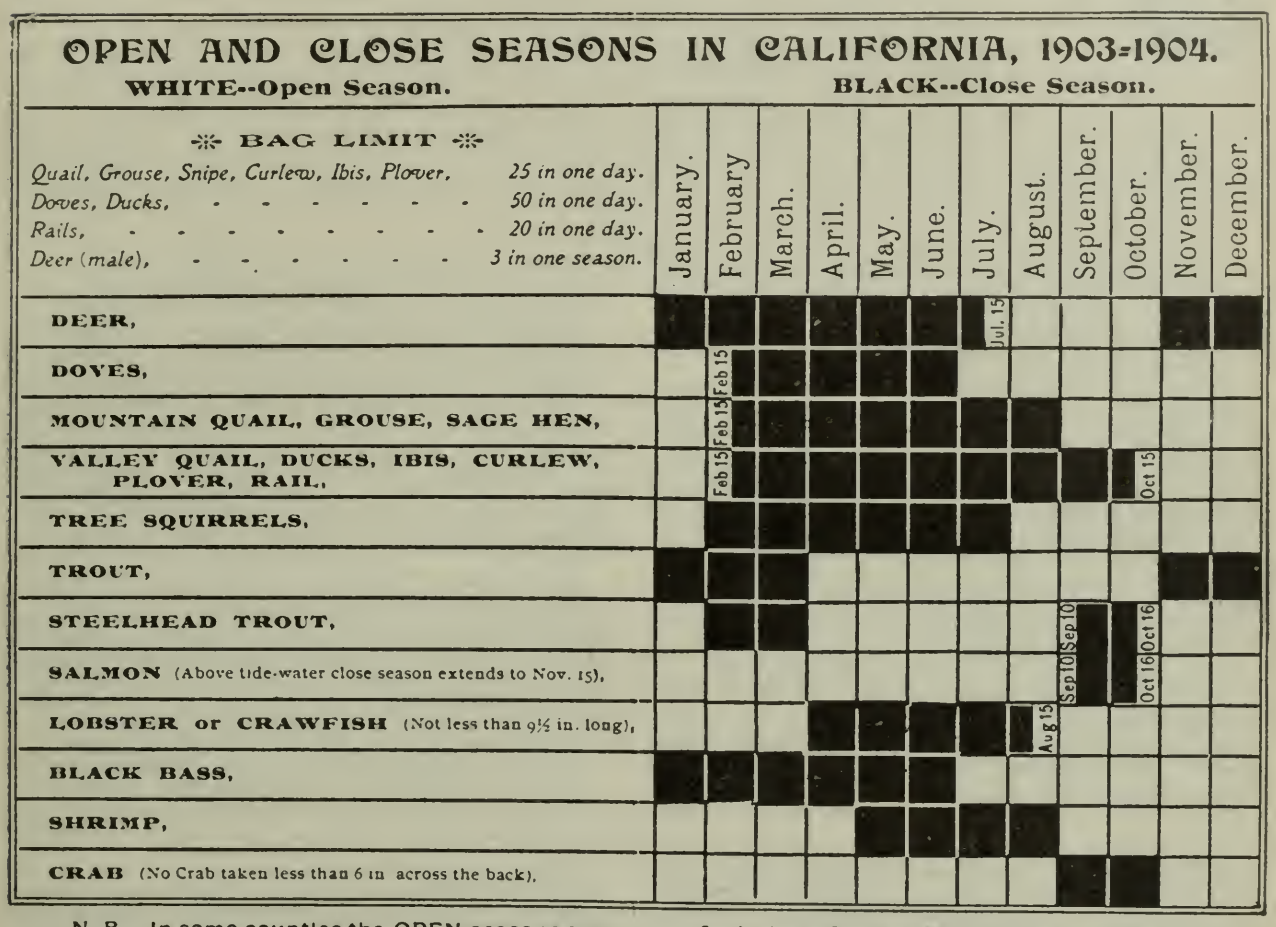


A DECEMBER VISTA.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants, or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured *written* authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or *without* your name and address.
To *buy* or *sell trout* less than *one-half pound* in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish, in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on enclosed land without permission.

COUNTY ORDINANCES.

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are, however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted.

El Dorado.—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno.—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern.—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings.—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Los Angeles.—Doves, July 31 to October 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrels, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino.—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced.—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey.—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa.—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange.—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Riverside.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Benito.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino.—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrels, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck, trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Mateo.—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrels, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara.—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), *except* hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrels. Black bass cannot be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Siskiyou.—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma.—Male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare.—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne.—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2, north, and township 1 south range 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, August 15 to October 1.

Yolo.—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

		MAMMALS.						BIRDS.			
	STATE.	DEER.	ELK.	MOOSE, CARIBOU.	ANTELOPE.	SQUIRREL.[3]	RABBIT.	QUAIL.	GROUSE.	PRAIRIE CHICKEN.	WILD TURKEY.
NORTHERN.	Maine	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15[10]			Apr. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		
	New Hampshire	At all times[4]	At all times	At all times		Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Sept. 16	Dec. 15-Sept. 15		
	Vermont	Nov. 1-Oct. 22		At all times			May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		
	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1903				Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	Rhode Island	To Feb. 1, 1905				Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15		
	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911				Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	New York[1]	Nov. 16-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	Long Island	Except 4 days Nov.				Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		
	New Jersey	To April 11, 1905				Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10
	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15
	Delaware						Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		
	Maryland[1]	Local laws				Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[8]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1
	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1[10]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[10]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[10]
	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct. 15				Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15
	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-June 15		Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Ohio	Dec. 16-Nov. 10				Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10	Dec. 2-Nov. 10	To Nov. 10, 1904	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10
	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 8[1]	To 1911	To 1911		Dec. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Oct. 20[10]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[10]	To 1910	To 1910
	Indiana	At all times				Jan. 1-Aug. 1[10]		Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times
	Illinois	To 1913				Jan. 1-July 1		Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To 1907	To 1907	To 1909
	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]				May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 11	At all times	Dec. 1-Nov. 11				Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	
	Iowa	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Kansas				To Mar. 13, 1908			Jan. 1-Nov. 15[11]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[11]	
	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	At all times		Nov. 16-Aug. 15			Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	At all times
	South Dakota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		To Jan. 1, 1911			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times	To Jan. 1, 1911			To Sept. 1, 1905	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	
	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times			At all times	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 16	
	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912[10]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15			At all times	Oct. 15-July 15	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	
	Colorado	Oct. 1-Sept. 15	To 1907		To 1907			To Oct. 1, 1920[13]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To 1907
SOUTHERN.	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Local laws		Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	South Carolina	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]						Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Georgia[9]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1						Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1
	Alabama[8]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 2-July 1		Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15						May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1
	Tennessee	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				Mar. 1-June 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1. Nov. 1
	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]						Feb. 15-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1
	Louisiana	Apr. 1-Nov. 1					Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1. Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			To July 1, 1908			Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
	Oklahoma	At all times			At all times			Feb. 1-Oct. 15	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Mar. 7, 1905		To Mar. 7, 1905			Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	Arizona	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	At all times		To Jan. 1, 1906			Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Nov. 1-Sept. 15
PACIFIC.	California[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	At all times		At all times	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Feb. 15-Oct. 15[7]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1		
	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	At all times	At all times[10]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	
	Utah	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times		At all times			At all times[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Oregon[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1904	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Oct. 1, 1905
	Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]					Dec. 16-Sept. 1		
	Hawaii							Mar. 1-Sept. 16			
CANADA.	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	N.W. Territories[10]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1				Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	
	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15			Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	
	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	At all times	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[12]		Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec. 1-Nov. 1
	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Feb. 1-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 15-Sept. 1[1]		
	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[1]					To May 9, 1905		
	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1905		Jan. 1-Sept. 15[13]			Feb. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]		
	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1919	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[10]			Mar. 1-Sept. 16		Jan. 12-Sept. 16		

		BIRDS.									
	STATE.	DOVE.	INTRODUCED PHEASANT.	PLOVER.	SNIPE.	WOODCOCK.	RAIL.	DUCK.	GOOSE, SWAN.	PROTECTED IN A FEW STATES ONLY.	
NORTHERN.	Maine	At all times	To Mar. 22, 1911	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[8]		PTARMIGAN.	
	New Hampshire	At all times	To Sept. 15, 1905	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[8]			
	Vermont	At all times	Nov. 20-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[14]		
	Massachusetts	At all times	To Feb. 13, 1905	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[8]			
	Rhode Island	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905			Dec. 16-Oct. 15		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[1]		Colorado	At all times
	Connecticut	At all times	To June 1, 1906	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[1]	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
	New York[1]	At all times	To 1905	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 10	Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1
	Long Island	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Quebec	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
	New Jersey	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-July 15[7]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Oct. 1	May 1-Oct. 1	Nova Scotia	At all times
	Pennsylvania		Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-July 15[7]		Dec. 16-Oct. 15[10]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Sept. 16
	Delaware	At all times					Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[7]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1		
	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[8]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1		
	Dist. Columbia	At all times		Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[14]		
	Virginia	At all times	Local laws	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[10]	Jan. 1-July 20[10]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	SAGE HEN.	
	West Virginia	At all times			July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1[10]	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[10]		
	Kentucky	Feb. 1-Aug. 1				Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[10]	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[10]		
	Ohio	At all times	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[10]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[8]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[8]		
	Michigan	At all times	To 1910	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[12]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[10]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[12]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[12]	Nebraska	Dec. 1-Oct. 1
	Indiana	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Nov. 10[10]		Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	Montana	Dec. 15-Aug. 1
	Illinois	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	To 1908	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Wyoming	Oct. 15-July 15
	Wisconsin	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[10]	Colorado	Oct. 21-Sept. 1
	Minnesota	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1
	Iowa	At all times		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[10]	Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 1-Oct. 1		Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15
	Kansas	Sept. 15-Aug. 1	Sept. 15-July 15	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 25-Sept. 1	Apr. 25-Sept. 1[14]	Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15
	Nebraska	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	At all times	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	Apr. 16-Sept. 1			Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
	South Dakota		May 15-Sept. 1	May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1[10]	May 1-Sept. 1[10]		
	North Dakota		To Sept. 1, 1905			Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[10]		
	Montana	At all times	At all times					Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	REEDBIRD.	
	Wyoming	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1906	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[12]		
	Colorado	Sept. 1-Aug. 1	At all times		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]	New Jersey	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
SOUTHERN.	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Local laws	Local laws		Local laws	Local laws	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
	South Carolina	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	To Dec. 22, 1903			Apr. 1-Nov. 1				Delaware	Feb. 1-Aug. 25
	Georgia[9]	Mar. 15-Aug. 15	To Nov. 30, 1903					Feb. 1-Sept. 1[8]		Maryland	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[1]
	Florida							Apr. 1-Oct. 1[8]		Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Alabama	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	To Feb. 8, 1904			Mar. 2-Nov. 15					
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15								CURLEW.	
	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[10]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1		
	Arkansas	At all times								New Jersey	Jan. 1-July 15
	Louisiana	Mar. 1-July 1		Oct. 1-Aug. 1				Apr. 1-Sept. 1[1]		New York	May 1-Sept. 1[1]
	Texas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	To July 1, 1908							Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20
	Oklahoma	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	To Jan. 1, 1904	Jan. 1-Aug. 1						South Dakota	May 15-Sept. 1
	New Mexico		To Mar. 14, 1906							Nebraska	At all times
	Arizona		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15			Wyoming	May 1-Sept. 1
PACIFIC.	California[1]	Feb. 15-July 1	At all times	Feb. 15-Oct. 15			Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15		Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]
	Nevada	Nov. 2-July 15	To Sept. 1, 1906	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 16-Sept. 1[10]	Tennessee	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	At all times		Mar. 15-Feb. 15[10]			Mar. 15-Feb. 15[10]	Mar. 15-Feb. 15[10]	California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15
	Idaho	July 15-Feb. 15	To Mar. 11, 1907	July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15			Feb. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 15-Sept. 15	Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
	Washington	At all times	To Oct. 15, 1906[1]	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Hawaii	May 1-Sept. 16
	Oregon	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905[1]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[1]		To Oct. 1, 1905	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Quebec	Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Alaska	At all times		Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug. 21
	Hawaii	Feb. 1-July 1	To 1907	May 1-Sept. 16[8]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[8]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16		
CANADA.	British Columbia		At all times	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Mar. 1-Sept. 1		CRANE.	
	N.W. Territories				May 5-Aug. 23			May 5-Aug. 23			
	Manitoba	At all times		Jan. 1-Aug. 1[1]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Nebraska	Apr. 16-Sept. 1
	Ontario		To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15	South Dakota	May 1-Sept 1
	Quebec			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
	New Brunswick		At all times		Dec. 2-Sept. 1	Dec. 2-Sept. 1		Dec. 2-Sept. 1[1]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[10]	Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept. 10[8]
	Nova Scotia		At all times		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Nevada	Mar. 1-Sept. 15
	Newfoundland			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug. 21[7]	Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1

[1] Certain local exceptions. Certain species. [2] Except month of July. [3] Except Mar. 15-Apr. 21. [4] Except month of April. [5] Sale. [6] Except month of March. [7] Upland plover only. [8] Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. [9] Except unorganized Territories, in which the seasons are as follows: Deer, elk, caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goat, Apr. 1-July 15 and Oct. 1-Dec. 1, musk ox, Mar. 20-Oct. 15, grouse, prairie chicken, Jan. 1-Sept. 1, duck, goose, swan, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. [10] Except July 16-Oct. 1. [11] Also Oct. 1-Nov. 10, unless permit be obtained. [12] Except certain species, Mar. 2-Apr. 11. [13] Caribou protected in Maine to Oct. 15, 1905. [14] Except certain species, May 2-Apr. 11. [15] Moose only. [16] Goose only. [17] Swan: North Dakota, to Sept. 1, 1905; Nevada, Wisconsin, and Wyoming at all times. [18] Caribou only. [19] Under the old law, which still stands. [20] Except Aug. 1-Oct. 1, caribou only; moose protected to Jan. 1, 1912. [21] Except Mar. 10-Apr. 21. [22] Except south of Canadian Pacific R. R. between Mattawa and Port Arthur, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. [23] Except crested quail, to 1907. [24] Except sora. [25] Except July, Aug., and Sept. [26] Except Oct. 1-Dec. 15. [27] Except April 10-25. [28] Caribou protected in Nova Scotia to Oct. 1, 1905. [29] Swan only. [30] Except west of Blue Ridge, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. [31] In twenty counties to Mar. 18, 1906. [32] Except wood duck, Mar. 1-Aug. 1.

* Laws for 1903 not yet received.

THE COMMON HOUSE-FLIES.

By Lawrence Irwell.

AT CERTAIN seasons of the year very few dwelling houses are altogether free from the presence of flies; they force themselves on our notice in various ways, either by reason of their perpetual buzzing upon the windows, by their monotonous hum as they fly ceaselessly around our rooms, by their continual presence, in spite of screens, wherever there is food of any kind, or by their persistent and irritating attention to our own persons.

It is not generally known, however, that there are several different species of flies which habitually torment us, and it may be well to consider the characteristics of a few of the more conspicious kinds, noticing how one kind differs from another, not only in appearance and structure, but in habits of life. It is desirable to take as the first example the species which is properly entitled to the popular name of "common house fly" —*Musca domestica.*

Before describing this little creature, I should like to draw attention to what seems to be a somewhat prevalent popular error—namely, the idea that flies grow in the ordinary sense of the term, and that the size of any fly merely depends upon its age. Nothing could be further from the truth, for when a fly once becomes a fly—in other words, when it escapes from the pupa-case and acquires the use of wings—its development is completed and all growth is at an end. It follows, then, that where there is a marked difference of size between the flies, we may be sure that they belong to distinct species.

Without going minutely into the structure, either internal or external, of flies, it may be useful to mention that the great characteristic of all insects belonging to the *diptera* (as the order of flies is called), marking them off from all other insects, is the possession of only one pair of wings. The second pair of wings, found in butterflies, moths, beetles, etc., is represented among the flies by a pair of small balancers, known as *halteres*, which are attached to the body, one on each side just behind the true wings, and which in shape resemble a pair of miniature drumsticks.

In its general appearance the common house-fly is very sombrely dressed and seems to be without adornment of any kind, but on a closer examination it will be seen that it is really quite an elegantly marked insect. When looked at from above, against the light, the front of the head is seen to glisten with two resplendent silvery-yellow patches; the thorax, or middle part of the body between the wings, is striped, while the abdomen or hinder part is checkered with yellow and black. The wings are transparent and tinged with grey, with a very brilliant iridescence in certain lights. All these points give to the little creature a beauty of its own, entirely lost to the majority of people, merely because the insect is a common and insignificant one, and seemingly not worth the trouble of examining.

On holding up the fly to the light so as to look through the wing, it will be seen by the aid of the magnifying glass that there are a number of almost parallel veins running through the wing from base to apex, and that these are connected by short cross veins. The fourth of these parallel veins, counting from the fore margin of wing, is seen to be bent upward at an obtuse angle toward the third, and this is really an important character and an easy one by which

to distinguish this particular kind of house-fly from some others which are common and similar in appearance, but which have this vein quite straight. The head of the fly is a very pretty object. The greater part is occupied by two large, reddish-brown hemispheres, one on each side. These are the compound eyes, and each of them consists of several separate hexagonal lenses, arranged so as to cause an appearance under the microscope like the "engine-turning" on the back of some watch-cases. Between these compound eyes and quite on top of the head, are a trio of small clear dots arranged in a triangle, like set jewels. These are the simple eyes and their exact purpose is not understood. In front of the head are the antennæ or feelers, and each consists of three joints, with a feathered bristle arising from the back of the last joint. This bristle is an important aid in the identification of the various species of flies, in some kinds being quite simple, in others feathered, as in the common species which I am describing.

Below the head of the fly may be seen projecting the long thick tongue or proboscis, which is a very wonderful structure. To describe this organ fully would require a considerable amount of space—more than is alloted to me for the whole article. The proboscis is a true sucker, but a very complicated one, made up of a number of pieces united so as to form a tube, which not only serves for the conveyance of the fluid food to the mouth, but also for the passage of saliva from the mouth in order to moisten and dissolve particles of the substance upon which the fly is feeding. At the tip of the proboscis are to be found hardened rings which aid in triturating the food.

Having already described the general appearance of the body of the fly, it only remains for me to say a few words about its legs. As in other insects, there are six legs, each consisting of several joints. The foot is composed of five separate joints, the last of which is terminated by a pair of curved claws. Between the claws is a pair of minute pads generally supposed to act as suckers. It is by the aid of these pads that flies are enabled to climb the smooth window-glass or walk along the ceiling. Whether these pads act merely as suckers, or whether in addition they secret a sticky substance to assist the fly in its vertical peregrinations, has not been satisfactorily determined. The chances are, however, that no sticky material is present.

The eggs of the common house-fly are generally laid in manure, but almost any kind of filth may be appropriated by the female for this purpose. An important factor, therefore, in the extermination or at least the diminution in numbers of these pests would seem to be absolute cleanliness in all parts of the house, and the prevention of any accumulation of dirt. From the eggs are hatched small, whitish, footless grubs, which feed on the filth among which they live, soon becoming pupæ inclosed in a hard skin. When the fly is ready to emerge, its head is furnished with a large protuberance, filled with fluid, with which it forces off the lid of the case. When the fly first escapes its wings are in quite a crumpled condition, and this circumstance combined with its enormously swollen head, gives the insect a very grotesque appearance. In a very few minutes, however, the wings become fully expanded, and at the same time the head shrinks and the fluid is withdrawn. The whole body then hardens and changes color, and the fly is perfect.

The periods of development of the house-fly are as follows: Egg from deposition to hatching, one-third of a day; hatching of larva to first molt, one day; first to second molt, one day; second molt to pupation, three days; pupation to issuing of the adult, five days; total life round, approximately ten days.

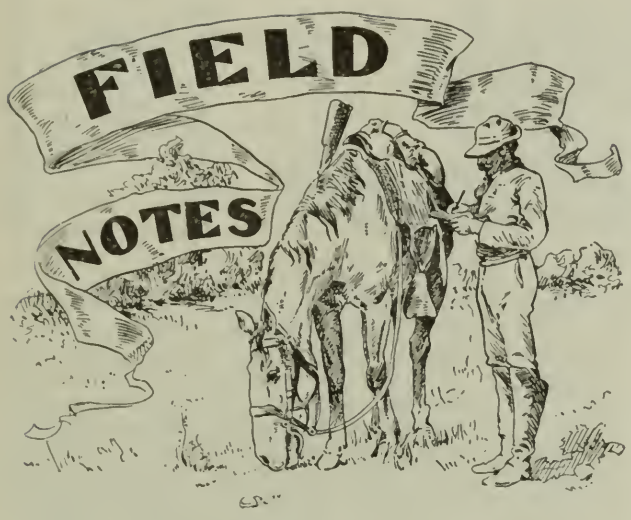
Little need be said of the other kinds of house-flies. There is a smaller kind liable to be mistaken for the *Musca domestica*, but the former has the fourth vein of the wing straight. The abdomen has the base at each side yellow and transparent, while the front of the head is a silvery-white, with the eyes almost meeting, at least in the male, at the top of the head. This fly is known as *Homalomyia canicularis*, but it was formerly called *Musca domestica minor*. It has a similar life history to that of its larger relative, with the exception that the eggs are laid in decaying vegetable matter.

A third kind of house-fly, and the only one that "bites" or "stings" is distinguished by having its weapon of offense, the pro-

boscis, standing straight out horizontally in front of its head. Moreover, the fourth vein of the wings is gently curved toward the third, and neither straight, as in the "smaller," nor bent at an angle as in the "common" house-fly. On the whole, it is a more prettily marked insect than either of the others, though its beauty cannot be said to compensate for its vicious habits. It is a veritable blood-sucker, attacking our hands and faces, and well merits both its popular and scientific name—"the sharp-mouthed stinger," or *Stomoxys calcitrans*. Its thorax is similarly striped to that of the common fly, but the abdomen is very differently adorned, being yellowish-gray, with six black dots, three on the second ring and three on the third. Its life-history is similar to that of the common house-fly.

Quite different both in habits and appearance from all these flies is the common blue-bottle, called scientifically *Calliphora erythrocephala*. It is almost too well known to need description. It is a large fly—large as compared with the common house-fly—of a metallic blue color, with a luster which changes position as we turn the fly around in various lights. The front of the head on its lower part is of a reddish color, and the fourth vein of the wings, so often alluded to, is bent at a very sharp angle toward the third. The eggs of the blue-bottle are laid in flesh of various kinds, and every housewife knows the difficulty in summer and autumn in keeping these unwelcome visitors away from her choicest foods. Even living wounds have been selected by these flies for the purpose of depositing their eggs, and the pain caused by the maggots which hatch from them must be great. These maggots are ready to escape from the eggs in a very few hours after the latter have been laid, and themselves soon enter the next or pupa stage. As to the duration of life of the perfect fly, it is probably much longer than that of either the larva or pupa, and some blue-bottles may even hybernate during the winter, and so live on from one year to the next.

Another fly worthy of passing notice, although not found in houses like those already described, possesses some interest from its habits. This is the common flesh-fly, *Sarcophaga carnaria*. It is about the size of the blue-bottle, but of a more slender build, of a gray color, and perhaps the most handsome of the flies which have been mentioned. The face is silvery, the veins in the wings are similar in arrangement to those of the blue-bottle, the thorax is beautifully striped, alternately black and gray, while the abdomen is brilliantly checkered with black and silvery gray. The females of this fly are viviparous, that is to say, they do not lay eggs, but produce their young alive. These are deposited upon all sorts of animal matter, and in great numbers. It has been calculated that if a single female produced fifty young flies, which is a very small estimate, say on the first of April, and that half of these were females, each of which produced fifty young ones, by the end of October, by the same reckoning, would be produced from this single fly a progeny of no less than five hundred and eight millions of separate individuals. By allowing eighty eggs to each female, the number would amount to as many as eight thousand million! It is easy to see that if Nature had not provided ample means for the extermination of these insects, more especially in the form of insectivorous birds, little meat would be left for man after the flesh-flies had consumed what they regard as their proper food. Indeed, if even one-fourth of the flies which are hatched lived for three days, they would constitute a serious menace to health, but fortunately for us this is not the case, and their natural enemies devour them in great quantities before they have had time to do much harm.



DEAD FISHES IN HALFMOON BAY.

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: On September 24 the U. S. lighthouse tender Madrono "steamed through a sea of dead fish—the surface of the water was covered for about three miles with countless dead smelt. The farmers say there are tons of dead fish along the beach." This was in Halfmoon Bay, and the quotation is from a letter of the master of the vesel. Mr. Thompson, secretary of the Lighthous Inspector, who was on the Madrona at the time, states that for a space of three miles there were at least four dead fishes to every square yard of surface, and that there were many places where the fish actually covered the surface over a space of fifty to seventy-five square yards. One peculiar point that Mr. Thompson noticed was that the head was always bent so as to lie below the surface of the water. Mr. James P. Burke of Halfmoon Bay reports that the fish were very abundant in the bay before they were found dead, and that they could be caught by jerking a hook rapidly through the water, the hook catching the fish anywhere it might strike. He also reports that the fish were very oily and of fine flavor, and cured specimens that he sent me bear out this statement. The only opinion advanced as to the cause of the death of these fishes is that they have come or been driven in too close to the shore and that the sand got into their gills with fatal effect.

The fishes sent me by Mr. Burke prove to be the common California sardine *(Clupandon cærulcus)*, and the habits described by Mr. Burke accord with the well-known habits of this fish. His method of catching them is commonly employed at Monterey, and the fish is noted for its oil. I cannot accept the sand-in-gills theory of cause of the death of such numbers, but I have no other to offer. CLOUDSLEY RUTTER.

Naturalist, U. S. Fisheries steamer Albatross.

WESTERN SNIPE AND DOWITCHERS.

EDITOR WESTERN FIELD: My attention has been invited to the letter of Mr. Robert Erskine Ross that appeared in the October number of WESTERN FIELD on page 637. Mr. Ross has very correctly noted that I omitted to include Wilson's snipe *(Gallinago delicata)* and the Dowitcher *(Macrorhamphus)* in my list of Western game birds given in my article in this journal the month previous, and entitled "Western Zoölogy: A Comparative Study." My omitting Wilson's snipe was purely a *lapsus calami,* for I was aware from others that it occurred plentifully on the Pacific side of the continent. I have shot it myself as far west as Wyoming. In this connection, however, I should like to say that the official "Check List" of the American Ornithologists' Union, restricts Wilson's snipe *(G. delicata)* to "North and Middle America," thus practically denying its presence on the Pacific Coast. What I said about the absence of the Dowitcher in that region was a pure omission on my part. In fact, they do not find *the* Dowitcher there—that is *Macrorhamphus griseus* (the Eastern species), but they do find the Long-billed Dowitcher *(M. scolopaceus)* in western North America, and I should have included it in my Pacific region list of game birds, as off-setting the Eastern form. It is an omission that I admit.

I am inclined to demur to the propriety of the editor of WESTERN FIELD purposely allowing these two inaccuracies in my article to appear, and that for the sake of arousing the latent interest the Coast sportsmen evince in having the proper laws passed to protect these species. However, I shall endeavor to stand it, nay even forgive it, the more certainly so, if through any not very serious error or slip of the pen of mine, the attention of Western sportsmen is called to the almost criminal neglect on the part of the legislators of the State in not enacting the proper laws exending legal protection to these two valuable and elegant game birds. Yours, very faithfully,

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

THE SIESTA.

A PLAIN SNOOZE.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D.

[Announcement.—We are pleased to announce to our readers and the public in general that we have fortunately consummated an arrangement with Dr. Noe for the continuance of this department for the ensuing year—news that will be gladly welcomed by the legion of friends who have been so generous in their appreciation of the great physical and mental benefit derived from his previous contributions. It is his and our intention to make this department even more beneficial and interesting than formerly, and we are well assured that his work will receive generous recognition. In this connection we desire to say that Dr. Noe is a regular practitioner of eminent standing in his profession, making a specialty of the treatment of all spine, heart, lung, liver, stomach and intestinal ailments, employing all the modern approved methods and apparatus indicated by medical, surgical, osteopathic and calisthenic schools. Our readers are invited to correspond with him on any matter pertaining to his profession.—Editor Western Field.]

LAST MONTH I devoted this department to answering letters, but this issue I will be compelled to answer questions in a general way as there are too many to answer individually. I am much pleased and complimented at the interest and appreciation shown my efforts in this work, and feel sure that the readers are earnest in their endeavors to carry out my directions on these lines. I am giving the results of careful experiments and knowledge, and can give the full assurance of help if the instructions are carefully followed.

I have had several inquiries as to what age it is best to start physiological development, and also if old people may take up this work with profit and no danger. I shall explain that as fully as possible in the following article, but it is impossible to lay down arbitrary laws for physical exercise for any age or condition. Heredity, environment, temperament, all play an important part in the unfoldment of human life and its maintenance.

I make no absolute rules by which I expect every one to act, but try to reach the greatest number. So whatever I direct is for the average man or woman, and abnormal cases will require more special work. As I have said in former articles the breath is life, and this the keystone in the arch of life. I cannot reiterate too often this pivotal fact: deep, full breathing is absolutely necessary to good health, and no one, young or old, is truly healthy who does not breathe correctly. Disease germs cannot exist in pure, fresh, cold air and plenty of it. Having gained control of the breath means a firm hold on life and the surest way of removing and overcoming tendencies to ill health.

NEVER TO OLD TO BEGIN.

"While there is life there is hope." There was never a truer saying. As long as there is the power to fill the lungs with air, to contract and expand the tissues of the body, just so long is there power to develop the body and mold it into the shape we wish. I have a patient of seventy-eight years who is taking physical exercise for the first time in his life, and from being paralyzed and nearly helpless he is getting more active than he was at fifty years of age. This he has done for himself by careful and deep breathing, walking and diet. He has taken absolutely no drugs and bids fair for another twenty years. I mention this case to encourage others who feel the weight of years. The reason people grow old is that they allow accumulations of lime to settle in the system and do not keep enough oxygen in the blood to pump out this irritating substance; the consequence is the breaking down of the tissues and consequent failure of health and strength, a condition for which there is logically no reason or excuse. It is a common thing for a man or woman to begin to get stiff at forty. At forty life is at its best and this should be the very strongest and healthiest time. But it will be objected, "Why are so many afflicted with rheumatism, which always begins to develop at about this age?" For the very reason I have before stated; when we are younger we are more active and this helps us to overcome the lime in the body, but when we think we are too old to be so lively

then rheumatism and kindred ills catch us and lay us low at the very time when we should enjoy life the most. I will guarantee to absolutely overcome all this type of disease if there are no inactive spots in the body. Pump air vigorously into every part of the body, force the blood bounding through the whole system, and I promise the entire destruction of stiffness and soreness.

Every day you hear it said, "I am too old for such lively exercise." This is a fallacy. Are you ever too old to eat, sleep, drink, etc.? Then exercising and deep breathing are just as necessary to your existence, and if you neglect them you will lose your body and, perhaps, go through years of torment ere death is a release. I do not think I can speak too strongly on this point; no matter what your age, wake up, recognize that activity means life—that stagnation means death. Everyone can teach themselves to use every part of the body and to breathe properly, and those who are too lazy to work out their own health should not complain when the result of their indolence catches them.

"Life is real, life is earnest." I have had so many letters from people inquiring as to whether I could help them without the exercises, bathing, diet, etc. Such letters betray far more than the writers dream and show very clearly why they are in need of assistance. I wish to say once for all that it is utterly impossible for me, or for any one else, to cure disease, unless the sick persons do their share. To take a few pills or powders and then expect to get well is not a reasonable idea. Pills do not remove causes. They are all right to remove effects, but the cause is what does the damage, and until it is gone we are still in danger. Every intelligent up-to-date physician recognizes this fact, and to-day less drugs and more hygienic methods are the rule. So I say to all ages, especially to the people who feel old, WORK! If life is worth having it is worth striving for, and if you do not strive for it you will not have it.

BEGIN WITH YOUNG BABIES.

Now about children. I do not think you can begin too young, for "as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined." You cannot begin too soon to teach a child regular habits of sleeping, eating, bathing, etc. You are laying the foundation for your child's life, and woe be to him who builds a poor foundation. We are creatures of habit, especially physically, and why not contract good habits? They are just as easy as bad ones, and far more satisfactory. Do not begin to keep the air off of them; this is cruel and wrong. Give them all the oxygen possible; they need it to help them to grow strong and robust. As soon as teeth come teach them their purpose. See to it that your little ones do not bolt their food, but that they learn to masticate it thoroughly. Show them how to breathe and explain the great good of deep breathing. Train them to stand and walk correctly, and in this way much nervousness and ill health will be spared. Wier Mitchell says, "If you can't get wisdom, get habit." If we cannot expect wisdom in a child, we can at least give them a sure hold on life by habits of health and proper knowledge of their bodies. Parents owe it to their offspring to give them every advantage, and if they do not at least instruct them in the proper care of their physical being, they are criminal. For ill health is the cause of more wickedness than the world dreams of, and few realize the vast amount of crime that has its origin in a distorted brain—the result of physical inharmony. Teach the little ones to respect their bodies, to keep them clean, active, wholesome. Do not allow them to become the slaves of appetite, but show them that to be master of self is the greatest of victories. You will be surprised how quickly and readily children, even very young ones, will respond to your advice in these matters, and their happy, healthy and beautiful condition will amply repay you for any effort you may make to obtain that state.

So for young and old alike I advise exercise. Do not be afraid to use your body—it was made for use; but, on the other hand, do not over-use or abuse it. Keep your blood moving; do not allow any stopping places, for this means trouble of some kind and is sure to cause serious results if long neglected. The exercises which I have given in these pages are simple, safe and sure. Take them, no matter what your years; they will not hurt you—on the contrary, you will be pleased as others have been. I have had many letters of thanks, and will be more than glad if more can profit by these helps.

EXERCISES.

You are now ready to use and develop the lower spinal region and its surrounding tissues. In this delicate, yet powerful part of

the body, lies a great force, and its control will give you an immense hold on vitality and life. Herein lies the key to much ill health, and weakness to this great nerve center is always sure to produce disease. Few people realize the importance of its development and strength.

Exercise for lower spine and back.

(*a*) Lie flat on the floor, arms at sides, legs out straight. Lift right leg to right angles to body, as in figure 26, and rotate it from right to left in as large a circle as possible, five times; then reverse from left to right. Relax. Repeat with left leg.

(*b*) Lie on floor as in figure 27. Raise both legs together to right angles to body. Rotate them from right to left in a large circle as in figure —. Do not bend knees, but swing legs straight from hips. Reverse from left to right. Rotate at least five times each way. Relax.

(*c*) Lie flat on back as in figure 28, legs out stright. Fold arms across chest. Now, without lifting heels off of floor, slowly raise body up to sitting posture. Repeat four times. Relax.

You have now the knowledge that means much to you in your health development. These exercises are most effective for control, both nervous and muscular. They strengthen the spine, the sciatic nerve, and all the surrounding tissues. They give you flexibility and power in the muscles in the back and legs. Practice them slowly and carefully, and you will soon see their great value.

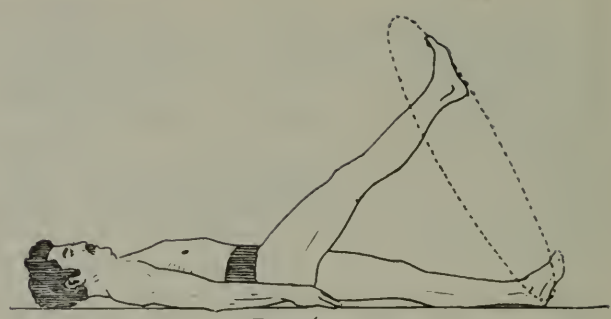


Fig. 26.

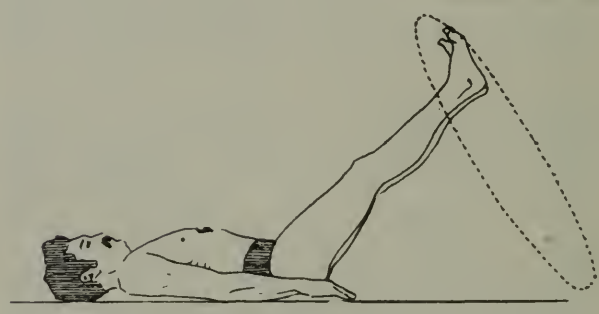


Fig. 27.

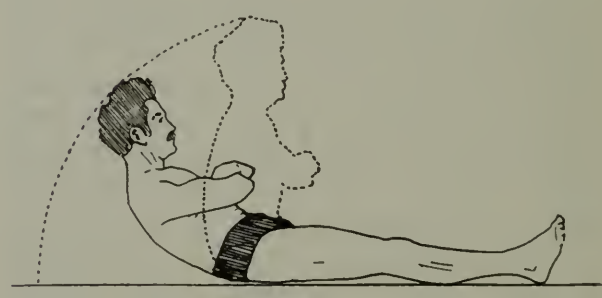


Fig. 28.

Athletics

THE BIG LACROSSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

By R. R. L'HOMMEDIEU.

THE GAME of lacrosse holds a peculiar position in California at the present time. It is like some delicate plant that has been forced in a hot-house.

The pastime started some eight months ago with a handful of enthusiasts. Two full teams were brought together and several match games were played with some indifferent practice. Through the endeavors of President M. J. Tansey an old Shamrock player, and Secretary Harry J. Beckwith, the Vancouver team—the champions of the Northwest—were induced to visit this city. The moment this became an assured fact the local association received new life, and the men began to practice in earnest.

It must be said for the San Francisco men that they were perfectly fair with their northern brothers, and did not hold out any attractions in the way of a money consideration, and as the Vancouver men are amateurs pure and simple, they did not ask any. The expense of the trip was defrayed by the merchants of their town because they had worked hard all during the season and had won the championship after the hardest kind of playing. It was a reward for the good work done. That they enjoyed themselves goes without saying.

It must be recorded that although most of the members of the San Francisco association were from over the border they were most open-handed in their reception of the Vancouvers and the Shamrocks. Everything was done to make the stay of the visitors one to be remembered. It was true California hospitality as was seen by the banquet at the Olympic Club.

The visit of the Shamrocks is said to have been forced more than a desire on their part to come here and play. When President Tansy communicated with the Shamrocks to try and get them to come south to San Francisco when they were preparing to come to the Northwest, the president was informed that they would have to be guaranteed some three thousand dollars. They might just as well have asked for a million.

It was after the correspondence with the Shamrocks that Mr. Tansey took up the proposition with the Vancouvers. Two weeks before the northerners started for the city they met the Shamrocks and defeated them 5 to 3. The following week they came together again and the "champions of the world" defeated the Vancouvers 10 to 1. This made honors even. The following Saturday they were to have played again, but it rained and the match had to be declared off.

This left the champions of the world in a peculiar position. They had defeated everything at home, but had been fought to a standstill by the men of the West. It was not to their liking to return home under those conditions, and it is said that that was the reason they decided to follow the Vancouvers to the city so as to try and get the deciding game. It was a lucky turn of fate for the San Francisco boys, for it will be many years before such another contest will be seen on the Coast.

The first game took place on Thursday, October 15. The pick of the California men were pitted against the Vancouvers. The ball had not been in play two minutes before it was seen that the local players were no match for the visitors. The captain of the Vancouvers held his team down, and for the three periods it looked from the grandstand as if the California boys might come through, but to the experienced eye, all the goals made by the home team were by permission of the visitors.

The score at the finish was 11 to 6.

P. J. Brennan of the Shamrocks officiated

as referee, while "Bones" Suckling and Ed Robinson acted as umpires.

The line-up of the teams was as follows:

Vancouvers.	Positions.	Tecumsehs.
Norman	Goal	Jones
Reynolds	Point	Carroll
Yorke	Cover point	Burden
Barr	First defense	Degan
Allen	Second defense	Lynch
Morrison	Third defense	Judge
Matheson	Center	Martin Lyons
Murray	Third home	Theberge
Cowan	Second home	Peterson
Cao	First home	Coutts
O'Brien	Outside home	Williams
Godfrey	Inside home	M. J. Lyons

The championship game on Saturday, October 17 was the greatest exhibition of lacrosse ever seen in California. Not even back in the days of the Midwinter Fair, in 1894, when the northerners came south to play an exhibition game, was such a contest witnessed as took place on that memorable Saturday.

It was a contest for the championship of the world. Both teams were handicapped by having to play on a sandy field, while at home they have the finest of mowed grass grounds—as good as is enjoyed by the polo men of California. Then again they were hampered by the smallness of the field, which was only about two-thirds the size on which they play at home.

If the local experts and their friends thought they saw a great game of lacrosse what would they have seen if the conditions had been what the men were used to!

Under the conditions at the National Park it must be acknowledged that a certain amount of luck entered into the contest, for some of the best formed plays went for nothing on account of the uncertainty of the ground. When at home the men at times depend on the bunching of the ball, here the play was lost.

But from what was seen of the work of both teams, the Shamrocks are undoubtedly the superior players. The great bruising game for which the winners are noted was not seen in the match. It was an exceptionally clean-play game.

It is said that they won on their strength. It allowed them to have a decided advantage in the hard and close checking that was used by the men on both teams. The defense was perfect and the Vancouvers found themselves up against a stone wall when they tried to get through. Each man kept his place and waited for the home men from the Northwest to bring the ball in. While on the other hand the defense men of the Vancouvers went out to meet the home men of the Shamrocks and tried to get the ball before it got into dangerous ground. The home men went out for the ball and by fast rushes generally brought it down to the Shamrock's goal by long passes. This gives a wide open game and on a good field is effective. But on the local grounds the "close in" play of the Shamrocks was what won.

Another thing that worried the men from the north was the fact that out of deference to the Champions they changed the green sweater in which they have played for years to a dark blue. This was fatal, for on more than one occasion they passed to one of the Shamrocks in green.

With it all, the score of 7 to 5 speaks well for the men from Vancouver.

The following was the line-up:

Shamrock.	Positions.	Vancouver.
Kavanagh	Goal	Norman
Howard	Point	Reynolds
Reilly	Cover point	Yorke
McIlvane	First defense	Barr
Hayes	Second defense	Allen
Smith	Third defense	Morrison
Currie	Center	Matheson
Robinson	Third home	Murray
Hogan	Second home	Cowan
J. Brennan	Outside	O'Brien
P. Brennan	Inside	Godfrey
O'Connell, captain		Smith, captain

Referee—M. J. Tansey.
Umpires—A. E. Suckling, A. B. Smith.
Timekeepers—H. J. Trihey, Frank Wright.

The result of the Saturday game had a wonderful effect on the work of the San Francisco lacrosse men. They played as if they had come out of a trance. The playing of the Shamrocks and the Vancouvers showed them once again what team work meant. It was hard to believe that they were the same men that had played on Thursday. They did splendid team work, the best that had been done since the California Lacrosse Association was organized. They played the ball well, passing without fumbling. The Vancouvers, handicapped by the hard game of the day before, were forced hard to win, and their captain acknowledged after the game that he had to keep his men up to top notch pitch to get the victory. It was a very pretty contest and was only second to the championship match of the day previous.

The score was 11 to 6.

The line-up was as follows:

Kavanaugh (Shamrocks) at goal.
Drawing the ball.
Tossing for position.

Shamrocks relieving their goal.
Mathewson (Vancouver) and Lyons (All Californias) drawing the ball.
Vancouvers working to goal.

Vancouver.	Positions.	California.
Beaton	Goal	Lynch
Reynolds	Point	Burden
Yorke	Cover point	Gan
Barr	First defense	Beardmore
Allen	Second defense	Judge
Norman	Third defense	Peterson
Wright	Center	Furbarge
McCutcheon	First home	Crielly
Matheson	Second home	Williams
Cowan	Outside	McIntyre
O'Brien	Inside	Minto

On Monday, October 19, the visiting teams went down to San Mateo and played on Charles Clark's polo field. The Shamrocks gave some exhibition work, while the Vancouvers played a team made up of players of the San Mateo Athletic Club, strengthened by the San Francisco men. The grass was just to their liking, and some exceedingly fast work was seen. After spending a few days in the city the Vancouver boys went back home, promising to return next year. The Shamrocks left in the middle of the week.

The visit of the Shamrocks and the Vancouvers has made it possible for the game to be continued in San Francisco. The association has disbanded as an organization of members, and has been reorganized as a league of clubs. There will be at least three clubs from the old association, strengthened by the addition of a team from the Olympic Club. Undoubtedly many of the Association football clubs will take up the game next season.

It would be incomplete to speak of the great games lately witnessed without mentioning the courtesies extended by the Olympic Club through President William Greer Harrison. He placed the ball on the day of the big game and did everything possible for the comfort of the boys. The clubhouse was at their disposal—even to President Harrison's room, which was turned over to the captains of the teams. It is a pleasure to know that we have such a creditable institution at which visiting amateur athletes may be entertained.

THE YEAR'S AFTERMATH.

Before this issue is in the hands of the public the great football game of 1904 will have become a record At the present time of writing the chances of the University of California seem to be the best. The State university has practically had about the same team as last year, while the Stanford eleven are somewhat weaker, as only a little over half the team played last year. The pictures in this issue were taken during the preparatory games.

* * *

YACHTING. The yachting season on San Francisco Bay has closed and most of the yachts have returned to winter quarters in the lagoon behind the town of Tiburon, or are either laying quietly in Oakland or Corte Madera Creeks.

The past season, from the cruising yachtsmen's standpoint, was a success, but those who love to race do not feel so well satisfied, for there was no contest for the Challenge Cup, the work on the Corinthian challenger being so hindered by the truss not arriving in time that it was impossible to get the boat out.

The most popular events in the racing line were the handicap contests, in which all the yachts received arbitarary handicaps, irrespective of the regular time allowance. In the case of the Corinthian regatta there were over twenty yachts to cross the starting line. It was not the fast racing yacht that always won out; in fact, in most cases the prizes went to yachts that are generally not "one-two-three" in the regular events.

Such handicapping will be the death of yacht racing as a sport. It is a grab-bag proposition—a case of put in your hand and try your luck at pulling out a good handicap. It is impossible for any regatta committee to make arbitrary handicaps that will be perfect; some one yacht will get the best of it.

The question of handicap races for the Macdonough Cups at first sounded like a good proposition, for it would bring out the largest fleet ever seen in a regatta. But the cups were not originally given for that object. They were donated to advance yacht racing, and that can only be done by the improvement of the racing machine to the extent that more power may be obtained at a less penalty of time allowance. Some of the yachts on the bay that have obtained a number of the cups are entitled to them, for they are the fastest yachts in the class.

Yacht racing has been compared to horse racing, where the winning mounts have received an extra penalty in weight for winning an event. It is said that such should be the case in yachting, a yacht winning should give extra allowance of time in the next event; but the horse is a thing of life, and its power of speed changes according to its physical condition; and another thing: the weights in horse racing are used as a factor in the betting.

* * *

PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL CUP. Ex-Commodore Herbert E. Law and his brother, Dr. Hartland Law have offered a perpetual trophy for international yacht racing on the Pacific Coast. It is the idea of the ex-commodore and his brother to have the first event a three or four cornered affair between Japan, British Columbia and Australia, with the local yachtsmen as the defenders. Japan has had her eye on the America Cup, and it might be well for her to try her hand a little nearer home and come over for the Law trophy. The proposition has been made to the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association by the Law brothers, and will be taken up this winter by that association.

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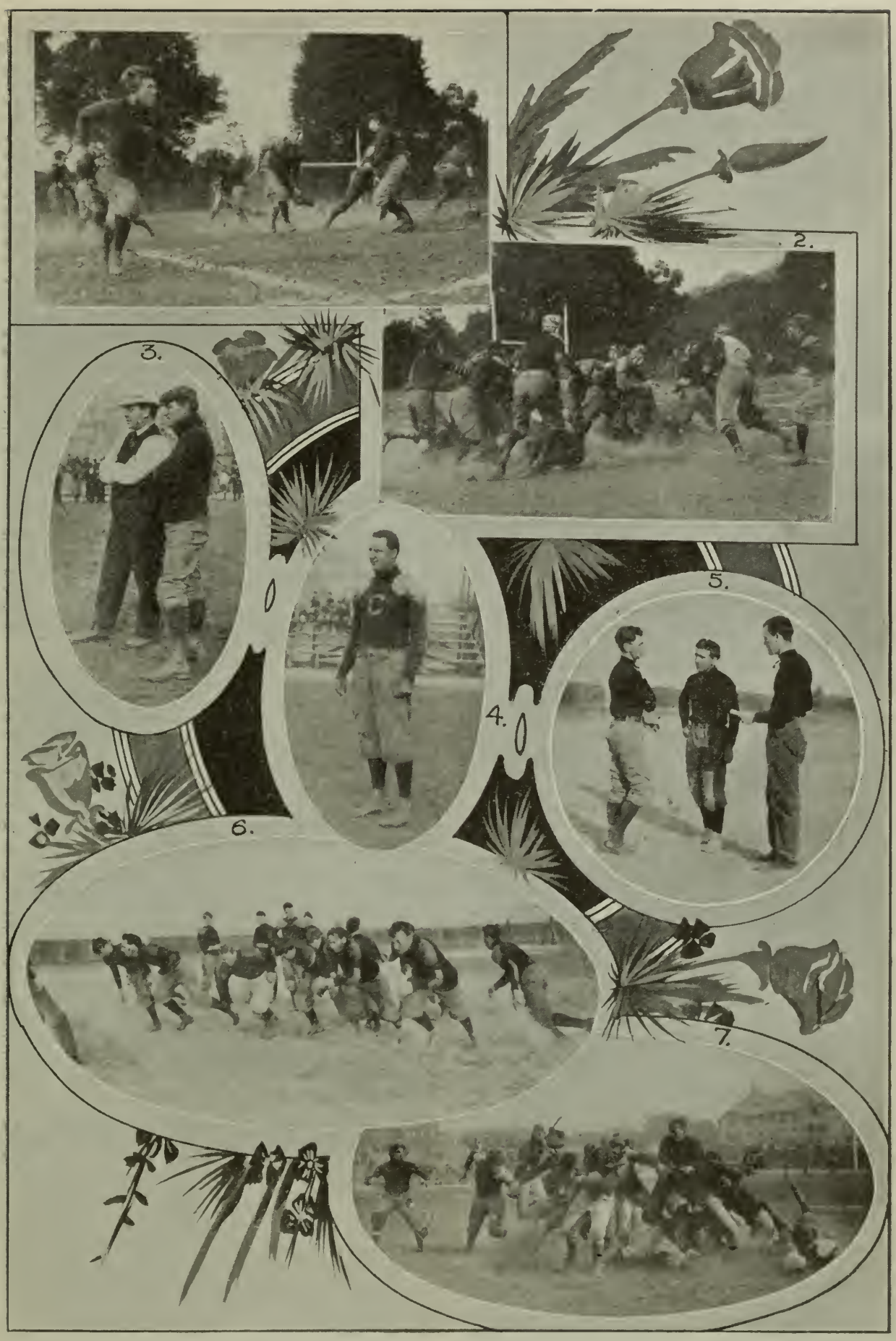
OLYMPIC GAMES 1904. The Pacific Coast will undoubtedly send a splendid delegation to the Olympic games at St. Louis next year. The Pacific Amateur Athletic Association have commenced holding events to try out candidates to represent the Coast. The committee in charge have done good



1. Berkeley—Reliance game on Berkeley Campus.
2. A scrimmage on Berkeley Campus.
3. Coach Whipple (U. C.) and Cavanagh (Reliance)
4. Capt. Overall (U. C).
5. Coaches Lanagan and Slaker.
6. Stanford 'Varsity in action.
7. A good buck by Berkeley.

work, but there is a lack of enthusiasm over the games that should be corrected. It will be impossible to attain anything like success if the clubs that are members of the association do not take more interest in the proposition. During the early part of last month a boxing contest was given, programmed as a try-out for the candidates. The matches made did not contain any of the boxers likely to be chosen to go East. It looked more like an event pulled off to obtain funds for the committee. If such was the case, those in charge should have programmed it as such, and not allowed the impression to go out that it was an event to try-out for the high honors—a case of sailing under false colors, which is bad in amateur events. In any event, the amount of profit was small compared to what should have been taken for such a worthy cause. It showed that the members of the clubs which belong to the association had hardly turned a hand to help the committee out. If this is going to be the case in all the events that are to come, it will be a poor showing we will make before the world at St. Louis next year.

The officers of all the clubs in the association should see that their clubs are well represented, both financially and by the presence of the members at all the coming events. Then and only then will it be possible to show the athletic world of Europe and America the golden worth of the Pacific Coast.

* * *

CRICKET. The cricket season in San Francisco has ended, and most of the players are turning their attention to association football. One thing has been shown the past year—blood is needed in the pastime. For several seasons past the same men were seen on the field, but at the beginning of this year a new club was formed, consisting principally of men who during last winter have been in the Association football game. They were in splendid condition, and had very little trouble in capturing the Brown pennant.

When the league was formed this year it was brought to the notice of those who controlled its destinies that it would be possible to have several new clubs in the league if the proper steps were taken to interest the members of the Association football teams. But there seemed to be no desire on the part of the authorities to get these men to play. Captain Richardson, of the San Francisco County team, however, happened to be one of the men who had been playing football during the winter, and he took it upon himself to form what has turned out to be the champions of 1904.

It was a sorry spectacle that his men made of the other teams. The only one to make any sort of a showing were the Alameda boys, under command of Captain Ward. It would not be surprising if the league was reorganized next year, and put in the hands of men who will enlist the co-operation of all those who have a love for the pastime. With the present men at the head of it there will be no advancement.

* * *

SWIMMING. The swimming interests will receive an extra incentive this winter, as representatives of this branch of sport will be sent to St. Louis in the championship contest that will take place at the Olympic games. The Lurline Club will give the Olympic Club of this city a hard rub for the honors, for in the last few years the former club has been developing some fast men. J. Scott Leary will undoubtedly represent the Olympics, and in him the Coast has a champion that has given the Easterners several records, which he made in Chicago a couple of years ago. But there will be some keen work between the two clubs to see who will send the most men. The swimming contingent is likely to be increased from the men from the rowing club, for these sportsmen have some very likely candidates to be developed if there is a chance of a trip to the St. Louis Fair.

AMATEUR ATHLETIC LEAGUE. The Amateur Athletic League is one of the best athletic associations that has been formed for some time. It contains some half-dozen clubs that are putting up some good football. At the present time they are not members of the Pacific Amateur Athletic Association. It is to the advantage of the league to become members of the association, for it gives an amateur standing that cannot be disputed. They would undoubtedly have become members of the association when they organized if the officers of the latter body had offered any inducements. The officers of the association knew they were organizing, but never invited them to become members. The clubs in the league will undoubtedly take up amateur baseball when the football season has closed. There are enough members athletically inclined to take up many branches of amateur sports and pastimes if they were only brought into contact with clubs that foster them.

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BOWLING ON THE GREEN. The members of the San Francisco Scottish-Bowling Club have made great strides toward advancing the interests of the pastime on the Pacific Coast. During the summer they have finished a tournament and started another. The latter event is showing what practice will do for, so far, there has been many a surprise. Players who worked well to the finals in the first tournament went down and out almost in the first round. The amount of pleasure to be had in the game has caused a green to be built in Oakland, and now home and home matches will be played. The greens in Golden Gate Park and in Oakland are considered to be the finest in the United States.

* * *

GAELIC GAMES. For the first time in the history of Gaelic games on the Pacific Coast they are on an amateur footing which is without question. The Gaelic games as they are now conducted here are the cleanest ever witnessed. This is most pleasing to note, for from the ranks of the followers of these games have come some of the best athletes in the United States. It would not be surprising that from now on they would make a strong bid at all the open contests.

* * *

INDOOR BASEBALL. There seems to be a revival of indoor baseball in and about San Francisco. The Occidental Athletic Club has two full teams playing, while the Young Men's Christian Association in this city and Oakland each have a team. J. J. Gleason, leader of the Olympic Club, is also considering the forming of a team at the club. These four teams would bring out some very good playing. La Union, Lurline Swimming and several of the other athletic clubs in the Amateur Athletic League have been approached. The playing of a series in any case will not commence until after the first of the year.

* * *

GOLF. The greatest advancement during the summer season in golf playing was made by the women devotees of the pastime. Although the number that follow the pastime with any sort of consistency is limited, there was, however, much improvement. Many of those who were in the second class at the beginning of the year will be in the first class when the next open tournament takes place. With the men there was a goodly amount of playing, but a great deal of the interest was lacking from the fact that the Oakland players have not had links during the summer, the old one not being kept up as that of the new country club was in the course of construction. The Oakland players have in the past kept up the interest by the rivalry between the two sides of the bay. The play on the local links will be in full swing, as the winter months are the pleasantest in which to play, as the strong summer winds have departed.

By Arthur Inkersley.

OCTOBER was a quiet month among the members of the San Francisco Yacht Club, the winds being for the most part light. The chief events were the aquatic sports at the club-house on Sunday, the 11th, and the closing jinks on Saturday evening, the 24th.

Sunday the 11th was a delightful day, warm, clear and with little wind to ruffle the surface of the water. A large number of spectators, many of whom were ladies, crowded the piazzas and wharf of the club-house, manifesting much interest in the sports. The events were announced by A. J. Treat, who, armed with a megaphone, was one of the notable features of the occasion, performing also the functions of starter. W. G. Morrow and C. M. Gunn were judges, while Commodore R. S. Bridgman, Vice-Commodore A. C. Lee, J. E. Gray, W. W. Haley, W. G. Morrow, Secretary Hillyer Deuprey and T H. Muchmore hustled about to secure competitors for the various events. Sydney Cavill, the swimming instructor of the Olympic Club, was on hand with a "bunch" of swimmers, for whom a special race was provided. This was won by H. Hinkle. The swimming race for members of the San Francisco Yacht Club was won by "Reggie" Mason, for whose behoof "Members' Days" seen to have been specially devised. The same indefatigable swimmer proved the winner of the combined swimming and dressing race, in which the competitors swam from yacht to yacht, picking up and donning an article of dress on each. The tireless "Reggie" was the only one of several competitors who got out to the end of the greasy pole, but, though clad in feminine garb, he was disqualified for wearing stockings.

In the high diving event from the upper veranda of the club-house, J. Wise of the Olympic Club was first and F. Giannini of the San Francisco Yacht Club second. A race in the club barges, each manned by three scullers and a cockswain, was won by the crew of the Royal, consisting of Dr. J. Novitzky, bow; George Urquhart, waist; Frank Maino, stroke, and W. L. Sutherland, cockswain.

The double-sculling race, in which a pair of competitors pulled according to the directions of a lady sitting in the stern sheets but unprovided with a rudder, was won by W. W. Haley and his partner, of the yacht Ariel. A crew from the same sloop won the hand-paddling race, the prize being a bottle of distillate of rye, which was hung in the cross-trees of a yacht.

A tilting contest between two men in small boats, propelled by an oarsman apiece, created considerable amusement. In each boat stood a contestant, armed with a long pole padded at the end, with which he endeavored to push his opponent into the water. The winner was Bradford of the Olympic Club. A race in Canadian canoes was won by the two men in the green craft, the other craft capsizing on rounding the mark. Sydney Cavill gave a highly interesting and amusing performance, imitating a female swimmer, a drowning man, a porpoise, a submarine boat, and performing other clever tricks. The small yacht regatta for boats having a racing length of twenty feet or less was sailed, but in a very light breeze. The yawl Witch finished first, Angeline being second.

All the three yacht clubs in the neighborhood of San Francisco held their closing jinks on the same night—Saturday, October 24. About two hundred attended the jinks in the club-house at Sausalito, the following rendering items in the programme: R. C. Ayres, song and stories; Martin Welch, song; Carter and Mendal, dialogue; "Doc" Creely, song; G. W. Bruce, song; John Milligan, humorous turn; Louis Le Page, song; Carter, monologue; Giannini and Hunt, song; Alfred Hirsch, zither solo. An athletic entertainment was given by several members of the Olympic Club under the direction of George S, Miehling, wrestling instructor. Emil Schmew, G. W. Braun, R. B. Cornell and R. Phillips wrestled; E. Schmew, F. Williams, "Doc" Creely and G. W. Braun boxed; while Heuer and Baker tumbled. During an interval Eugene Levy, in a characteristic manner, distributed the prizes won in the swimming and other events on Members' Day. After the show, clam chowder and other refreshments were served in the boat room. Next day the last official cruise of the season occurred, about thirty yachts of the three clubs taking part in it.

On Saturday evening, October 3, nearly the whole Corinthian fleet dropped anchor in Paradise Cove, chowder and other nutriment being served on shore toward midnight. Next day a small boat regatta was held, the mosquito fleet being divided into two classes —twenty-footers and sixteen-footers. The twenty-footers sailed from Paradise Cove to and around Red Rock and back to the judges' boat. The smaller boats

A TREAT FOR DEAF EARS.

BLINDFOLD RACE, WITH GIRL COCKSWAINS.

sailed to Corinthian Cove, round a launch anchored there, and back to the starting point. In the twenty-foot class the fin-keel sloop Ruby took first place and the cat-boat Surprise second. Venture, sailed by F. E. Schober, took first prize in the sixteen-foot class.

On Saturday, October 17, about a dozen Tiburon yachts cruised up to Corinthian Cove, where they were joined by seven or eight more next day. On Sunday the annual baseball game was played between the "Shorts," captained by Jack of that name, and the "Keegans," headed by "Keegan" Schober. After the "Keegans" had made half-a-dozen runs or so, they refused to continue the game. Sport Captain J. H. Keefe, who officiated as umpire, gave the game to the "Shorts." The usual bountiful luncheon having been heartily enjoyed, the yachtsmen started on their homeward journey, reaching the cove at an early hour of the afternoon.

The cruise of the San Francisco and Corinthian Clubs to McNear's Landing did not prove successful, the Sausalito yachts Queen and Challenger being the only boats that made the rendezvous. The California flagship Idler started on the trip at two o'clock on the Saturday afternoon, but the lightness of the breeze prevented her from reaching the Upper Bay. On Sunday she cruised out toward Fort Point but, encountering a fog, put about and ran home.

The Corinthians held their closing jinks at Tiburon on Saturday evening, October 24, and on the same night the California yachtsmen had an impromptu entertainment and a supper at their club-house on Oakland Creek. During the evening the cups and flags won at the various races of the California Club during the season were distributed by August R. F. Brandes, chairman of the regatta committee.

Sunday, November 1, was occupied by most of the yachtsmen unbending sails and stripping their craft of gear, cooking utensils, stoves, cushions, blankets, etc. On November 8, the Belvedere drawbridge was raised and nearly the whole Corinthian fleet, accompanied by a few San Francisco and unattached yachts, were towed into the lagoon, there to remain in inglorious seclusion until the season of 1904 opens. Some of the yachts will be hauled out at Stone's yard at Harbor View, on the beach at Old Sausalito, or on the ways at South San Francisco. The sloops Speedwell and Queen, with the yawl Phyllis, will spend the winter in Corte Madera Creek, and Hogg, Wyck, Mann and Bird's sloop Meteor will be taken up Petaluma Creek. A few of the yacht-owners, especially of the California Club, will use their craft for duck shooting during the winter.

The season just ended, though it has produced no startling results and has lacked the excitement of a race for the Perpetual Challenge Cup, still held by the San Francisco Yacht Club, has, nevertheless, been a pleasant one. The three local clubs are all prosperous, with plenty of members and no lack of harmony. The South Bay Yacht Club now has a comfortable club-house and the Vallejo Yachting and Boating Club is provided with commodious quarters. There was some talk of a corporation acquiring Valentine's Island, on the point of which the Corinthian boat-house is built, for the purpose of erecting a large, modern hotel. If this project were carried out, it would probably render it necessary for the Corinthians to seek another location for a club-house and anchorage; but nothing has come of the scheme as yet. So far as appears, the Belvedere Hotel is able to accommodate the summer visitors, and during the winter even it is closed.

YACHTING SONG.

HO! FOR a sail o'er the white-capped waves
On our own dear 'Frisco Bay,
Where the waters wide rush on with the tide
Through the Gate of the Golden Way.

Skimming the sea as the soaring gulls
O'er the yacht's white deck sweep low,
While the whistling gales through the flapping sails
Make the heart and the cheek aglow.

Ah me, that touch of the Hand divine
On the bay's fair bosom laid!
The sun-tinged brine shines like golden wine
In a chalice of pearl and jade.

Milk-white our wake, like a filmy lace
On Sea's billowy breast outspread;
Its soft lucence blent with a sapphire lent
From the azure treasure o'erhead.

Gaily we sing as we dash along,
Every song to Neptune dear,
And the splashing play of the tossing spray
Echoes merrily on the ear.

Oh! a wet sheet and a flowing sail
And the wind a-whistling free!
Let landsmen prate of their joys sedate—
A scud on the bay for me.

—*Elise Pardow Romá.*

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE SECOND early morning tournament for members of the San Francisco Golf Club consisted of five rounds against bogey, with handicaps, to be played before 9 A. M. and earlier than October 10. Of the nine players who entered the competition two, R. G. Hanford and Reginald White, did not hand in any scores; and two others, Mrs. E. S. Miller and Miss Chesebrough, did not complete the five rounds, the heavy rain which fell on Friday morning, October 9, preventing them from doing so. L. B. Edwards, with a handicap of 7 strokes on each round, or 35 strokes in all, won, his score by rounds being 1 up, 1 up, 0, 1 up, 0—total, 3 up. The scores of the other players were as follows: R. J. Bentley, 4 down, 3 up, 3 down, 2 down, 0, handicap 20—total, 6 down; L. F. Monteagle, 3 down, 4 down, 3 down, 3 down, handicap 35—total, 13 down; W. J. Dutton, 5 down, 2 down, 3 down, 1 down, 6 down, handicap 35—total, 17 down; Mrs. E. S. Miller, 3 down, 3 up, 5 down, handicap 40; Mrs. E. Chesebrough, 5 down, 5 down, 1 up, handicap 35; E. N. Bee, 1 down, 5 down, 5 down, 2 down, handicap 35.

On Saturday, October 3, Mixed Foursomes were played on the links of the San Rafael Club, the trophy being won from eight other couples by M. J. and Mrs. Casey, with a score for nine holes of 64, less 17, net 47. Mrs. R. G. Brown and G. M. Pinckard played from scratch and returned the best gross score, 53. On the same day R. J. Davis and R. G. Brown played off the second tie for the trophy offered some weeks before for the best score made in the qualifying round over eighteen holes for the competition for the Council's Cup for men. Davis beat Brown by two strokes.

Since Admission Day many members of the San Francisco Golf Club have been going out for practice on the links, and on Election Day about a score of men took part in a handicap tournament over eighteen holes. There were three prizes, one for the best gross score and two for the lowest handicap scores. Balfour D. Adamson, the only scratch player, won the trophy for the lowest gross score with 84. R. J. Woods and J. S. Severance tied for the handicap prizes with net scores of 82. The handicapping was very well done by Robert Johnstone, the club professional, the difference between the best and the worst net scores being only eleven strokes. Admiral Trilley, who won the Admission Day handicap with a score of 98, less 16, net 82, received a handicap of twelve strokes on Election Day, but made a considerable higher gross score. A high wind blowing over the course tended to raise the scores of the players, which are shown in the table:

Competitors.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net
R. J. Woods	98	16	82
J. S. Severance	98	16	82
J. S. Oyster	87	4	83
L. B. Edwards	95	12	83
Rolla V. Watt	95	12	83
A. S. Lilley	92	8	84
B. D. Adamson	84	0	84
Albert Todd	96	12	84
E. N. Bee	100	16	84
W. J. Dutton	99	14	85
H. M. Hoyt	89	3	86
R. G. Hanford	95	8	87
J. W. Bryne	89	2	87
R. I. Bentley	96	8	88
F. W. Clampett	105	16	89
Perry Eyre	103	12	91
A. B. Watson	100	8	92
Admiral Trilley	105	12	93
Dr. J. R. Clark	88	3	85

The tie for the handicap prizes was played off on a later day between J. S. Severance and R. J. Woods.

On Saturday, November 14, beginning at 2 P. M., there was a handicap against bogey, over eighteen holes, on the Presidio links, two prizes being offered. On Thanksgiving Day (Thursday, November 26) there was a handicap over eighteen holes, medal play, for first and second prizes. The players drew for partners and teed off at 9:30 or 10:30 A. M. The gross scores made in the tournament were also reckoned as qualifying scores in the competition for the Council's Cup for men. The eight players who returned the lowest scores qualified for the match play, for each round of which one week will be allowed.

On Friday, December 25, the qualifying round will be played in a match play, the competitors who return the eight lowest scores being entitled to enter the match rounds, for each of which four days will be allowed. The allotted handicaps will apply throughout the contest.

The competition for the Council's Cup for men of the San Francisco Golf Club will be unusually keen and interesting, as S. L. Abbot and H. C. Golcher have two victories apiece, and a third will make the trophy the permanent property of the winner. If C. E. Maud and A. G. Harvey enter the competition, however, it is likely that a new name will be engraved on the cup, which already bears the names of H. C. Golcher, S. L. Abbot, R. B. Gaylord, Lieutenant J. S. Oyster and John Lawson.

It is much to be hoped that the Oakland golfers may get their new course in order at an early date, that there may be no interregnum in the regular matches between teams representing the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs.

The golf tournaments given by Mrs. Griscom on the grounds of the Merion Club, Philadelphia, in which Miss Rhona Adair, the woman golf champion of Great Britain, Mrs. Charles T. Stout, woman champion of the United States, the Canadian woman champion and other crack golfers took part, was highly successful. Miss Rhona Adair defeated Mrs. Stout, but the match between nine American players on one side and three English and six Canadian players on the other was won by the American team. Miss Rhona Adair surprised the golfers by the ease and accuracy of her play. Though a woman has a right to invite people to a golf tournament whenever she pleases and can get them to come, it is impossible to avoid suspecting that Mrs. Griscom chose that particular time for giving her tournament from a desire to draw some good players away from the competition for the woman's championship of the United States, once held by her own daughter, Miss Elizabeth Griscom. Mrs.

Griscom, weeks before this year's contest for the United States championship took place, sent letters of invitation to strong women golfers in various parts of the country, requesting their presence at her tournament. It is all very well to say that one should not suspect a woman of doing such a thing as this, but it is also well in many matters to avoid even the appearance of evil, and this Mrs. Griscom did not do.

Many golfers will be surprised to read that "lost ball, lost hole" in match play is not one of the traditional rules in golf, but was adopted by the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews as late as 1882. For more than a century before (1775 to 1882) the St. Andrews rule for lost ball was loss of stroke and distance, and it seems as if a return to this old practice would be advisable. The present rule was, doubtless, made in order to prevent the delay caused by lost ball couples returning to replay their shots. This objection to the old penalty still has force, though it is doubtful whether lost balls are as common nowadays as formerly, when the courses were narrow and cumbered with impassable spots. The penalty of a lost hole seems too severe for the crime of losing a ball, and works unfairly and unevenly. Except in case of a very wild stroke, the punishment does not fit the crime. When a ball is lost out of bounds, the penalty is only the loss of the distance. It hardly seems right that a player who loses his ball on the course should forfeit the hole to an opponent who drives out of bounds and, perhaps, loses his ball there as well. A return to the old penalty would obviate this anomaly and other anomalies created by the rule at present in vogue. The resumption of the original rule would also be a contribution toward a very desirable end—the adoption of the same penalties, as far as possible, for match and medal play. The code would thus be more simple and more easily remembered.

THE AUTOMOBILE RACE MEET AT INGLESIDE.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THE RACE meeting held under the management of the Automobile Club of California on the Ingleside Race Track on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, November 6, 7, and 8, was eminently successful. Barney Oldfield and Bullet No. 2 Winton racing car were the center of interest, but the competition in all the events was keen. Friday was a fine day and brought out a good number of spectators, but it was expected that a very much larger number would be at the track on Saturday. On Friday night and Saturday morning, however, heavy rain fell, causing the attendance to be no better on the second than on the opening day. On both days a large number of touring automobiles, among which were several handsome cars, brought out loads of spectators, many being of the class quaintly described by enthusiastic journalists as "society women." Forty or fifty autos were drawn up in line close to the rail on the south side of the track.

The following officials were in charge of the races: Referee, L. P. Lowe; judges, J. D. Spreckels (vice-president of the automobile club of California), R. P. Schwerin and S. G. Buckbee; timer, W. W. Everett, assisted by Captain L. R. Burgess, Colonel George C. Edwards, John Hammersmith, Edward Mohrig, John Elliott and C. E. Mathewson; clerk of course, R. C. Lennie; starter, John J. Gleeson; umpires, H. C. Brown and S. C. Lowe. The races were conducted with the sanction and under the rules of the racing board of the Automobile Association of America. Frank W. Thompson and a megaphone announced the races and their results in a highly satisfactory manner.

The special train from Fourth and Townsend streets brought the passengers to the track about one o'clock on Friday. Shortly afterwards Barney Oldfield went round the track for practice, but, as the first mile took 1:04 2-5, he decided to try no more just then. The track was soft and not adapted to extreme high speed.

The first race, two miles, for gasoline cars only, 6½ horsepower or less, brought out three cars, W. S. Hunt in an Oldsmobile winning easily in 3:27 1-5, C. S. Luckhardt in a Rambler was second in 3:31 1-5, and the inevitable Dr. W. H. Kellogg in his Orient buckboard last in 3:40 3-5. First prize, $50.00; second prize, a silver cup.

The second race was a five-mile open event for cars weighing 1,200 pounds or less, the first prize being $100.00 and the second $25.00. W. F. Winchester in a Franklin car got away with the lead and never lost it, finishing first in 8:50 1-5. F. R. Luckhardt was second in a St. Louis, and Dr. W. H. Kellogg third in his Orient buckboard in 9:15 1-5. C. S. Luckhardt in a Rambler was left at the starting line.

The third race, starting at 2:30 P. M., was a five-mile handicap for motor-cycles, the prizes being silver cups. There were eight starters. The race was between Thomas A. White on a Rambler, handicap thirty seconds, and E. M. Coffin on a Duck at scratch. Both these passed their competitors, but the Duck, though of four horsepower, could not get away from the two and a half horsepower Rambler. White won by twenty yards in 10:16 4-5. The positions taken by the riders were hideous, Coffin riding flat on his stomach with his legs stretched out behind, and White bending his body at a right angle over the machine.

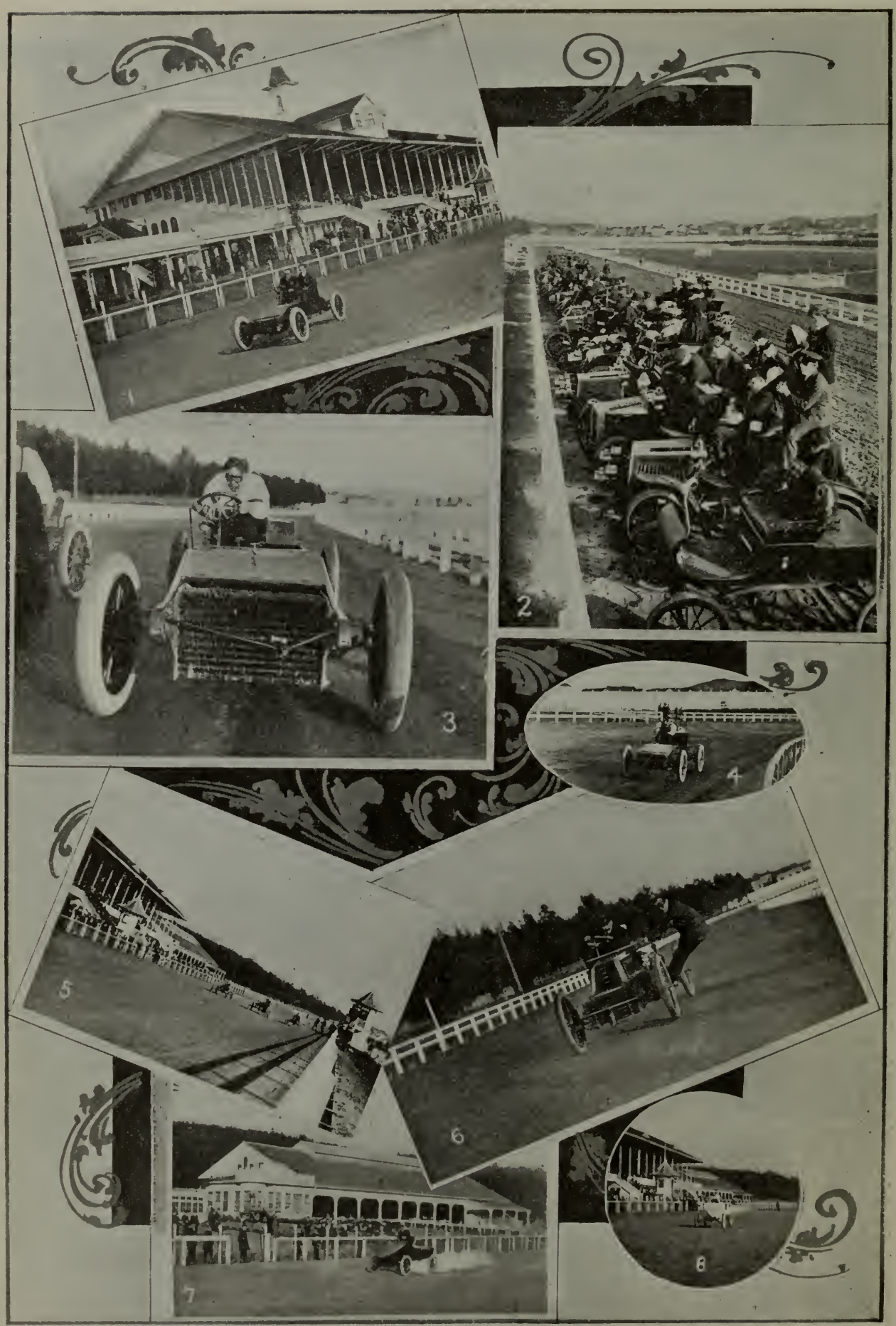
The fourth race, starting at 3 P. M., was a five-mile event for gasoline cars only, twenty-four horsepower or less, the first prize being $100.00 and the second $25.00. There were four entries, but only two came up to the starting line. These were W. E. Saunders in a four-cylinder Toledo with bright yellow wheels, and W. F. Saunders in a Franklin car. The heavier Toledo lost a little on the turns and gained on the straight. The finish was exceedingly close, the Toledo winning by half a length in 6:46 4-5. The winner's time by miles was as follows: One mile, 1:32 1-5; two miles, 2:52 3-5; three miles, 4:10 2-5; four miles, 5:41 1-5; five miles, 6:46 4-5.

The fifth race, starting at 3:30 P. M., was a five-mile open event for cars 1,800 pounds or less; first prize $200.00 and second prize $50.00. This was the first event in which Barney Oldfield took part, and his appearance was eagerly looked for. He drove his "Baby Bullet" or "No. 3 Bullet," but proved no match at all for the White steam touring car driven by Walter Grothe, which covered the five miles in 6:04 2-5, Oldfield's time being 6:17 4-5. H. D. Ryus in a White steam touring car was third, and Pierre Desmet in George P. Whittell, Jr.'s, Mors was last. The winner's time by miles was as follows: One mile, 1:17 1-5; two, 2:32 2-5; three, 3:44 4-5; four, 4:54 3-5; five, 6:04 2-5.

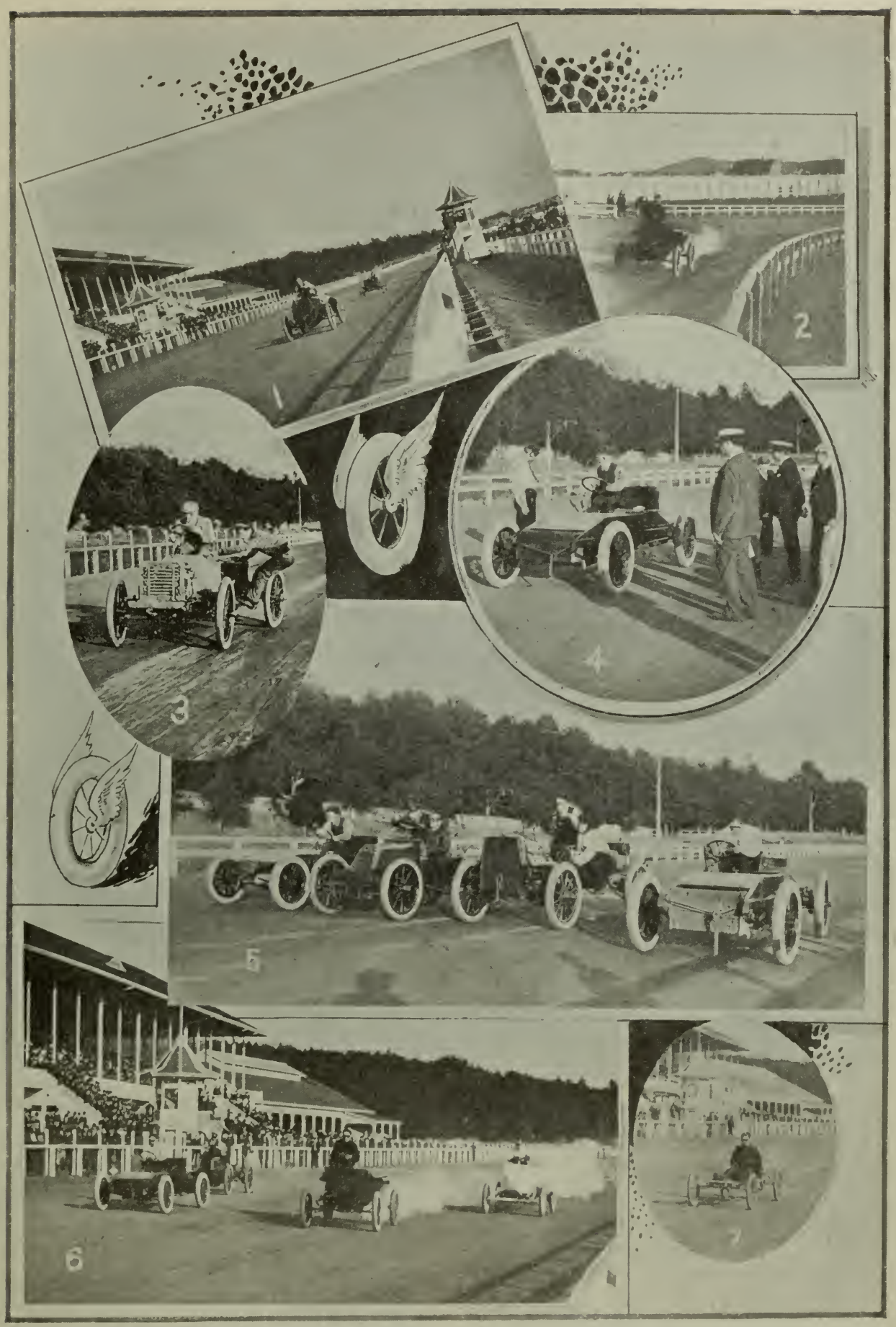
The sixth race, starting at 4 P. M., open, five miles, for cars legitimately owned in California, irrespective of power or weight, brought out three starters. The National Automobile Company's Toledo, operated by W. E. Saunders, won in 6:25 1-5; F. A. Garbutt in a White touring car being second, and Pierre Desmet in George P. Whitell, Jr.'s Mors third. Winner's time by miles: One, 1:23 4-5; two, 2:37 1-5; three, 3:53 1-5; four, 5:09 3-5; five, 6:25 1-5.

The seventh race, starting at 4:30 P. M., ten miles, open, for cars irrespective of power or weight, first prize $400.00, second $100.00, was watched with great interest, as in it Barney Oldfield appeared in his big Winton car, "Bullet No. 2," weighing 3,420 pounds and estimating as possessing 120 horsepower. William Graham, also an employee of the Winton Motor Carriage Company, drove the "Baby Bullet." The two Bullets soon drew away from their competitors and lapped two of them. Barney Oldfield finished first in 11:00 1-5, William Graham second, and Pierre Desmet in the Mors third. The time of the winner by miles was: One, 1:18 3-5; two, 2:23 1-5; three, 3:32 4-5; four, 4:43 1-5; five, 5:59 4-5; six, 6:51 4-5; seven, 7:52; eight, 8:54 1-5; nine, 9:56 2-5; ten, 11:00 1-5. The fastest mile was the seventh; time, 1:00 1-5.

The eighth race was a five-mile handicap, open to all cars that had taken part in any of the preceding races and that were legitimately owned in California.



1. Oldfield and Graham's "1 mile 1 minute."
2. The crowd of auto enthusiasts.
3. Oldfield ready to start.
4. Oldfield in "Bullet No. 3."
5. Three starters opening race first day.
6. Pierre Desmet in Whittle's "Moro."
7. Rounding into the home stretch.
8. Ryus in a winning "White."



1. W. E. Sanders in "Toledo."
2. Walter Groth ("White") beating Oldfield.
3. Eastland's "Peerless"—Andrews driving.
4. Wm. Grah in "Baby Bullet."
5. Start in Saturday's 10 mile race.
6. Start of 5 mile race.
7. Dr. Kellogg was there with his buckboard.

The Pioneer Automobile Company's Oldsmobile, driven by C. C. Eib, and receiving a handicap of 2:30, won in 8:46 2-5, or a net time of 6:16 2-5. George P. Whittell, Jr.'s Mors, operated by Pierre Desmet and receiving a handicap of forty seconds, won second prize of $50.00; the National Automobile Company's Rambler, driven by C. S. Luckhardt and receiving 2:05 handicap, was third. Dr. W. H. Kellogg and his buckboard received 2:45; F. R. Luckhardt in a St. Louis had a handicap of 1:20, and W. F. Winchester in a Franklin was scratch.

Though the rain on Saturday morning reduced the crowd of spectators very seriously, those who did go enjoyed a beautiful afternoon and good sport. The various competitors were desirous of trying the track to satisfy themselves that it was not dangerous to drive on the soft, wet surface. The first race, for cars of six and a half horsepower or less, three miles, was called a little before 2 P. M. Walter Grothe in a White car took the lead, W. S. Hunt following in an Oldsmobile; Dr. W. H. Kellogg in his Orient buckboard and C. S. Luckhardt in a Rambler came next. Hunt pressed Grothe in the second mile, but in the third mile Grothe drew away and finished first (prize $75.00) in 5:25. The Oldsmobile's time was 5:29 2-5; the buckboard Orient's was 5:42 1-5, and the Rambler's 5:43 1-4.

The second event was a five-mile race for gasoline cars only, 1,200 pounds or less. Prizes: First, $100.00; second, $25.00. F. W. Winchester in a Franklin got the lead in the first mile and kept it to the end, finishing in 7:59 1-5. R. Fowler in a Franklin was a very bad second in 9:54 4-5, and C. S. Luckhardt in a Rambler was third in 9:55 1-5.

The third race was a five-mile handicap for motorcycles and brought out the same contestants as on Friday. Thomas A. White, who won on Friday, received ten seconds instead of thirty, but won comfortably in 11:51 3-5. Sampson (handicap thirty seconds) was second on a two and a half horsepower Rambler, and Coffin on a four horsepower Duck, starting from scratch, was third.

The fourth race, five miles, open for cars 1,800 pounds or less, first prize $200.00, second prize $50.00, brought out Barney Oldfield on the "Baby Bullet." The champion was determined to beat Walter Grothe in the White, and did so conclusively, covering the distance in 5:41 4-5 and leading the second machine by a mile. Pierre Desmet was second in the Mors in 6:31 4-5, and Walter Grothe in the White third in 6:53. The winner's time by miles was as follows: One, 1:16 4-5; two, 2:23 4-5; three, 3:29; four, 4:34 4-5; five, 5:41 4-5.

The fifth race was a five-mile open one for cars of twenty-four horsepower or less. The National Automobile Company's Toledo, driven by W. E. Saunders, won in 6:24 1-5; F. A. Garbutt in a White being second, and E. C. Ford and F. A. Jacob's Franklin, E. Winchester operating, being third. Winner's time by miles was as follows: One, 1:26; two, 2:40; three, 3:54; four, 5:09 2-5; five, 6:24 1-5.

The sixth race, ten miles, open, for cars irrespective of power or weight, first prize $400.00, second $100.00, was the great event of the day. It was won by Barney Oldfield in Bullet No. 2 in 10:19 1-5, William Graham in Bullet No. 3 being second, and W. G. Saunders in the Toledo third. Oldfield's time by miles was as folows: One, 1:15 3-5; two, 2:18 1-5; three, 3:20; four, 4:20 1-5; five, 5:20; six, 6:21 3-5; seven, 7:21; eight, 8:19 4-5; nine, 9:20 2-5; ten, 10:19 1-5. The fastest

OLDFIELD MAKING HIS RECORD MILE IN 56 SECONDS.

mile was the eighth, in 58 4-5 seconds. This mile won the special prize offered by L. P. Lowe for a mile under one minute and delighted the spectators.

The last race on Saturday was a five-mile handicap, open to all cars that had taken part in any of the previous races and that were legitimately owned on the Pacific Coast. Dr. W. H. Kellogg on his buckboard Orient, with a handicap of 3:45, won in 9:24. W. E. Saunders in the Toledo, scratch, was second, and George E. Middleton's Franklin, operated by R. Fowler, handicap 2:45, was third. This concluded the card for Saturday, the managers having decided to give a third day's racing on Sunday in the hope of drawing a really large crowd of spectators. The Automobile Club has always asserted that it is not in favor of Sunday racing, but *necessitas non habet leges,* and its pinch overcame the scruples of the directors. It was, of course, stated that the popular demand to see Oldfield was so strong that it could not be resisted.

Of the eight events provided for the amusement of the Sunday-breakers, none excited so much enthusiasm as the ten-mile open race, in which Barney Oldfield covered one mile (the third) in fifty-six seconds, and the whole distance in 9:51. The champion motorist won the special prize of $100.00 offered by L. P. Lowe for beating his own time of 58 4-5 seconds made on Saturday.

The first race was a three-mile handicap for motorcycles that had started in the races of Friday or Saturday, and was won by Levitt & Bill's "California," operated by Montie Fink, receiving 4:40, in 12:56. Thomas A. White's "Rambler," ridden by Robert Varney and starting at scratch, was second; and Joseph Holle's "Indian," ridden by H. Swanson, one minute handicap, was third.

The special novelty race, in which auto cars with a full load of passengers were to cover a distance of two miles, was won by W. W. Everett's 1903 car; William Powers' 1904 car being second, and George Bird's 1904 car third.

The five-mile open event for cars irrespective of power or weight, legitimately owned in California, was won by Walter Grothe in a White touring car, H. D. Ryus in a White being second, and W. E. Saunders in a Toledo third. Time, 6:30 4-5. Time by miles: One, 1:24 1-5; two, 2:45 4-5; three, 3:59 2-5; four, 5:13 2-5; five, 6:30 4-5.

The special novelty race for Winton touring cars carrying complete loads of passengers, who stepped in at the signal, was won by George Fuller's car, C R. Scott's car being second, and Barney Oldfield's third. Distance, two miles.

The ten-mile race, open for all cars, irrespective of power or weight, was won by Barney Oldfield in his Bullet No. 2, in 9:51 1-5. H. D. Ryus in a White touring car was second. The winner's time by miles was as follows: One, 1:09 4-5; two, 2:08 4-5; three, 3:05 3-5, four, 4:03 1-5; five, 4:49 1-5; sixth, 5:55 2-5; seventh, 6:52 2-5; eight, 7:49 3-5; nine, 8:49 4-5; ten, 9:51 1-5.

The five-mile race, open, for gasoline cars only, thirty-five horsepower or less, was won by the Toledo, operated by W. E. Saunders; the Franklin, owned by Ford & Jacobs, and driven by W. F. Winchester, being second, and George E. Middleton's Franklin, steered by R. Fowler, third.

In a race for steam cars H. D. Ryus in a Whit took first place in 7:23 2-5, and Walter Grothe, als in a White, was second.

In a handicap, free-for-all, five-mile race Pierre Desmet in G. P. Whittell, Jr.'s' Mors was first, in 9:27 3-5; F. Fowler in a Franklin being second, and H. D. Ryus in a White steam car third.

H. L. Betten, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

THE TRAINING OF THE FIELD DOG.

No. 7.

Forced Retrieving. Part II.

IN THE second stage of forced retrieving the dog is forced to step forward and take an object from your hand. At first you should merely hold it at arm's length, and on a level with the dog's head, while you grasp the ring of the spike collar with your right hand and order him to "fetch." At the same time you should give a forward tug on the collar, and should he refuse to move continue the tug until he is brought close to the object held in your left hand. Then, if he will not grasp the object, use the methods applied in the first stage in forcing him to open his mouth and he will soon come to terms. You should be certain, however, that he fully comprehends your order, for unless he does punishment will be worse than wasted on him. A stupid dog should be gently forced through the various steps until he realizes what is wanted, when punishment may be applied for infractions of your orders.

"HOLD UP!"
A group of well bred setters.

COUNT'S DIANA.

After the dog has been perfected in the first and second stages of retrieving, and will step forward and take an object from your hand at command when it is on a level with his head, you may hold it lower at each repetition of the lesson until he will grasp it when within a few inches of the ground.

At first he may not feel inclined to lower his head, and considerable tact is required in tempting him to obey without resorting to unnecessary force. The difficulty may be overcome by holding the object close to his mouth when you order him to retrieve and gradually lowering it as he steps forward to grasp it. Naturally, he will follow it with his mouth and its proximity will cause him to lower his head in an attempt to secure it.

On the other hand, if you tried to force him to retrieve an object held close to the ground without first holding it before him, he might refuse to obey, and it would be necessary to resort to undue severity in securing compliance with your command. With a dog of a cheerful, willing disposition, no difficulty should be experienced in teaching this branch of retrieving, especially if he is given reasonable time to become letter perfect in the preceding stages and thoroughly comprehends your orders.

When giving these lessons it is advisable to lead the dog about after he has grasped the object and order him to "hold up" or "sit up" before you take it from him. In this way he will become accustomed to correct habits in retrieving, and you will have little difficulty in perfecting the final stages of his education. Do not allow him to swing in behind or to one side of you when about to sit up, but force him to take a position directly in front, so that you will not have to stoop or reach for the object.

The next stage consists of forcing the dog to retrieve an object laid or thrown on the floor. This demands the greatest nicety in application, and will often tax your patience to the utmost. The dog may have complied with your command when the object was first held within a few inches of his nose and gradually lowered, but a new situation now confronts him and if he is inclined to be stubborn or awkward it will require considerable patience and persistence on your part to force him to lift it from the ground or floor.

In teaching this branch of retrieving, I consider it advisable to use an object constructed as per description in my last article, as it enables an awkward dog to secure a hold without fumbling and nosing it. At first you may hold it up before him to attract his attention before placing it on the ground. Then give the order to retrieve, at the same time bringing him forward by a tug on the cord attached to the spike collar. An intelligent, willing dog may retrieve without further trouble, but a stubborn dog will often refuse to budge, and will sit up with his nose in the air and seemingly defy you to proceed with the lesson. Should he pursue such a course the whip may be used to tap him over the nose and bring it down to the proper level, when he should be moved forward with a sharp tug on the spike collar and free use of the whip. It is sometimes necessary to apply considerable punishment in order to secure obedience to your command, and if the dog is inclined to be ill-natured you may have a fight on your hands. If such is the case the sooner he learns that you are his master the better it will be for dog and trainer. A stubborn, willful young dog bears a certain resemblance in characteristics to callow youths just arriving at the voting age, who imagine they are veritable "cocks of the walk." A good, thorough beating at the proper period teaches them their station in life, and they are careful not to overstep their bounds in the future.

Some dogs when forced out will walk past the object, or crouch on the floor before it. Such should be taken back to their original position and then forced to the object, which may be lifted a few inches with the left hand

Atkins Photo.

A COVEY IN THE STUBBLE.

SID WILLIAMS. (F. R. ATKINS, OWNER).

while the cord and whip are held in the right hand. Draw the dog forward with sharp tugs on the collar, applying the whip in conjunction if necessary. If it is merely stubbornness which deters him from grasping it, the battle must be fought to a finish then and there, remembering always to keep cool and use judgment in applying punishment. After he has once obeyed the fight is won, but it is always desirable to repeat the order a few times before abandoning the lesson for the day. Thereafter, lessons should be continued at regular intervals until he obeys with alacrity. Small faults should be corrected at once, so that they will not become habitual, and perfection should be required in each branch of retrieving before proceeding to the next.

Having thoroughly schooled the dog in retrieving an object thrown on the ground, you may next dispense with the check cord, merely leaving the collar on his neck as a "reminder." If obedience to your commands has become habitual he will retrieve without recourse to the cord or collar, but if not a tug on the latter usually is all that is necessary to send him out.

Lessons in the last branch taught should be continued until by gradually increasing the distance the dog will retrieve an object no matter how far it is thrown. When he has arrived at this stage you may also force him to "drop" as you throw it, or at least remain steady until ordered to "fetch," the spike collar and check cord being kept in

A BIG BEVY.

THE DOCTOR STANDS PAT.

readiness for instant use should you find it difficult to restrain him. Later on he may be given lessons outside of the room or kennel yard, and when he has acquired a reasonable degree of perfection in retrieving under varying conditions a dead bird may be substituted for the object used heretofore.

At first it is advisable to force him to retrieve the bird while in the kennel yard, and a short primary lesson should be given merely to allow him to become acquainted with its feeling and unusual taste. Force him through the various stages of retrieving until he becomes perfect in handling the bird. Should he attempt to "pinch" it, you may wrap it with copper wire, or better yet, you may sew a few long wire nails to elastic bands and slip the contrivance over its body, thus preventing further mutilation of the bird and the acquirement of a "harder" mouth.

Finishing lessons may then be given in pasture fields or vacant lots containing short cover and the dog forced to retrieve by scent as well as sight. The bird may be thrown quite a distance by means of a short cord attached to its legs or wings, and the solving of scent problems will prove of benefit to the dog when he comes to apply his knowledge in the field. As a further aid to the development of his olfactory powers the bird may be dragged along paths and through cover while he is dropped or chained at a distance, and he may then be sent on to locate and retrieve the bird. The average dog, when he arrives at this stage, takes a delight in retrieving, and seems extremely proud of his ability to unravel scent; that is, providing he has been properly taught. In this he should be encouraged, as it will aid him in

field work and make a finished retriever of him in much shorter time than would be possible if he was obliged to acquire all of his experience in actual field training.

If the dog is acquainted with the noise of firearms and shows no signs of gun-shyness, he may be taught to drop or stop to shot and wing while being finished in retrieving. A revolver is the proper weapon to use, and may be fired at the moment the dead bird is thrown out to be retrieved. If such a course is possible it will aid greatly in establishing steadiness to shot and wing in the field, but great care should be exercised in the use of firearms, and their use should be discontinued if you notice that the dog is inclined to flinch.

In the application of the forced method undue force is unnecessary, and you should be able to retain the confidence of your pupil. Patience and a keen conception of the requirements of the moment are necessary to insure the successful outcome of the training. Properly taught, the forced retriever is so far in advance of the natural retriever that comparisons are odious, but much depends upon the trainer and the characteristics of the animal in hand. Some dogs do not possess the natural qualifications necessary to make clever performers, no matter how skillful the teacher, and results will be disappointing. However, the average setter or pointer possesses mentality of an order high enough to presage satisfactory results when taught by the forced system, and to those who wish to devote the necessary time to training it offers the best means by which to develop a finished retriever.

DROPPING TO WING.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST FIELD TRIALS.

(Special Correspondence.)

Owing to a scarcity of birds and the fact that a great deal of territory heretofore available had been in use as training grounds, thus limiting the club to a very restricted area, the fourth annual trials of the Pacific Northwest Field Trial Club cannot be placed on record as a complete success.

The club has decided to look for new grounds in the vicinity of Mt. Vernon or La Conner, and a committee has been appointed to inspect those sections.

For some time past the progress of this club has been retarded by dissensions among its members, but finally the better element got together and at the annual meeting elected a set of officers whose names are synonymous with clean sportsmanship. This will be the means of putting the organization on a good, solid footing, and now that harmony has been restored we may expect to see it hold trials as successful as any on the Coast. The new officers are as follows: President, J. A. Peebles; vice-presidents, L. B. Youngs, Alfred Wiesemann, E. B. Roy, T. J. A. Tiedemann, L. Lundy; secretary-treasurer, John Ripplinger; board of governors, F. R. Atkins, C. B. Yandell, N. A. Wedeen, J. W. Considine and F. A. Pontius.

F. R. Atkins Photo.

READY TO CAST OFF.
Pac. N. W. Trials.

Atkins Photo.

SNAPPED AT PACIFIC NORTHWEST TRIALS.

Professor J. A. Balmer of Cle Elum, Wash., officiated as judge, and in the main his decisions were well received. The placing of Fleet over Kilgarif was

F. R. Atkins Photo
LADY'S LAD. (ALEX. HAMILTON, OWNER.)

a surprise to the crowd, for although the latter was high in flesh he was so far ahead of Fleet that comparisons are odious.

The attendance was fair, and among those present were Alfred Wiesemann of Spokane, Miss Winnifred Davie of Victoria, B. C., Thomas Plimley of the same city, C. L. Roy, C. H. Burnett, Jr., N. A. Wedeen, Oscar Jones, J. A. Peebles, F. A. Pontius, Charles Wienig, C. B. Yandell, J. W. Considine and F. R. Atkins of Seattle, Dr. Tucker and wife of Portland, Or., F. J. Pratt of Coupeville, and the various handlers.

The winner of the Derby proved to be Uncle Jim, an extremely handsome white and lemon dog, by the well-known sire Count Whitestone out of Sport's May Belle. Uncle Jim shows grand qualities, moving with a high head and splendid tail action, and working with intelligence and independence. He is owned by that popular fancier J. A. Peebles, who has a prize.

Valita, winner of second, is a small black, white and tan bitch by Bell Boy out of Rod's Lark. She has an abundance of speed, range and style and is a bird finder, but is not yet under the best of control. When properly developed she should make the best of them hustle. She is owned by John Schumacher of Los Angeles, Cal., and was bred by W. W. Van Arsdale.

Count Whitestone's Chief and Cincinnatus Nat divided third. Chief is a goer, but does not apply his speed to advantage and gives tongue while in motion. Nat put up a very creditable race in his first heat, but failed to sustain himself in his second trial.

Others worthy of mention are Lady's Lad and Hick's Bab, both of which exhibited considerable class. Bab lacks in training and may show to advantage in later trials.

In the All-Age Stake, Terry's Lady showed to advantage and won out with something to spare. She is a consistent performer and a bird finder, with an abundance of class to boot.

Fleet, second, has good style and merry action, but is not thoroughly trained. His one find was a meritorious piece of work but offset by his refusal to honor his brace mate's find.

Kilgarif, third, was the winner of the last California Derby. He is a glutton for work and our fields are too small to hold him, consequently it keeps his handler busy to turn him out of the woods. His work in the first heat was of the highest order, but he let down considerably in his second competition and did not run like the same dog.

Harry H. ran in great form but was unlucky in getting on birds.

The order of running was as follows:

DERBY SUMMARY.

Hick's Lad white, black and tan setter dog (Doc Hick-Woodcraft)—handler Hans Hansen, owner J. W. Considine—with Bon Ton Belle, white and lemon setter bitch (Lady's Count Noble-Val's Belle)—handler C. H. Sweetser, owner Charles Hermann.

Glen Rose, white and black pointer dog (Glendale-Kenwood Rose)—owner and handler W. B. Coutts—with Roy's Lady, white, black and tan setter bitch (Roy Montez-Victoria Belle II)—handler C. H. Sweetser, owner Winifred M. Davie.

Hick's Bab, white, black and tan setter bitch (Doc Hick-Woodcraft)—handler Hans Hansen, owner J. W. Considine—with Valita, white, black and tan setter bitch (Bell Boy-Rod's Lark)—handler W. B. Coutts, owner J. H. Schumacher.

Tony's Tony, white and lemon setter bitch (Tony Boy-Belton Girl)—handler Hans Hansen, owner Wiesemann & Considine—with Ban Go, white and black pointer dog (Glendale-Kenwood Rose)—owner and handler W. B. Coutts.

Uncle Jim, white and orange setter dog (Count Whitestone-Sport's May Belle)—handler C. G. Kyle. owner J. A. Peebles—with Count Whitestone-Sport's May Belle—handler Hans Hansen owner N. A. Wedeen.

Doc Montez, white, black and tan setter dog (Roy Montez-Diana Montez)—handler Hans Hansen, owner C. Wienig—with Robert Llewellin, white, black and tan setter dog (Llewellin Drake-Miss Maud)—handler W. B. Coutts, owner T. J. A. Tiedeman.

SECOND SERIES.

Glen Rose with Cincinnatus Nat.
Hick's Bab with Count Whitestone's Chief.
Valita with Uncle Jim.
First, Uncle Jim; second, Valita; third, Cincinnatus Nat and Count Whitestone's Chief.

ALL-AGE SUMMARY.

Lola Montez white, black and tan setter bitch (Llewellin Drake-Zola Montez)—handler Hans Hansen, owner Considine & Wiesemann—with Lady, white and lemon setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV-Peach Mark)—handler W. B. Coutts, owner J. E. Terry.

Miss Rip, white and black pointe bitch (Young Rip Ray-Jingo's Jersey Lass)—handler and owner W. B. Coutts—with Fleet's Bushranger, white and lemon setter dog (Highland Fleet-Jersey Queen)—handler C. G. Kyle, owner F. J. Pratt, Jr.

Harry H., white, black and tan setter dog (Why Not-Sue)—handler W. B. Coutts, owner C. E. Worden —with Lady's Count Noble, white, black and tan setter dog (Lady's Count Gladstone-Lady Noble)—handler Hans Hansen, owner Green & Considine.

Fleet, white and lemon setter dog (Dashing Fleet-White Bawn)—handler Hans Hansen, owner Paulsel —with Kilgarif, white, black and tan setter dog (Orion-Mary Lou)—handler W. B. Coutts, owner J. E. Terry.

SECOND SERIES.

Lady with Harry H.
Kilgarif with Lola Montez.

FINAL.

Lady with Fleet.
First, Terry's Lady; second, Fleet; third, Kilgarif.

F. R. Atkins Photo
"BANG GO." (W. B. COUTTS.)

BRITISH COLUMBIA FIELD TRIALS.

The inaugural trials of the British Columbia Field Trial Club, which were held at Steveston, B. C., October 9-10, were successful in every way, and proved beyond a doubt the desirability of the Mongolian pheasant as a bird on which to test the qualities of field trial dogs.

Weather conditions were not all that could be desired, rain falling on both days. This forced most of the birds from the open into heavy cover, where it was impossible to secure satisfactory point work. Nevertheless, each brace had opportunities on birds, and considering the difficulties met with the showing as a whole was highly creditable.

The Derby was won by Miss Winnifred Davie's black, white and tan setter bitch Roy's Lady (Roy Montez-Victoria Belle II), which showed well in natural qualities and was easily handled, winning with something to spare.

Texada, winner of second, is a high-class youngster by Iroquois Chief-Tony's Destiny. She is only twelve months of age and with more work should make a splendid all-age candidate. She is owned by N. F. Lyne of Vancouver, B. C.

TEXADA.
(Second in British Columbia Derby.)

Criterion, winner of third, is a small orange and white setter by Richo-Nellie B., and is owned by Dr. Findley of Vancouver. He showed good natural qualities, but was not equal to those placed above him in work on birds.

Vancouver Shot, winner of fourth, is a black and white pointer by Sport IV-Perriot's Daisy, and is owned by L. Willband. He showed good going qualities, but failed to show to advantage on birds and was not under the best of control.

The All-Age Stake was won by C. Cocking's black, white and tan setter bitch Val's Belle (Bain's Flash-Val's Lady), which showed to especial advantage in bird work, running without an error and showing well in other qualities beside. In her last heat she made five snappy points on pheasants and handled them as readily as if they were prairie chickens or quail.

Second place was won by Val's Rose (Richo-Val's Lady) owned by James Brooks. Rose showed fairly well in going qualities but marred her work on birds by false pointing.

C. COCKLING, OWNER OF VAL'S BELLE.

Third was won by N. F. Lyne's Tony's Destiny (Tony Boy-Sport's Destiny) which showed considerable class and might readily have exchanged places with Val's Rose had she been under perfect control.

Fourth went to Lady Roberts (Grouse P.-Tobe's Val) owned by H. Abbot. Lady is a good shooting bitch but is not up to field-trial form, and had Assinaboine Rodfield succeeded in establishing a staunch point he undoubtedly would have occupied fourth place.

There were eight starters in the Derby and ten starters in the All-Age—certainly an auspicious beginning. The trials were judged by Thomas Plimley of Vancouver, whose awards gave very general satisfaction.

VAL'S BELLE BACKING.

MORETON VESTA.

GRAND COLLIES.

The two beautiful collies whose pictures are herewith presented are the property of Mr. T. S. Griffiths, proprietor of the Glen Tana Stock Farm Collie Kennels, Spokane, Wash.

Miss Tuffet, whelped November 3, 1902, has the following wins already to her credit: First puppy, first novice, first limit, first open, first winners and special for best collie in show at Spokane, 7-10. Miss Tuffet is by imported Rippowam-Archer out of imported Moreton Vesta.

The last-mentioned brace have made a breeding record never before duplicated in this country, producing out of one litter no less than four winners, viz.: Miss Tuffet, Rippowam's Valiant, Rippowam's Candidate and Stony Wyld Reliance. Valiant at Danbury, Conn., Show (October 6-9), won first in puppy, novice, limit, open and winners, also special for best head and ears. Candidate won second puppy, third novice, third limit and third open. Reliance won third in puppy, being beaten by his brothers only. In a former litter a full brother—Lord Stamford—won ten first at seven months old.

MISS TUFFET.

Among other grand dogs Mr. Griffiths has Lenzie Prince, with forty-seven first to his credit, besides numerous special cups and medals. This kennel has produced innumerable winners, all high-class dogs, and will be represented in our coming show in this city. We also understand that Mr. Griffin has been very successful in breeding blood-hounds, he having carried off the main honors in this class at the Spokane show.

ANOTHER BENCH SHOW FOR SAN FRANCISCO

The Pacific Collie and Old English Sheep-Dog Club will hold a bench show at Mechanics' Pavilion December 3-5, inclusive, and present indications point to a representative gathering of canines from all sections of the State. In addition, fanciers of Washington, Oregon and British Columbia have promised to support the show with a liberal number of entries, and it is expected that several handlers from the Northwest will attend with large strings of prize-winners.

Secretary Norman J. Stewart, who is in charge of affairs, will be pleased to furnish all desiring information at the club's office.

Second forfeits for the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club's twenty-first annual trials closed November 1, with thirty-two out of a total of fifty-three entries The majority of the handlers are already located in the vicinity of Bakersfield, where conditions are said to be unusually promising for training.

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H. Ephraim Benguiat & Son

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Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

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* * *

FOR SALE — Several high-class English setter bitches of all ages, suitable for breeding or hunting. The strain that wins. California Kennels, Del Rey, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Unmounted live game and other pictures, 5x7, $1.50 per dozen; 6½x8½, $2.50 per dozen. Bromide enlargements of live elk, 14x17, $5.00 each; all postpaid; satisfaction guaranteed. S. N. Leek. Jackson, Wyo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Liver and white pointer pups at reasonable prices. Out of Juno by Rollo. Box 111, Arroyo Grande, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—Two Bedlington Terriers (male and female) about four months old. Best stock in the world, pedigree given. Price, $25 each. Julius Redelsheimer, 1218 Madison Street, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

CAMERAS—I have a number of brand new latest model, 4 x 5 and 5 x 7 Premo, Century and Korona cameras, both long and short bellows, which I will sell at half price. Can save 25 per cent on any 1903 camera made, or 20 per cent on high grade lenses or shutters. Address, H. Pierson, Box 504, New York City.

* * *

FOR SALE—White, black and tan English setter male pups; three months old; thoroughbred stock. Geo. E. Williams, 621 R. R. ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE—3 English bull bitches; best of breeding; fit to win anywhere; puppies for sale. J. Ewins, 524 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

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* * *

EXCHANGE—Foción Soto U., apartado 106, Bogota, Colombia, postage stamps and picture post cards collector. Exchange desired. Send me your duplicates; I will send you same value in Colombian stamps.

* * *

FOR SALE—His Highness, the winning young St. Bernard, whelped August 10, 1902. This grand young dog has already won eighteen first prizes and four specials. One more win makes him a champion. He has been judged by George Raper, Thomas Davis, Wesley Mills and Foreshaw; color, orange and white; dark markings; magnificent expression and heavy bone. His legs are a wonder in straightness, 33 inches at shoulder, and weighs 180 lbs. His pedigree can't be beat: fully extended, with 42 champions in it. He is registered in the A. K. C. S. B., 69,399. Will send his photo and pedigree and full particulars to any one likely to purchase. If I had this dog in the East or California where I could get bitches for him, I would not sell him for less than $2,000. As I cannot use him in Victoria, will sell him for $400. W. F. Hall, 47 Heyward avenue, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

TRADE TOPICS

TWO GOOD MEN GONE.

In the passing of James R. Pariser the cause of game protection lost an able advocate, the Pacific Coast trade a worthy factor, American sportsmen a true exponent, and WESTERN FIELD a cherished friend.

Somewhere across the borderland of the happy hunting grounds we will find him again—the same, congenial, trustworthy and lovable old "Jim"—for death is but a translation and the way across the range a trail we must all tread. And there will we find him occupying the same high station that he filled with honor, probity and grace while here.

JULIUS F. BEKEART.

Julius F. Bekeart, the veteran gunsmith and dealer in sporting goods, is dead. He passed away at the home of his son, Phil B. Bekeart, in this city. His age was 81 years. He was born in London, England, in 1822 and coming to America while a boy, he served his apprenticeship under Joseph Hall, the then celebrated rifle maker. Mr. Bekeart then went to Ilion, and was one of the seven men who first assisted Eliphalet Remington in the manufacture of rifles. Afterward Mr. Bekeart conducted a sporting goods store at 118 Fulton street, New York City, but did not remain long, as he was appointed armorer to Fremont and went as far as St. Joseph with that expedition, when he was taken ill and was left behind. Thereafter for a time he traveled, plying his trade here and there until the advent of the Mexican War, when he enlisted and served until its close, then returned to New York City and from there went to California, arriving early in 1849. In Sacramento, Colma and Placerville he mined and mended guns, finally opening a gun store on Fourth street, in San Francisco, in 1865. There and in the place in Third street, to which he removed later on, he conducted a sporting goods store and gunshop until 1890, when he retired from business.

* * *

NOT A PUBLISHER.

By a curious misapprehension of facts we were led to say in a previous issue that the *American Florist*, a very estimable contemporary, was published by Mr. Charles Stappenbeck of 1207 Polk street, this city. This is manifestly an error. Mr. Stappenbeck is *the* American Florist in truth, one of the best known and widely popular floriculturists in the West, but with no pretensions to be a publisher. He does, however, issue in the greatest abundance the most exquisite productions in his line that it has been our good fortune to see, and a visit to his beautiful store will delight all lovers of Nature's most perfect floral gems.

* * *

KIMBALL-UPSON COMPANY ABSORBS W. H. ECKHARDT.

The enterprising firm of Kimball-Upson Company 625-27 J street, Sacramento, have purchased the entire stock of W. H. Eckhardt of that city, adding it to their already very complete and up-to-date assortment of high-grade sporting goods, and are now in a position to supply the public with all manner of kodaks, cameras and photo supplies at very attractive prices. The absorption of this large competitor renders the Kimball-Upson Company the largest dealers in sporting goods and photo supplies now in Sacramento, and its great reputation for courtesy and fair dealing will insure them a success commensurable with their enterprise and sagacity.

CALIFORNIA POWDER WORKS FACTORY LOADED SHOT GUN SHELLS

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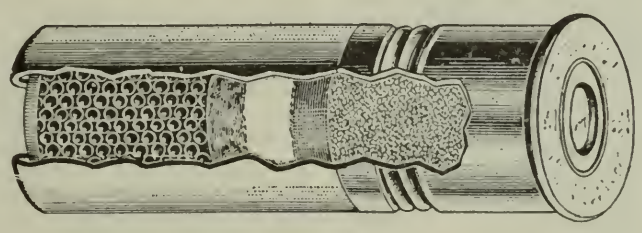

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3⅜ drs. C. P. W. Smokeless 1¼ oz. Any Size Chilled Shot

Experts claim the Pattern Load the Best Trap and Live Pigeon Factory Loaded Shell ever offered to Sportsmen

We have the only up-to date and complete Velocity Pressure and Ignition Testing Apparatus west of the Rocky Mountains.

Give us a trial and you will be pleased.

For Sale by all Dealers or at Office of California Powder Works.

330 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Prices on all Loaded Shot Gun Shells on application

SOME BELTING SPECIALTIES.

The L. P. Degen Belting Company, 105-107 Mission street, this city, are recognized as among the most dependable concerns on the Coast. The excellent quality of their product has cemented them firmly to the affection of power users, for a "Degen" belt means absolute surety of power transmission, coupled with a longevity in service unapproached by any mechanical power transmitter in the market. Among other good new things offered by the Degen Company, are the Southwick's wire belt lacing and Electric belt dressing, which have achieved an instant and lasting popularity.

* * *

A FINE CATALOGUE.

The new catalogue of the Ithaca Gun Company, Ithica, N. Y., is ready for distribution. It is enthusiastically said by the numerous friends of this reliable old concern that "dollar for dollar the Ithaca makers put more beauty, good shooting qualities and endurance into their guns than is offered elsewhere in the world." No one will dispute the elegance, or the excellent shooting qualities of these famous weapons, while their longevity in the face of hard usage is now proverbial. The current catalogue—which may be had for the asking—is as beautiful a thing in its way as is the gun it so superbly illustrates, and we heartily recommend our readers to send for a copy, mentioning this paper in connection with the request.

* * *

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

The Universal Remedy Company, manufacturing chemists, 132 East Twenty-Third street, New York, presents to the dog fraternity Olio Canine, an all-round dog remedy, which possesses wonderful curative properties for canines. It is considered by the leading kennel-owners and breeders of the Atlantic Slope and Canada to be the very best article of its kind ever offered to them, and as a natural result it is rapidly taking the place of all the hitherto well-known canine medicines. It is absolutely harmless and is used both internally and externally, and produces cures that border on the miraculous. It not only eradicates worms, but prevents these annoying pests from securing a habitat within puppies. It is a grand, good, reliable, ever-ready remedy, never deteriorates in power, or spoils in any climate. It is the best that money can buy. A request will bring a descriptive booklet well worth the reading.

* * *

The present may well be termed the age of electricity, which is no longer in its infancy as amateur scientists were wont to affirm a few years ago. Probably no firm stands higher as engineers and contractors than the Standard Electrical Construction Company of the Rialto Building, 120-130 New Montgomery street. Their specialty is the installation of electric plants, electric-light wiring, the sale or rental of motors, bell wiring, telephones, electric gas lighting, switchboards, electric suplies and electrically driven tools.

* * *

Seekers for the odd and exclusive in furniture, and designs for interior decorations are invited to call on L. Kreiss of 303 Sutter street, who is prepared to submit estimates for artistic interior decorations. Mr. Kreiss refers to a long list of pleased patrons.

* * *

Hunters and sportsmen are interested in Mullins' galvanized pleasure boats, which are especially adapted for ducking or jack shooting, being light and durable, as well as low in price.

Made and sold by W. H. Mullins, 437 Depot street, Salem, O.

* * *

The Pacific Underwriting and Trust Company of the Parrott Building, San Francisco, as its name implies, furnishes bonds protected by gold coin or trust deeds and first mortgages on city property to be used to guarantee the stocks and bonds of other corporations.

The company, which furnishes unexceptional references, is prepared to finance legitimate mining, manufacturing, railroad, mercantile or other propositions requiring capital.

* * *

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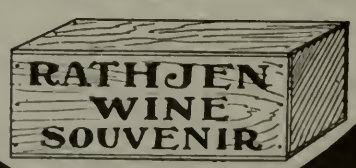

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Sole Agents for the celebrated OLD ROSE BUD WHISKEY

MODERN BIG GAME CARTRIDGES.

Among hundreds of other sizes of cartridges made by the millions each year by the Winchester Rep. Arms Co., the following loads for big-game shooting deserve especial mention. In the following data the penetrations are given for a distance of fifteen feet from the muzzle:

It will be noticed that the .405 Winchester, .35 Winchester, .30-220, .32 Winchester Special, .30 Winchester and .33 Winchester are long-range cartridges. The .38-55, .45-70, .45-90 and .50-110 are short-range cartridges. Over first distances they have great power. We cannot recommend them for long ranges.

1895 Models—.405 Winchester—Weight of bullet, 300 grains; muzzle velocity, 2,204 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 3,235 foot pounds; penetration, 13 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height at 100 yards, 4.86 inches. .35 Winchester—Weight of bullet, 250 grains; muzzle velocity, 2,200 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 2,685 foot pounds; penetration, 15 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height ot 100 yards, 4.73 inches. .30-220 Soft Point (.30 U. S. Government)—Weight of bullet, 220 grains; muzzle velocity, 2,000 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 1,952 foot pounds; penetration, 13 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height at 100 yards, 5.47 inches.

1894 Models—.32 Winchester Special—Weight of bullet, 170 grains; muzzle velocity, 2,112 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 1,683 foot pounds; penetration, 12 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height at 100 yards, 5.60 inches. .30 Winchester—Weight of bullet, 170 grains; muzzle velocity, 2,008 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 1,523 foot pounds; penetration, 11 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height at 100 yards, 5.79 inches. .38-55 Winchester High Velocity—Weight of bullet, 255 grains; muzzle velocity, 1,593 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 1,436 foot pounds; penetration, 10 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height at 100 yards, 9.52 inches.

1886 Models—.33 Winchester—Weight of bullet, 200 grains; muzzle velocity, 2,056 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 1,876 foot pounds; penetration, 13 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height at 100 yards, 5.78 inches. .45-70 Winchester High Velocity—Weight of bullet, 300 grains; muzzle velocity, 1,888 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 2,373 foot pounds; penetration, 13 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height at 100 yards, 7.40 inches. .45-90 Winchester High Velocity—Weight of bullet, 300 grains; muzzle velocity, 1,992 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 2,641 foot pounds; penetration, 14 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height at 100 yards. 6.63 inches. .50-110 Winchester High Velocity—Weight of bullet, 300 grains; muzzle velocity, 2,242 foot seconds; muzzle energy, 3,345 foot pounds; penetration, 14 ⅞-inch pine boards; trajectory: 200 yards, height at 100 yards, 5.82 inches.

* * *

THE LIBERTY FREE REEL.

In the excellent reel made by the Liberty Bell Co., Bristol, Conn., this concern offers fishermen an appurtenance that will meet with instant and universal adoption. Among its many good points may be mentioned the following:

The winding is positive because gear wheels are at all times connected, and not subject to excessive strain or undue wear.

To free the spool turn the handle backward or twist the knob forward between the thumb and fingers.

After the line is run out the click can be thrown into action and it will operate only while the line is running out in playing the fish, thus preventing unnecessary wear of the click and wheel, and, what is more important, prevents any drag in winding in, so that the actual amount of resistance is determined.

The adjustable click is an important feature, for by turning the tension knob (opposite side from the click) the resistance of the click can be increased or diminished, and when once set requires no more attention for the day or season, unless changes are required for different kinds of fishing.

The drag is applied by the handle and in order to prevent any slack line in playing the fish, the handle is pressed toward the reel at the time the spool is freed (or just before) and the amount of the drag is regulated by the amount of such pressure. This is the simplest and most effective drag ever provided for a reel, because it is not at any time necessary to let go of the knob either to thumb the line or for any other purpose until the fish is landed.

No special directions are necessary for the operation of this reel. Simply start in to use it as you would any other reel, and the advantages will soon become apparent.

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HOPKINS & ALLEN POPULAR JUNIOR RIFLES

Rebounding Hammer. Always on safety when not cocked.

Lever action. Take-Down Pattern.

Barrel readily detached from frame.

Shoots .22 short or long rim-fire cartridge. 22-in. barrel. Weight 4½ lbs.

No. 922

No. 932 same as above, but 32-calibre. Shoots 32 short or long rim-fire cartridge. Prepaid to any express office in the U. S.

PRICE $5.50

Send for Catalogue No. 69 of Rifles, Shotguns and Revolvers

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., NORWICH, CONN.

The Klamath Hot Springs hotel at Beswick, Siskiyou county, Cal., is conducted as an all-the-year resort by the Edson Brothers, who have built up a large patronage among seekers after health, pleasure, sport and recreation.

"Brook trout in Shovel Creek and five pounders in the Klamath," is the alluring prospect held out to disciples of the rod and reel, while the hunting, bathing and scenery are claimed to be unsurpassed in the State. Messrs. Edson personally superintend the management of the hotel, insuring efficiency in all departments. No effort is spared to please their guests as the astute bonifaces realize that a satisfied guest is the best advertisement.

* * *

When you have a spare hour or two which you wish to use to good advantage, drop into 236 Post street and examine the line of pictures, sporting prints and artistic frames handled by the enterprising firm of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey. Their motto "All work that bears our label is well done," is scrupulously observed in every instance.

Established for 52 Years
The Oldest House on the Coast

A. P. HOTALING & CO'S

Old Kirk Whisky

Guaranteed to be a straight blend of the finest Kentucky Whiskies

429-431 JACKSON ST.

San Francisco, Cal.

RELOADED HIGH-PRESSURE SHELLS.

As there is considerable being said at these times relative to the impracticability of reloading shells for the high-pressure smokeless-powder arms, we present herewith a copy of a letter received by the Ideal Manufacturing Company from Captain G. W. Corwin, I. S. A. P. Seventy-First Regiment, N. G. N. Y. It is recorded history now as to what the Seventy-First Regiment did at Creedmoor and the late meeting at Sea Girt.

The manner in which they loaded their ammunition may be of interest to many other military companies, as well as to our readers:

Office of the Inspector of Small Arms Practice and Ordnance Officer,
Seventy-First Regiment, N. G. N. Y.
NEW YORK, September 10, 1903.

IDEAL MFG. CO., New Haven, Conn.—Gentlemen: I am in receipt of your favor of the 25th ult., *re* Ideal loading press.

I have found that this new Ideal press complete has proven very satisfactory in every particular. We have reloaded this season (1903) by your press twenty-five thousand rounds of Krag .30 caliber for team work at Creedmoor, L. I., and Sea Girt, N. J., and very glad to state the ammunition we turned out was uniform in every way. Shell properly resized, bullets seated and shell crimped in a uniform manner to assure accuracy. The results of this year plainly show that due to good *re-loaded* ammunition the Seventy-First regimental team won both the State and brigade prizes at Creedmoor. Very respectfully,

(Signed) G. W. CORWIN,
I. S. A. P. Seventy-First Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

* * *

RIFLE-SHOOTING AT FLYING OBJECTS.

The sport of shooting at flying or moving objects with a rifle is increasing in popularity, and several noteworthy performances in this line of sport have occurred recently.

Prominent among those who have achieved success in this direction is LeRoy Leach, whose performance at Wood Lake, Neb., on August 2d was claimed at that time to be the world's record in that line of shooting. Mr. Leach shot at 1¾-inch wooden blocks, thrown into the air by two assistants. He used a .22 caliber repeating rifle and a single bullet. The targets, 1,000 in number, were thrown by W. L. Chrysler and E. Tryon. One rifle was used throughout the shooting, which was fitted with plain open sights. The score made was as follows:

Shot at.	Broke.	Missed.
50	48	First 2
50	47	First and last 2
450	448	Last 2
450	447	First 3
1,000	990	10

This performance was duly witnessed and its correctness sworn to before a notary public. Excellent though it was, it did not satisfy Mr. Leach, who essayed to hit 1,000 targets straight. On October 14 he attempted and accomplished this remarkable feat. It was also done at Wood Lake. Mr. Leach shot at the same 1¾-inch targets at a distance of twenty feet. He used a repeating rifle. At both tests he used Peters' .22 short cartridges, loaded with King's Semi-Smokeless Powder, and did not wipe the barrel throughout the 1,000 shots.

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USE THE ALWAYS RELIABLE

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TRADE MARK

AMMUNITION

Out of 43 contestants, shooting through all the events at the Marysville Blue Rock Tournament, Oct. 11, 1903

37

USED U. M. C. SHELLS

Those used were Acme, Magic, Majestic, Monarch.

Out of 37 contestants, shooting through all the events at the Helvetia Rifle Club (Sacramento) Tournament, Oct. 18 and 19, 1903

27

USED U. M. C. CARTRIDGES AND PRIMERS

The cartridges used were 32-40 and 38-55.

UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY

PACIFIC COAST DEPOT

86-88 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

E. E. DRAKE, MANAGER

AMMUNITION

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Rifles and Shotguns

Pacific Coast Agency 127-135 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

A. MULLER, Agent

JANUARY, 1904

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WESTERN FIELD

THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

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JANUARY IN THE FAR NORTH.

WESTERN FIELD.

VOL. 3 JANUARY, 1904. NO. 6.

IN THE WAKE OF THE WAPITI.

By "SOBANICHI."

DISTINCTIVELY an American species of deer and endowed by the good euphonic and distinctively American name "Wapiti," I see no reason why Americans only should continue to miscall thier noblest game animal an "elk." He is not an elk in any sense of the word and is only called so by Americans, being known to sportsmen of all other lands by his true cognomen, "Wapiti." The Iroquois Indians so first called him, and so he should be called to the end of his time, which alas! is close at hand.

The only member of the true elk (*Alces*) family which lives in our land is the Moose (*A. Americanus*), which in nowise resembles, either in form, habits, habitat or temperament, his nobler and more majestic contemporary, the Wapiti. The moose, for instance, apart from the very distinctive difference in size, preferred habitat, palmation and other physical characteristics, is nearly or wholly monogamous, while our wapiti is more polygamous in his habits than any known deer except the English red deer. There are other differences too great to enumerate in a necessarily short article, but it may be safely assumed that he is a species to himself. Wapiti, then, he shall be always to me and I ask all sportsmen to co-operate in the perpetuation of his name —"Wapiti" (*Cervus Canadensis*).

When I first made his acquaintance in the early 'seventies he was found in great bands on the open prairies, feeding with the buffalo. The ensuing thirty years brought so many new conditions that he has completely changed his habitat and is now to be found only in the heavily timbered, higher mountain altitudes, from which he never departs until reluctantly driven out to lower country by the enormous snowfalls common to such elevations. Long after the deer have deserted the high lands does he still linger in his chosen haunts, and seldom before the snow is brisket-deep will he begin his forced migration. In Northern Colorado and Wyoming, where the writer has hunted wapiti for twenty years, they begin to come down to the valleys at or about Christmas time, although occasionally driven out earlier by unusually early storms.

As winter progresses and feed gets scarcer they acquire the desperation of hunger, and wire fences inclosing haystacks are then no barrier to their necessities. They soon become so tame through apathetic weakness and daily association with man that they will feed in rickyards with the domestic cattle and allow a very close approach by their chief enemy. I am glad to say that civilization and enlightenment is now so advanced, in the communities they so visit, that no foul advantage is taken of their extremity and they are actually protected by the very men whom they despoil. Time was when their hides, horns and "tushes" were illiberally taken to reimburse the damage of their depredations, but now the honest rancher builds his fences a little stronger and herds his unwelcome visitants away from his stacks. He knows that at this time, apart from the trivial market worth of their tusks, the wapiti have no immediate economic value to him. The hides are open and spongy, the magnificently antlered heads have scalps of poor color and coarse pelage, the meat of the semi-starving brutes is lean, stringy, tough and so, comparatively, unfit for food. So he "saves them for seed" and

S. N. Leek, Photo. "SNOW * * * THROUGH WHICH THE WAPITI LOVES TO WALLOW."

takes his toll from their ranks in the more generous late summertime or autumn, seeking them in the high places when they are at their best.

In the olden days, however, a decade ago, before the harassment and curse of civilization was laid so hardly upon them, their migrations were much earlier. I have killed wapiti in the lower valleys of North Park, Colorado, as early as October, out of bands numbering many hundreds. Once I sat near the junction of the Blue and Grand Rivers at the entrance to the Gore Cañon and watched from morning until night, a practically uninterrupted procession of wapiti crossing the stream at that point—there must have been many thousands in that one assemblage. I doubt whether the pitiful remnant now left of that band would number as many dozens, not to say individuals. Thank heaven, wapiti are now protected absolutely in Colorado. It is high time!

I confess, to my everlasting shame, that I was then hunting wapiti and mule deer for the market. The lines of my life in the hills those days were hard, and it was a matter of grim necessity. The big mining camp of Leadville had to eat, and beef was an impossible quantity; there was a good demand at very good prices for venison, there was no other employment offering that would pay living wages in that region where potatoes sold at ten dollars the sack, butter one dollar the pound and flour at fifty dollars per hundredweight — and game was plentiful. Though we killed and sold it by the ton there was no waste, for venison brought us a "bit" a pound, half of which went to the freighters who hauled it to market, and every pound was saved. Since that one year I have killed only for sport—and then only enough to satisfy my food requirements—for there is a minimum of real sport in the hunting of these unsophisticated creatures.

I know of no American big game so readily found and so easily approached and killed when found, as the wapiti. Any normal nose unaffected by catarrh can detect their peculiar cow-yard odor a half mile away in a favoring wind, especially if the air be humid. The tracks are the most easily discerned and followed of all American deer, especially when made in snow, through which the wapiti literally loves to wallow. More than once, when hunting these animals for the market, have I tracked them successfully on moonless nights to a "stand" in the early morning. In point of vitality—or rather of endurance of pain when wounded—they are far inferior to other deer and antelope; a wound that either of the latter animals would almost disregard, or at least "pack" ahead of you for a whole day, will bring a wapiti down on his stomach within an hour. He seldom goes far when even slightly wounded and seems to have no more recuperative power than a domestic cow. And when he is once down he does not get up unless jumped by his pursuer.

In view of the fact that most of the literary hunters—the fellows who hunt chiefly with a fountain pen—insist upon a big-calibered, heavily-charged rifle as a *sin qua non* of wapiti killing, I am almost afraid to say how easily a wapiti is killed. As an evidence whereof I cite the case of my friend Mr. Amos Bennett of Craig, Colo., who hunted one season with a .25-20 Stevens rifle and killed more wapiti than was coming to him with that little gun. On one day, to my certain knowledge, he killed two enormous bulls, side by side, in two shots with this little weapon at over 200 yards distance, knocking them as cold as if he were using a twelve-inch cannon. I hunted the next season with a Marlin .25-35 and killed my legal allowance with a single shot each. And in the olden days we hunted them on horseback, rounding them up, with the aid of a collie dog, by shooting ahead of the running band and turning them. Given a band of wapiti in an open park, three men on fairly good horses with a courageous dog would have them "milling" like cattle in one closely huddled bunch inside a half hour, when we would ride around them and kill our pick of the band with our Colts .44 caliber six-shooters. This I have done a dozen times. I will admit, however, that a .40 or .45 caliber heavily charged rifle would probably bring better results in the hands of the average man who, nine times out of ten, gets "rattled" at his first encounter of these magnificent beasts and pulls at the "brown" of them, hitting them anywhere from nose to tail or hoof. In my market-hunting days I used a .40-90-370 single shot Sharps and thought I was losing money when I had to

S. N. Leek, Photo. ONLY ONE BULL IN THE BUNCH.

shoot a bull wapiti twice. My hunting partner used a .44-40 Winchester—1873 model—and killed even more than I did, he being a much superior shot and more capable hunter. He once emptied his magazine (sixteen shots) at a band running past him in a narrow cañon, and it took two six-mule teams to pull his kill to Leadville. His name was Jim Banta and he lived for years subsequently on Beaver Creek, near Cañon City, Colo.

A relation of the killing of my last wapiti may not be out of order here, as it will serve to illustrate the methods commonly employed by the old-timers. I had, while in camp near the spot where a friend had killed a fine six-pointer the season before, heard a couple of big bulls bugling on an open hillside above. Though they were nearly a mile away their hollow, resonant blasts were plainly heard and I, while ostensibly bear hunting, self-pledged years agone to never kill another wapiti, felt an irrestistible impulse to do it just once more—for the last time! Quieting my conscience with the assurance of a firm determination that this would be my last wapiti, I turned in early and before daybreak had put a biscuit and cup of hot coffee where they would do the most good.

I knew the band would not go far from where the bulls last had challenged and as a tangle of "down timber" intervened I concluded to go afoot, leaving my horse staked in grass knee deep. As the wind was against me I had to make a considerable detour to the right, but eventually landed in a cañon at the foot of the bare ridge from the opposite side of which had come the bugling of the night before.

"Sign" a day old was plentiful but I did not waste any time figuring it out. I knew to within a quarter of a mile where those bulls were and that it stood me in hand to get somewhere in their vicinity before the sun rose. I was hunting "light"—that is, had on moccasins, trousers, tan sweater and gray cap only, for I did not know but what I might have some sprinting ahead in order to "head" the band. My weapon was an 8mm Mannlicher of only 6¼ pounds and I carried two extra clips of five cartridges each in my pocket. This, with my pocket knife and pipe, was my complete outfit, yet it seemed to weigh a ton before I got to the top of that ridge. I naturally went fast and was clean out of puff when I got to the top.

Looking cautiously over the crest, I saw nothing alive in sight save a coyote which was peering from behind a boulder at a clump of

quaking asps two hundred yards below him and a full quarter mile from me. The little Sidle telescope mounted on the side of my rifle came into good service now, and after a careful inspection of the clump of quakers I decided that the wapiti were not there. I could apparently see every inch of the ground beneath the trees, could even define the velvety hair on the mullein leaves and the septums in the bunch-grass. I could have sworn that not one single inch of that clump and the half mile stretch of open hillside below it had escaped my scrutiny. But I was no novice. Had I been, the heads that now adorn my den would probably be yet gracing the shoulders of two bulls at large in the Mad Creek country. I almost wish they were!

That coyote was the key to the situation. Wolves don't lie perdue at that time in the morning for nothing. Ordinarily, he should have been trotting steadily about at this hour—the sky was just reddening in the east—looking for his breakfast. As I watched him he stole crouchingly out and, with stomach almost scraping the ground, crawled rapidly toward the clump of trees. After a bit he rose and trotted swiftly toward them, crouching again just in their edge. As quickly as I could I followed suit, sending him scampering in affright when he finally saw me so close to him that I could have tossed a pebble on his back. But he was a wise wolf and only ran a short way. Evidently he, too, was an old-timer and divined the feast ahead.

But the glass had told true and there was nothing in the quakers but a covey of blue grouse, which betrayed no great concern at my intrusion. Somewhat disappointed, I took my finger from the trigger and rose to my feet. I could see clearly through the narrow fringe of aspens and over a thousand yards of lifeless hillside below. The ground was all cut up by wapiti sign, but of the makers there was not one perceptible glimpse. The ground a hundred yards below the clump was slightly rolling and I could, even with the glass, detect not even a partial sign on its surface.

"Can those wapiti have wings?" I said aloud in wonderment, taking a few steps forward. They certainly had something approximating thereto, for at that instant, out from under a depression just beneath the quakers they flew—at least a score of

Sherman Powell, Photo. "A FRIEND HAD KILLED A FINE SIX POINTER."

them—and the air throbbed at their rush. For only a second I was startled, then the bead of my front sight caught a six-point bull's neck just below the ears and I pulled the trigger. There was no answering report and before I had time to snap over the safety catch—which I had set for fear of accident when creeping down the hill and forgot to unset—they were out of sight, running quarteringly around the clump of quakers to the right. I am getting old and a trifle fat and stiff, but I made record time to the high point they had just crossed and dropped upon my knee. Three hundred yards down I heard the brush breaking as though a railroad train was tearing through it and to my delight saw that the ground rose clear and steep ahead of it. Would they cross into the open? "There they go!" A big cow in the lead with the bull bringing up a bad rear. This time the safety was off and the first shot tore up the ground ahead of him, making quite a splash of gravel almost in his eyes. He swerved sideways, giving me a three second broadside chance and when the rifle spoke again he went down in a heap on his head and rolled over twice on the sloping hillside. I covered him again quickly and because it was a long shot took no chances of his getting up. But he did not move as the *chuck* of the striking bullet came up to me and through the glass I saw the crimson stream trickling from his shoulder.

I rapidly picked my way down through the quakers and had just reached the foot of the slope on which he was lying when I heard a rifle shot and then another. Instinctively looking in the direction of my bull I saw him apparently rise and fall back again. Then his head appeared above a little rise and he came directly toward me. "He was revived by that shooting," I thought, "and I must down him for good this time!" At the crack of the gun he rolled almost to my feet and without waste of time my knife assured the job. Then as I came to look him over I found only one bullet-hole in his chest. For a moment I gaped like a fool then ran quickly up to where my first bull lay "deader'n a door nail." My irrepressible yell of exultation was answered from the other side of the hill and an old hunting acquaintance soon joined me. "Missed him slick and clean both times and I am glad you got him. I thought I knew that Dutchman's voice (pointing to my Mannlicher) and I made sure it was you, How they comin'?"

"MY LAST WAPITI."

"Dave," said I with all earnestness, "they quit coming right here. These are the last (I'm afraid I said "elk") I shall ever kill!"

He laughed a bit incredulously, but he stared when I showed him the other bull. "There must have been two layouts of elk," he said. I jumped this bull all by his lonesome and he headed this way. Come to think, I did hear you shoot three times before."

We shared the bag, taking one apiece. The bull killed last was the smaller in body, but had the best head. As B—— only wanted the meat I took both heads as a double reminder that my wapiti killing was forever at an end.

NEW YEARS IN CAMP.

A HUNDRED feet above the rimy leaves
The twigs that bore them shiver in the night.
Reflecting back the camp-fire's waning light
The ice-pearls glitter on my cabin's eaves.

Growls low the hound that slumbers by my side,
And springs erect with eager ear intent
And watchful gaze into the darkness bent,
As though he hears the Old Year's passing stride.

"*Nessmuk.*"

THE CHALLENGE.

WHO dares! "
The herald echoes bear the gage
The woodland lists along.
On battlemented cliff no longer wage
The wind strifes with the old spruce giants strong.
Both, wonderingly, pause to eager mark
When blares
That haughty challenge flung adown the park:
"Who dares! Who dares! Who dares! "

"Who dares—
Be he of high or low degree,
I question not estate,
Stag-royal knight or squire hart—with me
To prove his deserts or to count his fate
In honorable jousts, deciding he
Who bears
The guerdon of pure amorous chivalry?
Who dares! Who dares! Who dares! "

"Who dares! "
The craven aspens cowering quake
Beneath that menace dread;
The war-worn spruces their grim frontlets shake;
The brawlsome torrent quivers in its bed.
Cliffs knit their beetling brows and, waked anon
Within their lairs,
Wood ogres frown as shrills the echo on:
"Who dares! Who dares! Who dares! "

"Who dares! "
How recreant all the knavish churls
Of erstwhile vaunting boasts!
No herald rival now his scroll unfurls—
Bar sinister or dexter. Where the hosts
Of battle-eager champions of the wold?
Forbears
Then every lusty warrior young and old?
"Who dares! Who dares! Who dares! "

"Who dares! "
The shrill defiance rings amain
O'er silent copse and dell.
Is there no free lance in this broad domain
To tilt in tourney with this braggart fell?
No stag of merit to dispute his reign?
Ill fares
A coward ever! Mark the taunt again:
"Who dares! Who dares! Who dares! "

"*Montezuma.*"

Painted by W. H. Hansen. THE CHALLENGE.

IN THE half-light of the early morning the skis slipped with a sharp, brisk, whisking sound over the crusted snow; as the frosty crystals softened and disappeared before the first rays of the sun our progress, save for the thud of the steering poles, was almost noiseless. In another hour the crust settled around us with a protesting crunch, and soon the thin layer, rotted by the April rains, began to "pick up," and we pushed our way with difficulty through the soft and "bally" snow.

Through the shaded stretches in the timber it was better—just hard enough to keep on top of the crust, and soft enough to give good steering grip. We stopped to tighten our straps for the steep, twisty coast to the river. Fifty yards below the trail was broken and wallowed as by some large animal, and we "corduroyed" carefully down to avoid the hole before giving our skis their heads.

"Grizzlies," pronounced Holt, the scout, as he examined the deep row of foot-prints that led down the hill. "See them claw marks? Black and brown 'uns always walk with 'um sheathed; nothin' but grizzlies nail down their footprints. Don't 'peer to keer if they be follered."

"Bears, hey!" laughed Cawston, my English hunting companion, coming up and stopping to poke a wad of packed snow from under his instep. "Well, I haven't lost any bears. Why, three years ago, up in Alaska, I——"

Holt was disappearing, a gray streak around the first bend, and knowing the story would keep I hastened to follow; Cawston, new to the sport, awkwardly steadied himself and fell in behind.

I rounded the turn at a sharp clip, cutting hard on the inside with my pole to keep the road; then, swinging into the straight stretch, I settled myself to a crouching balance, swung my pole above my head, and settled myself for the downward plunge. And then, and not till then, when the air was beginning to whip my face and my speed was quite beyond control, did I see two great hairy beasts standing up to their shoulders in the middle of the trail. Holt was on them even as I looked. Holding to his direction till he had almost reached the wallow, he swerved partly to the right, against and partly up the steeply sloping bank, passed the bears, and shot down to the trail again. A few seconds later he was a twinkling shadow, flitting down the long lane of spruces on the river bottom.

The stolid brutes never moved from their tracks. I made no endeavor to stop, but adopting Holt's tactics I managed, though far less expertly, to pass as he had done. Venturing to glance back as I regained the trail I crossed the points of my skis and was thrown with some force headforemost along the crust, filling my eyes with snow but not hurting myself in the least or even breaking the thongs that bound the skis to my ankles.

My momentary glance had revealed Cawston, his eyes almost popping from his head and his face purple with exertion, riding his pole and straining every nerve to come to a stop. But all in vain. While I still struggled to right myself there was a crash and a yell from above, and when at last I regained my feet nothing was visible on the trail but the ends of the two long strips of hickory, while just entering the

timber below, and fairly falling over each other in their terror, were the panic stricken grizzlies.

Cawston's head rose cautiously out of the hole, as though he expected every moment to feel a paw on his neck, and his stare of blank amazement when he saw a clear coast was comical in the extreme. But the humor of the situation struck him almost as soon as it did me, and he laughed heartily at his predicament like the good fellow that he was.

"Reminds me of the time, old chap," he panted, as he picked his way down to me, "that I started to tell you at the top of the hill. It was in Alaska, where the bears are different from these well-fed, half-tame brutes of the Yellowstone. Sleep eight months out of the twelve. Come out with a six inch coat of hair and an appetite that respects nothing from brown bark to green prospectors. And big—well——

A faint hallo from below cut short the recital, and coasting down to Holt we learned that the water was rapidly rising on the river flats and that in another hour they would probably be impassable. The rest of the day was a heart-breaking run in slush and water, but half a dozen times, where the going was good in the shadows, Cawston began his story and as many times was compelled to save his breath while he pulled one lagging "hickory" up to the other. But at night after we had reached the government emergency cabin at the forks, eaten a hearty supper and watched the glory of the Wyoming sunset fade above the summits of the distant Tetons, we puffed our pipes around the army stove and he opened up again.

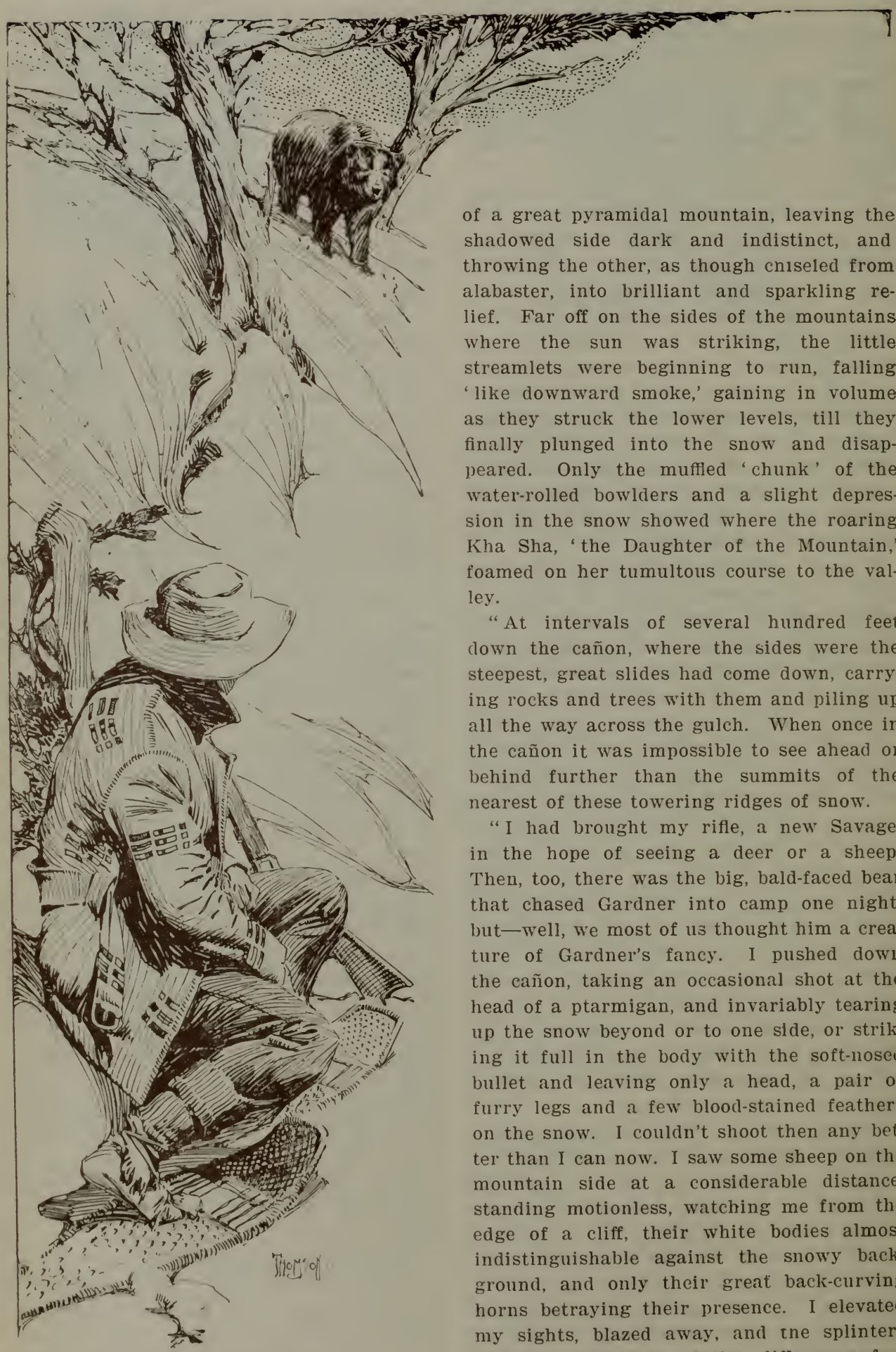
"Speaking of bears——" Holt and I refilled and settled back resignedly into our sack-upholstered champ chairs and Cawston started in at the beginning.

"In the winter of '97 my old college mate Chamberlain and I, who had been ranching in Southern California, went to Alaska on the heels of the gold excitement that so stirred the country up that fall. Together we had "mushed" our dog teams across the frozen mountains into Northwest Territory and, with a dozen others, were preparing to placer on one of the numerous tributaries of the Upper Alsek River. After innumerable adventures and no little hardship and suffering, we had reached our claims early in May and were spending the time, till the snow went away sufficiently to allow us to sluice, in whip-sawing lumber, building boxes and generally putting things in shape for a busy summer. Game was abundant, and it was an unusual thing not to have a mess of fish or a cut of venison sizzling in our frying pan, or a stew of grouse or ptarmigan simmering on the litle Yukon stove.

"One morning spring came. Perhaps it had come before, but it was only now, when the preliminary work was over and another week of thaw would leave us in a position to shovel up pure gold, that I noticed it. Anyhow, it was nothing more than the unparalleled charm of the long deferred but doubly beautiful Arctic spring that called me out on this particular morning, and as I kicked into my snowshoes—not skis, but the regular old Siwash webs—and turned down the cañon, inhaling the fresh but almost balmy air, it seemed to me that the subtle influences of nature had never appealed so strongly to my senses, and I sped along over the still firm crust, happy as a child chasing butterflies.

"There was still a great depth of snow on the mountains tops and in the ravines, but here and there the most rugged crags were dropping their fringes of icicles and rearing their black buttresses higher day by day from the banks below. Even the rounded edges of the benches were peeping forth, clothed from the moment of their first appearance with the brightest verdure which, nursed and fed by the almost endless sunlight of the Arctic summer, eagerly advanced over every inch given up by the slowly retreating snow. In some places daisies and buttercups were out, heralding here, as in the States, the coming of summer, and bravely holding up their heads, though now and then the morning breeze, softly stirring through the cañon, brushed their pretty faces against the snow at their back.

"The morning was well along, though the sun which had been for hours shining on the distant peaks had not yet invaded the depths of the river bottom. Right ahead, over across the valley, it struck on the side



"IT WAS GARDNER'S BEAT."

of a great pyramidal mountain, leaving the shadowed side dark and indistinct, and throwing the other, as though chiseled from alabaster, into brilliant and sparkling relief. Far off on the sides of the mountains where the sun was striking, the little streamlets were beginning to run, falling 'like downward smoke,' gaining in volume as they struck the lower levels, till they finally plunged into the snow and disappeared. Only the muffled 'chunk' of the water-rolled bowlders and a slight depression in the snow showed where the roaring Kha Sha, 'the Daughter of the Mountain,' foamed on her tumultous course to the valley.

"At intervals of several hundred feet down the cañon, where the sides were the steepest, great slides had come down, carrying rocks and trees with them and piling up all the way across the gulch. When once in the cañon it was impossible to see ahead or behind further than the summits of the nearest of these towering ridges of snow.

"I had brought my rifle, a new Savage, in the hope of seeing a deer or a sheep. Then, too, there was the big, bald-faced bear that chased Gardner into camp one night, but—well, we most of us thought him a creature of Gardner's fancy. I pushed down the cañon, taking an occasional shot at the head of a ptarmigan, and invariably tearing up the snow beyond or to one side, or striking it full in the body with the soft-nosed bullet and leaving only a head, a pair of furry legs and a few blood-stained feathers on the snow. I couldn't shoot then any better than I can now. I saw some sheep on the mountain side at a considerable distance, standing motionless, watching me from the edge of a cliff, their white bodies almost indistinguishable against the snowy background, and only their great back-curving horns betraying their presence. I elevated my sights, blazed away, and the splinters flew from the face of the cliff many feet

away below them. With heads thrown back, they scurried off across the mountain side, jumping from rock to rock and keeping clear of the softer snow with marvelous instinct. They came to a rock-walled gulch, twenty or more feet deep, with its stony bottom swept clean by a recent slide. Over the edge they went without a pause, a whole half-dozen in the air at once, struck, fell forward to their knees, their great horns butting full upon the rock and dividing the force of the shock with their slender legs. Quickly recovering, they were up and out of sight before I even thought of shooting again. I had heard of the manner in which the mountain sheep used his horns as a protection in jumping, but had never before been a witness to the act, and I stood in amazement at the wonderful sight and laughed aloud at their foolish terror. They evidently didn't know who was shooting at them.

"In my preoccupation in watching the flight of the sheep I had allowed my foot to settle into a little pool of water that had begun to trickle down from a crevice in the cañon wall. My moccasin and socks had soaked through before I knew it, and I started on feeling the cold chill on my foot. I stepped aside, slipped off the snowshoe from the dripping member, sat down on it, and proceeded to pull off and wring out my wet moccasin and socks. As I squeezed out the last drops and hung them carefully on some sprigs of "squaw-brush" to dry, the sun peeped over the snowcaps above my head and set the whole cañon ablaze with sparkling splendor. Its grateful warmth carried me back to my sunny California ranch, and I was just about to treat myself to a retrospect of golden oranges, gleaming seductively through dark-green foliage, when something caused me to look up, and there, just over the summit of the slide, sunning himself and regarding me with a look of contemplative amusement, was Gardner's bear. I knew it was Gardener's by the white face and great size. Gardner's description was conservative — too conservative, I thought.

"I picked up my rifle and cautiously opened the magazine. It was empty. I felt in my pocket and found but one cartridge. I slipped it into the magazine and quietly pumped it into place. Then I looked at the bear. There he was, standing just as before, still with that same expression of silent amusement. I felt sure he was laughing at that last shot of mine. I was fully alive to my deficiency as a marksman, and I realized the folly of 'gunning' for the great beast with no reserve ammunition, but that superior look decided me. He seemed to consider me so harmless that I was indignant in spite of myself. Resting my gun across my knee, I picked out a soft-looking spot on the broad, hairy breast and fired.

"The trance was broken, and with a couple of bounds the bear was down the slide and into the soft snow of the bottom. On he came, growling and bristling with rage, his clumsy, shambling gait rendered more awkward by his constantly breaking through the crust and having to struggle for a foothold. Now down on his knees with his great jaws gnashing in the snow, now with his hind quarters nearly out of sight and his fore paws clawing desperately to draw himself on, he advanced with a series of leaps and plunges that carried him all too quickly over the intervening space.

"I sprang to my feet as I realized that I had missed or at best only slightly wounded the beast, pitching my useless gun into the snow. My snowshoe 'tie' of cariboo hide thongs, passing across the toe and instep and back around the heel, was so arranged as to allow the foot to be quickly slipped in and twisted into place. The 'tie' of my shoe was, of course, fitted to my moccasin, worn over several thicknesses of heavy woolen socks, and it was with a feeling of hopelessness that I slipped my bare foot into it and sprang away across the bottom, not noticing in my confusion until too late that I was plowing along over the swirling, foaming river, which, swollen by the waters from melting snows, was raging right beneath my feet, with only a few inches of trembling crust between. I felt, as by instinct, that I was above the water, but I gave it no second thought, for my foot was slipping from the thongs of the snowshoe and the world held nothing else for me at that moment than a big, open red mouth above a pair of cruel spiked paws. Every moment I felt him on my back. Another

stride and my bare foot slipped from the loose-hanging 'tie' and, as I brought it forward the shoe was left behind. For an instant I balanced on the remaining shoe, but my impetus overthrew me and as my foot struck it punched through; a mass of snow caved in, the heavy 'chunk' of the rolled boulders thundered in my ears, and I saw the leaping waters, beaten into a foam as white as the snow itself, right at my side.

"My remaining shoe sunk deep into the yielding snow, and on both sides and behind the thin crust began to settle into the river. I threw myself toward the slide, dug in with both hands and rolled and struggled away from the hole. But ere I reached a solid foothold there was a rush and a roar from behind, a bedlam of savage snarls, and crunching and splashing the snow broke in all the way to the bank. For a moment the mass blocked the rush of the water and it was thrown back in a huge curling wave, and the hole was filled with a body of wildly pitching ice cakes, slush and water; in another, the irresistible impulse of the stream cleared the way, and with a loud, smacking sound, like the last throes of the old Giant Geyser over there,it was all drawn under the great slide.

"Twice the snow in which I struggled caved, and twice I plunged ahead and drew myself up, even as I felt the water against my feet, and at last my efforts carried me to the firmer surface of the slide. As I turned in a dazed way to look around me, I was just in time to see my late pursuer whirl rapidly around the pool, clawing and biting at everything in reach, and struggling to the last, finally disappear almost under my feet.

"It all happened in less than a minute, but as I laid on my back regaining my breath it seemed hours, almost days, since I had been sitting quietly in the sun drying my socks and thinking of orange groves and watermelons. My one shoe had stayed with me through it all, the other had gone down with the cave-in, for from the marks it appeared that the thin stratum of honeycombed snow and ice had succumbed to the great weight of the bear as soon as he was well clear of the bank, precipitating him into the water some feet behind the point where I had first fallen.

"I hobbled along the crest of the slide and reached, without much trouble, the spot where I had abandoned my footgear. After thoroughly chaffing my heel and toes to warm them, I drew on the still wet socks and, picking up my gun, which I found sticking muzzle first in the snow, set out for camp.

"As I anticipated, my progress was slow, for the sun, now circling well above the mountain tops, was rapidly softening the crust and my foot without its snowshoe punched through deeply at every step. But by carefully picking my way, keeping to the more solid drifts and throwing the bulk of my weight on the remaining 'web,' I managed to cover the two miles in as many hours. Completely exhausted though I was, dry clothes and a couple of cups of hot coffee soon put me to rights, and while the odor of ptarmigan stew filled the tent I told my story to a wondering but somewhat incredulous audience.

"As I was speaking I saw Chamberlain examining my gun and smiling knowingly to himself. As I finished he handed the gun to me, laid his finger on the sight, raised the tent-flap and walked out, still smiling. The sight was raised to four hundred yards, where I had used it when shooting at the sheep.

"A week of warm spring rain and the heat of the steadily lengthening days soon caused the snow on the river to disappear, and later, when the water began to recede, we found a big brown carcass, bruised and battered, washed high and dry against a clump of young spruces down where the river reached high-water mark in the lower valley. Near the tip of one ear was a clean, round hole which Chamberlain, who discovered it, pointed out with gravity as a birth mark."

Our pipes were long out, the fire was down, and Cawston had the story off his mind. There was nothing for it but bunks and blankets.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE SALMON PICTORIALLY TOLD.

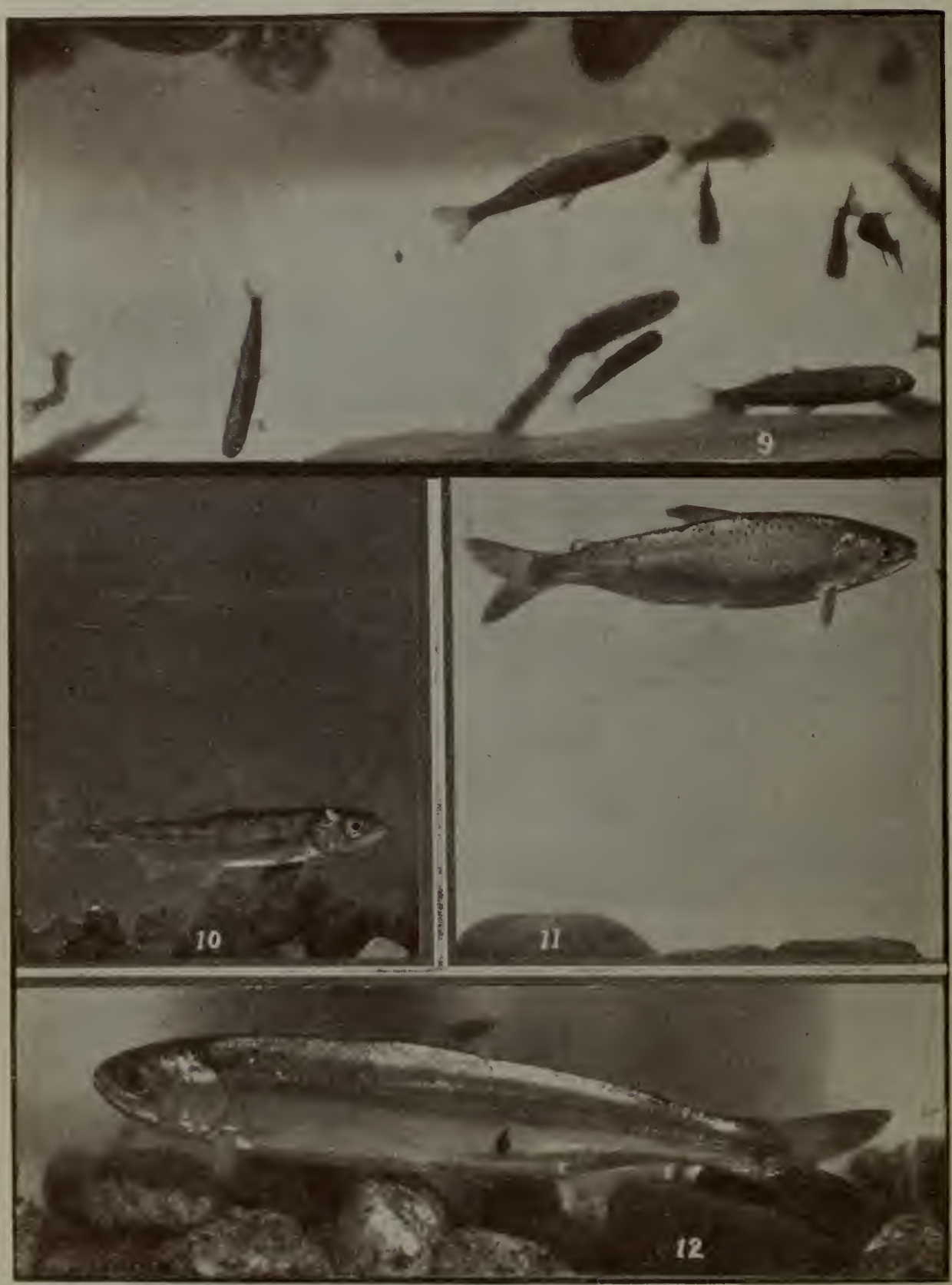
By Cloudsley Rutter.

(*Naturalist U. S. Fish Commission steamer "Albatross."*)

Photographs by the Author.

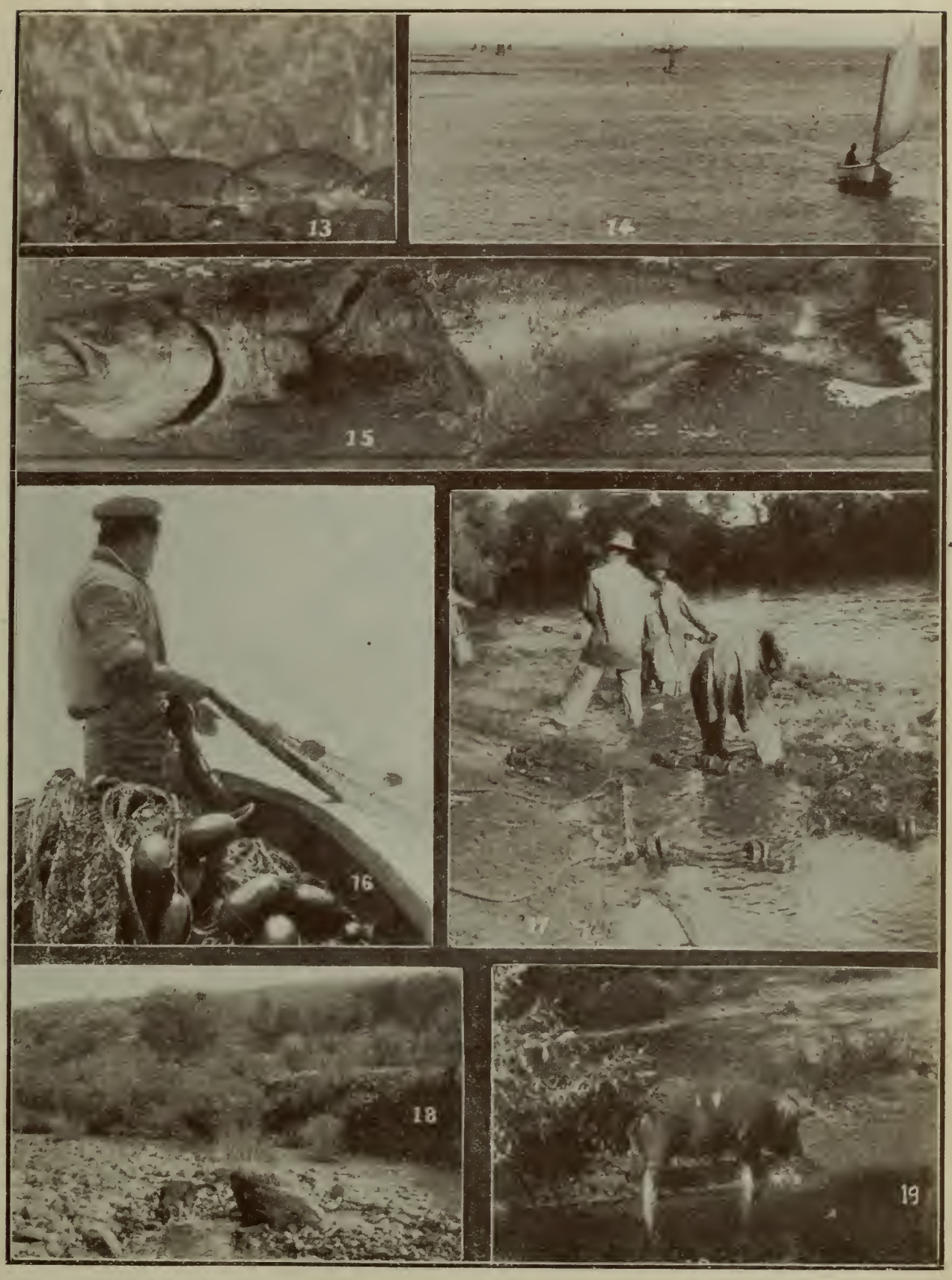
THE YOUNG.

1. A live egg and a fungus-covered dead one in natural position.
2. The young fish (Alevin) hatching; the tail is first to break through.
3. Both tail and head out.
4. Alevin just out.
5. Alevin one week old.
6. Alevin two weeks old.
7. An Alevin four weeks old; yolk sac almost absorbed.
8. A fry just after the yolk has been absorbed.



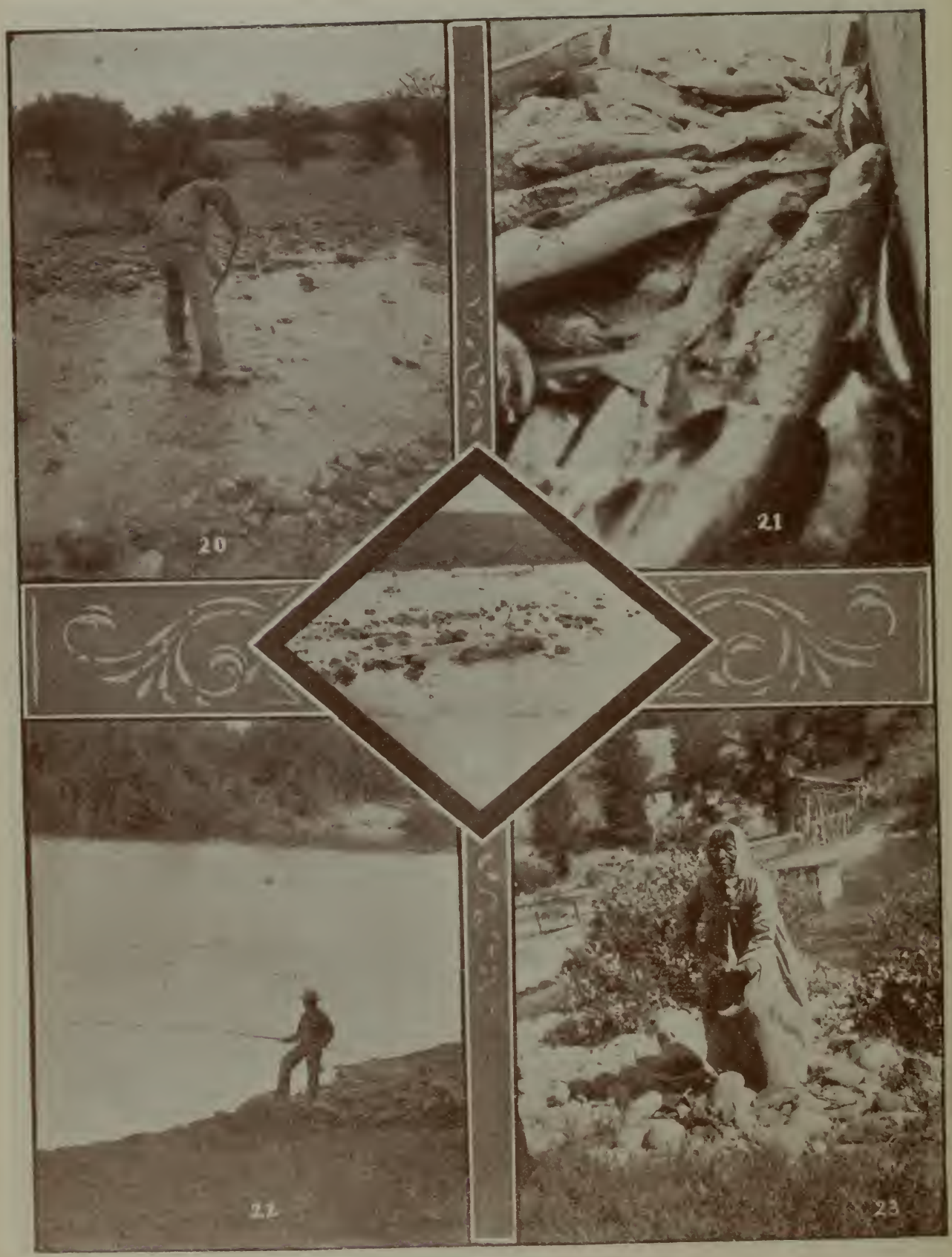
THE YOUNG.

9. Fry starting down the river when about two months old.
10. Fry three months old, in the lower portion of river.
11. A parr five months old, when ready for salt water; about two-eighths natural size.
12. A smolt one year old, in the ocean; about two-thirds natural size.



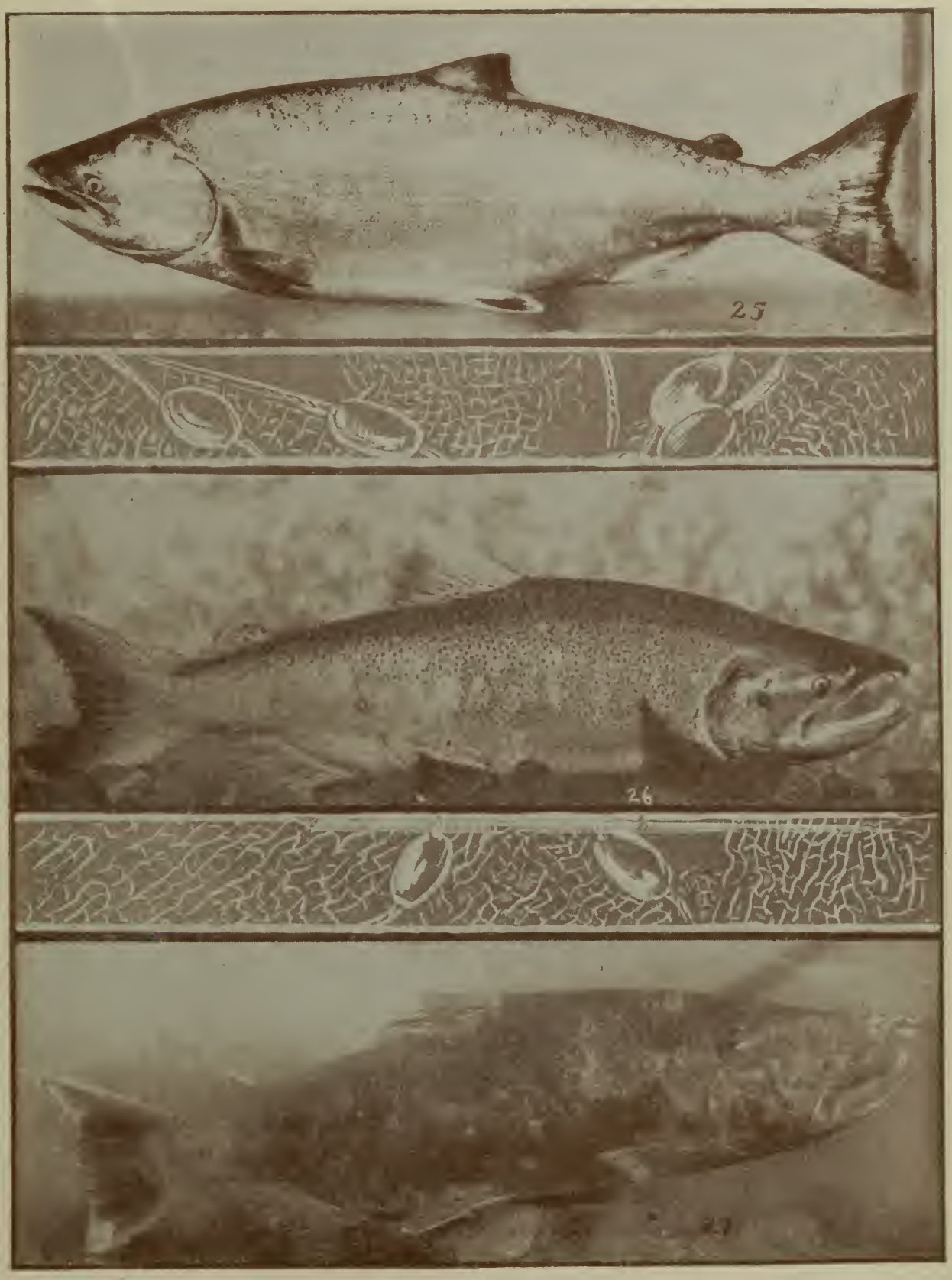
ENEMIES.

13. Split-tails looking for salmon eggs.
14. Fishing for salmon in Monterey Bay.
15. Caught by a sea-lion.
16. Fishing for salmon in Suisun Bay.
17. Fishing for salmon in Battle Creek.
18. Dog catching a salmon.
19. Hog eating salmon.



ENEMIES.

20. Farmer catching salmon with a pitchfork.
21. A wagon-load so caught.
22. An Indian boy ready to spear a salmon.
23. A squaw with a salmon.
24. And if the salmon meets no accident it spawns and dies.

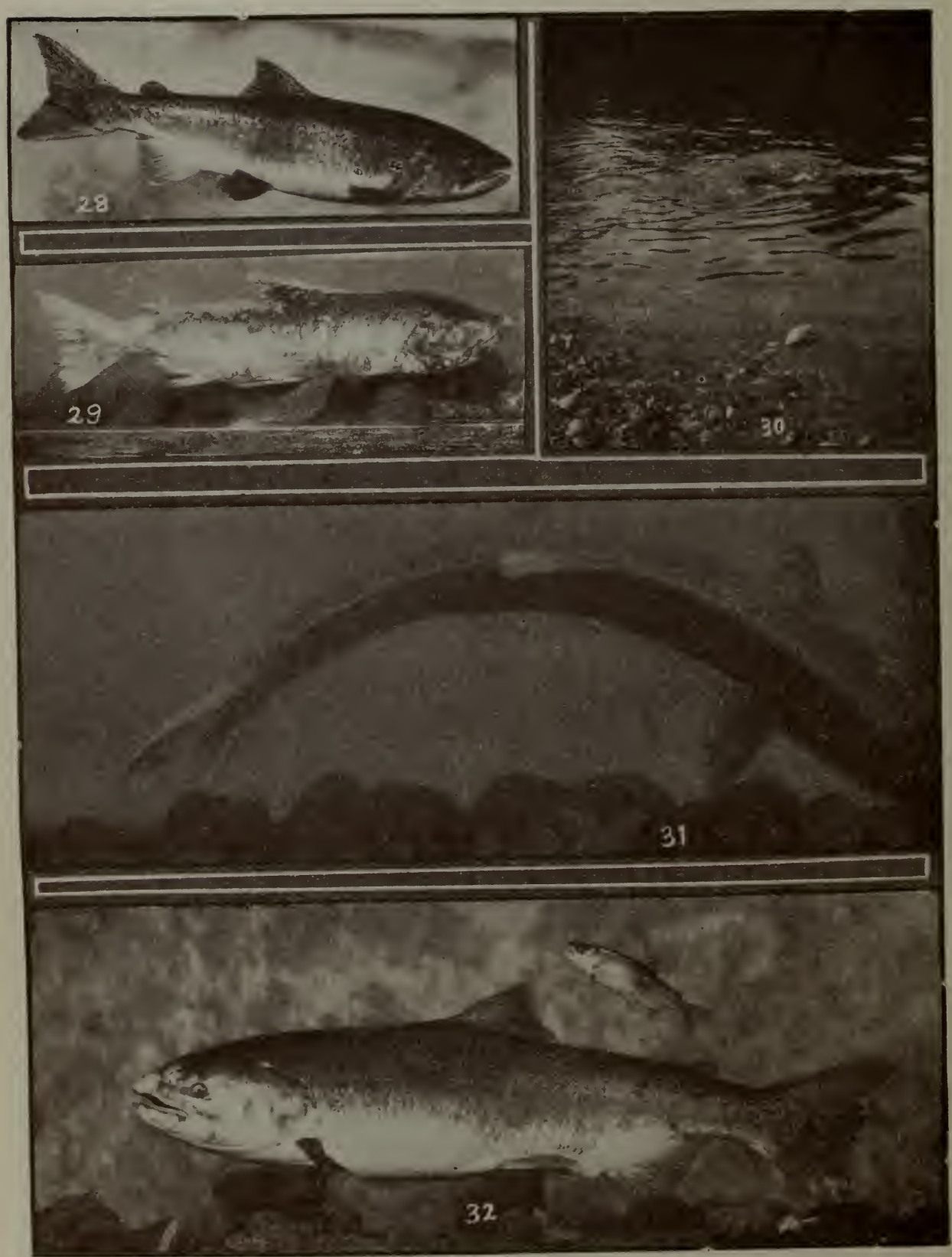


THE ADULT.

25. Adult salmon in salt water. While in the ocean the sexes can not be distinguished at sight, though they can soon after entering fresh water.

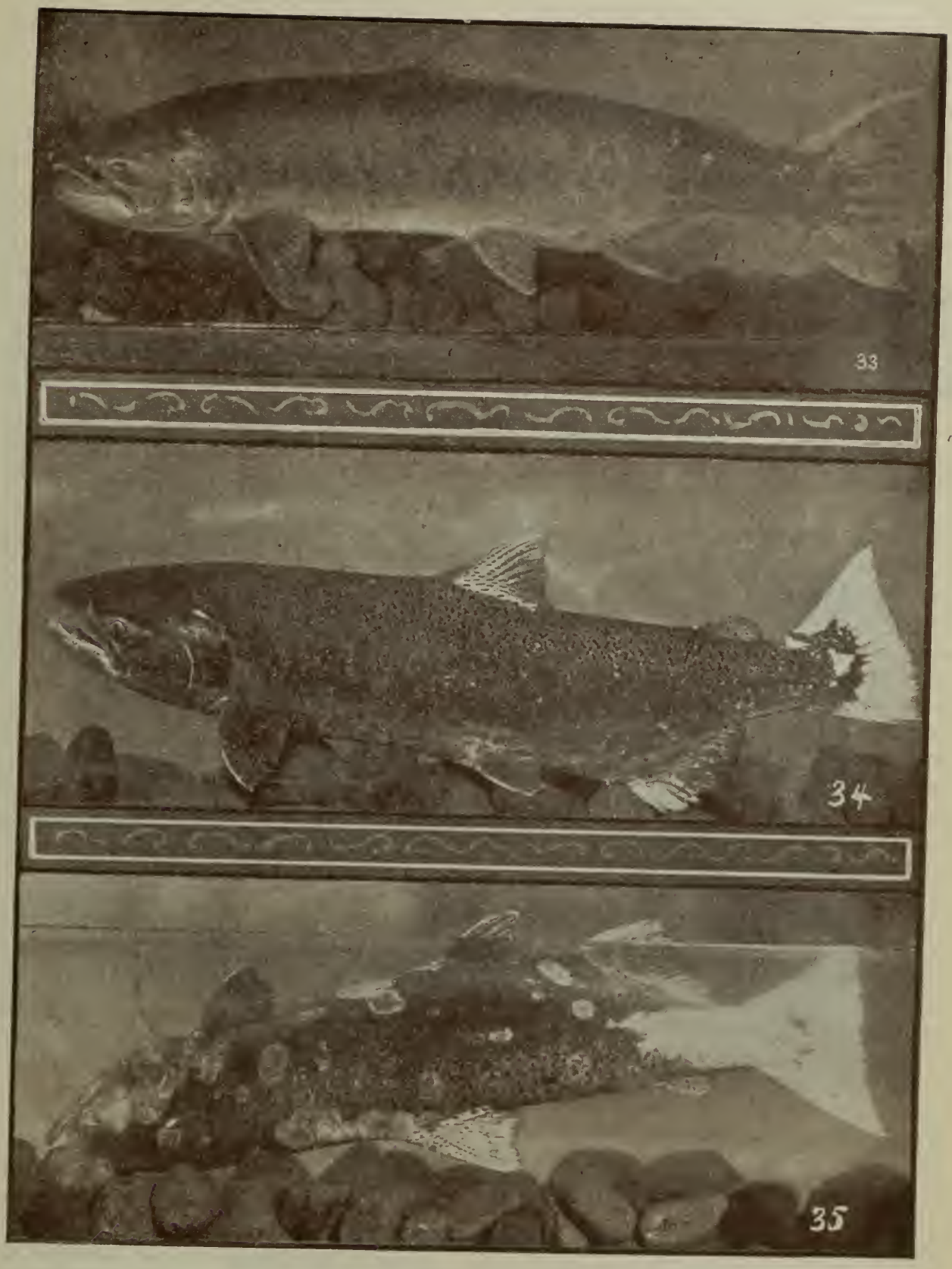
26. A male salmon upon arrival at spawning grounds.

27. A dying male salmon, at completion of spawning. Notice fungus patches and blind eye.



THE ADULT.

28. A grilse upon arrival at spawning grounds.
29. A dying grilse. With the Pacific salmons, the grilse are all males, and die after the spawning, the same as ordinary adults.
30. A salmon spawning in shallow water, the usual place.
31. Another view of a spawning female.
32. A female upon arrival at spawning grounds.



THE ADULT.

33. A female salmon at completion of spawning.
34. The same fish a few days later. The Pacific salmon does not know when it is through spawning, and so continues the spawning efforts until death.
35. The same fish dying. All Pacific salmons, of both sexes, always remain on the spawning grounds till death.

AN OUTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By T. S. Van Dyke.

THOUGH I had had plenty of experience in camping on the Illinois River, the Upper Mississippi, the Chippewa, and other places, life's horizon never expanded so rapidly as on my first camping trip in California. My companion was also an old hand, who would sacrifice even his night shirt for the comfort of the horses, so that we traveled light enough to spend half the day in hunting or fishing, and still make forty miles. We didn't have to begin in the middle of the afternoon to worry about our evening camp, and could break camp at daylight without yawning all the morning. No land ever had better natural roads than Southern California, and it was settled just enough to have fair wagon roads through most of the mountain passes and along the main plateaus and valleys. As neither of us had to worry about the axle of the universe running short of grease on account of our absence, we started from El Cajon, some twelve miles back of San Diego, and headed for the blue crest of Cuyamaca that loomed so high above the towering ridges of granite that seemed to shut out all the world, without knowing or caring when we were to return.

Over the brown and yellow carpet of dry clover and alfileria bands of plumed quails wheeled and countermarched like wings of an army in dress parade as our wagon sped along, while ground squirrels as large as gray squirrels darted in every direction for their holes or climbed on granite bowlders to inspect us, and jack rabbits skipped here and there with lofty jumps as if they knew we were too slow for danger. We soon passed the gateway of the soaring hills on the east where groves of bright green sycamores festooned with drooping grape vines nodded along the watercourses, with groves of live oaks, whose long limbs often swept the ground, lining the higher ground where it broke into the foothills. In lines of ashy blue the doves had been winnowing the air of the open valley and here their wings whistled through the openings in the trees while two varieties of cottontails, darting about the edges of the brush, left no question of supper if one was tired of doves or quails. Both these are entirely different from the Eastern rabbit, one being better than chicken and the other nearly as good. Firewood, feed for the horses, and good water were so common that selecting a camping place was a trifling care. We had only to be careful about making camp on an ant-hill in case we stopped after dark, and as we did not bother with tents, bedsteads, or crockery, hair ropes for snakes, and such nonsense, and had left even our insomnia behind, we slept upon the ground beneath the starlit sky with no fear of cyclone or telephone.

In a land having such quick changes of elevation, with the rainfall of winter increasing perceptibly with every five hundred feet, it is very foolish to stay in one place, however charming it may be. The lowlands are pleasant enough even in the long, rainless summer, and for some time show little of the drouth. The soft purple of the pentstemon still lights the sombre green of the chemisal and over the ochre tints of the dried grass the deep indigo of the larkspur spreads in a thousand gradations; from the chinks in the piles of granite bowlders the orange of the mimulus still glows as brightly as in the noon of spring, and on even the dryest washes the blaze of the scarlet larkspur beams afar beside the white rays and golden center of the high bush poppy. Tulips of mild lavender nod across the plains; vast sheets of pink,

purple, and blue from the mint family temper the bright yellow of the sunflowers; the wild rose beams in the bottoms, and the mild purple of the night shade sways over the spring beneath the green arch of aged oaks. But as we begin to rise, all these rapidly become larger and brighter, while the lilac that forms part of the shaggy vest that robes the hills in living green still sheds rich fragrance from its lavender bloom, the carmine trumpets of the wild gooseberry may still shine in the shady nooks, and the blue and white panicles of the mountain mahogany still nod from its tall dense spires. Springs and little brooks become more numerous with the water purer and colder, the live oaks that stud the hills are brighter and more plenty, the air becomes drier and the nights cooler, and if you have brought your dyspepsia along with you you will not need it any more.

I have been in lands having more attractive game and been among it many a day where no one else disturbed it. But I never before saw a land where quails, doves, cottontails and hares were so plenty on every hand from morning until night. There was no such thing as stopping to hunt. It was merely stopping to pick up in case we took a notion to have a lunch or supper of something. In a few minutes we could at almost any time get all we needed by shooting from the wagon without stopping it. When a dove or quail is going twenty or thirty miles one way and the wagon eight or ten miles the other way, the cross shooting, aided by the jolt of the wagon, is likely to astonish a crack shot who has never tried it. And no tenderfoot need figure on a breakfast got in that way, no matter how plenty the game may be.

"THE GATEWAY OF THE SOARING HILLS."

It was much the same with deer. In the damp ground around every spring were the tracks where the deer had been that morning for water and trails led away up many a ridge to where, under the dense green of the

laurel or sumac, the deer had lain down for the day. But we did not trouble them, for we had left a deer range where we could any day start a dozen, and a deer was little more of a novelty to either of us than a rabbit. We took the rifle out of the wagon only when some unusually large buck, whose bulging sides and glossy hair told of fatness, stood on some hillside to greet the morning light, or stopped on some open point to bid the sun goodnight as he drew his curtains of crimson over his shining bed in the distant sea.

Through valley after valley, connected by winding grades, we climbed ever higher, with ever increasing green mingling with the bright saffron of the August flower on the open slopes, more sycamores and cottonwoods along larger creeks, more willows around colder springs on more hillsides, and more live-oaks nodding over the boulders on the enclosing hills. At about four thousand feet a deciduous live-oak began to stud the rolling tables, where the light rippled in silvery waves over the wild oats, and pines whose fringes we had, from a distance, seen on the higher ridges, now began to stand in dark masses around the heads of the gulches. The lowland live-oak began to vanish and in its place came the golden sheen of the mountain live-oak; blue lilies began to dot green meadows of long grass through which, in a tangle of overhanging ferns, still larger creeks were gurgling. The enclosing hills became more solidly green and out of the dark ravines rose the tall red shaft of the incense cedar and with it the glistening needles of the silver fir; huge yellow pines began to mass on every hillside and among them rose the flattened crown of the sugar pine. Scarcely anything remained to remind us of the land we had just left, which we could see sleeping far below in a haze of red, blue and gold, with here and there two lines of green beside the grey thread of some dry watercourse.

The cheery bark of the grey squirrel, the same old friend of our boyhood, reminded us of our Eastern home, with the sweet *cloi-cloi-cloi* of the mountain quail sounding from the huge red arms of the manzanita, much like the voice of the Eastern chipmunk sometimes heard from the old stump

"THE GLISTENING NEEDLE OF THE SILVER FIR."

or rock. And though the band-tailed pigeon is built much like the house dove, and lacks the arrowy speed of the passenger pigeon, there were enough darting among the live-oaks and drifting in flocks of ashy blue across the depths of the cañons to bring up bright memories of the days when the wild pigeon was a factor in life.

On mountains like Cuyamaca and Palomar we could drive with ease on fair roads to over six thousand feet, amid green meadows girdled by forests of heavy pine, fir and cedar, with vast views of the low country and the shining sea breaking through nearly every vista, with cold springs trickling from ferns, watercress, and wild celery on nearly every hillside and with brooks hissing with speed down almost every ravine. A strange sight for a dry country, but no more so than to find the mallard leading her little brood on the face of the lagoon, with the wood ibis sailing in snowy circles far in the blue above. All through these mountains deer were still plentiful, though in mid-summer they hide in the brush more closely than in the lowlands. The valley quail had become rare after passing the elevation of three thousand feet and at four thousand was nearly gone. But the wings of the dove whistled on every breeze and the sweet tones of the lark rose from the meadows, where the blue of the iris still shone until we were nearly five thousand feet above the sea. Bluejays in gaudy hoods of indigo, with red-

headed woodpeckers, sap-suckers and the noble army of little woodpeckers in jackets of pepper and salt kept the woods alive on every hand, while high above the highest peaks, ever winding in mysterious circles with motionless wing, the dark form of the condor, now so rare, could be seen on almost every hand.

Around Mount Palomar, sixty odd miles by a good road through a county abounding in game though semi-desert we came to the rolling tablelands that surround the little valley of Temecula. Here yet remained two relics of the olden time—two bands of antelope that the few American settlers were too lazy to hunt. I could not much blame them, for by the time I crawled to the top of a ridge and got the shot I wanted at a big leading buck I had strained my eyes two days on ten thousand spots of white and brown scattered over thousands of acres sleeping in the golden haze of the summer sun.

Another day's drive on a good road, with the shaggy hills of Santa Rosa clad in eternal green looking darkly down upon us from the west, with the long ridge of the Sierra Nevada wavering on the east, with many a rise and fall until it swung two miles on high in the gray granite of San Jacinto, half hidden in the long lines of pine through which yet gleamed many a snow bank still deep in the noon of summer. A fair sheet of water in those days was the lake

"THE SHAGGY HILLS OF SANTA ROSA."

"THE ROLLING TABLE-LANDS."

of Elsinore, with many a group of dots far out in its center or along its winding shore line showing that here, too, the wild duck reared her young in safety, without going to the far North. On its sloping shores leading away into the sunlit plain was the range of another large band of antelope, and away upon a tongue of land reaching out into the water there was a haze of white and brown that always catches the eye of one who knows anything of this bright spirit of the plains. But the voice of the larder had been stilled by the last buck, so we moved on for the towering peak that over the pass of San Gorgonio was lost in a wreath of cloud that blended into its crown of snow.

Over the broad plains of San Jacinto the sunshine danced in shimmering waves of heat, through which again loomed that mysterious white and cinnamon that has but one meaning for the hunter's eye. Here were three bands of antelope yet remaining, the plains being so broad and flat that, though there were nearly a hundred in each band, they were quite safe unless one could catch them in the broken foothills, which in later days I found out how to do. But we could see them only through the mirage of the blazing plain, now looming like stilted ghosts forty feet high in the dancing heat, now inverted, now fading out of sight, now rising again and wavering above the horizon without legs, now vanishing on legs nebulous with speed, now circling far around to look at us again from the veil of haze in which the dreamy distance lay swooning beneath a fiery sun.

Up Mill Creek under lofty alders that interlocked their arms of glistening green in

heavy shade over a bright rushing stream, tearing through masses of granite boulders, foaming down shingly rapids and boiling in dark pools over which the columbine and the tiger lily nodded in rival tints of red, and we were again in a different land. As the portals of the cañon closed upon us, the hot and glaring washes gave place to deep shades from which, through the openings in the green canopy, we could look up thousands of feet to where the sunlight silvered gigantic crags of toppling granite and could hear the breeze sigh through the needles of lofty pines that fringed with sombre lines the long ridges that wound away in the sky or, in dark ranks, stood guard over the heads of mighty slides. The stream that in the outer world was but a weakly thread straggling over hot mica sands was soon too large to cross, and from the sides recruits came tumbling down the dark defiles with singing speed to strengthen its foaming march. Outside of the lines of alder, willows and cottonwoods, sycamores and live-oaks maintained the shade to the bottom of the steep hillsides, from which big ferns still waved in all the green of spring, while everywhere up the banks the golden mouth of the mountain mimulus starred its verdant branches that covered half the red of the hills. Here and there huge grape vines wound among the trees and the clematis twined over sweetbriar and rose, while blackberry and raspberry bloomed far into the summer and the wild gooseberry and currant did their best to maintain the green.

Not a sign of life shone from the deep pool where the stream for an instant slept before resuming its onward whirl any more than from the seething lines in which it twisted around great boulders. But almost the instant the baited hook touched the water, as it was dropped from behind some big rock, there was the sharp stroke upon the rod and that electric tingle through all our nerves that only one earthly thing can cause. Still less did the rapids look like harboring a trout, as the water hissed over them in sheets that seemed scarcely deep enough to float an eel. Yet before the fly danced a minute on the sparkling surface there was a gleam of light coming swiftly from somewhere and a tug upon the pole that made me think more of where the fish was likely to go than of where he came from. Everywhere it was the same, and even in little side streams that seemed too small for a trout to turn about in. So the mountain quail could keep up his mellow call without fear and the deer come down from

Photo by Mrs. Alice E. Hare.

"THE LAND WE HAD LEFT."

"WHERE THE STREAM FOR AN INSTANT SLEPT."

the heights to drink. And even the trout suffered little, for we made the trip mainly to climb the mountain from whose sides these waters came.

Greyback, or San Gorgonio, or Grizzly Peak as it is variously called, is not such a great mountain. But there are few other mountains that rise so high above the country immediately about its base. And no other in the world can look down two miles upon a land so infinitely varied. Camping in a little meadow nine thousand feet above the sea, we had plenty of time to make the other twenty-seven hundred in the morning and return to camp. From its top we looked down upon the highest civilization and the greatest desolation in the world. There are no deserts where the traveler who gets out of water so quickly dies with all his animals as on the vast basins of the Mojave and Colorado that gleamed in ghastly grey and red until the margins were lost in distance. And no mountains are more hopeless refuges for the sufferer than those that here and there from the shimmering plains swung high above the golden haze in lines of purple and rose. And there is no civilization equal to that we could see on the west of the great chain that divided that land into two separate climates, where pearls of green strung on the silvery thread of the irrigation ditch relieved the broad sweeps of gold and tan where the sun-dried grass clothed many a rolling plain.

In almost the same glance we could look down upon the wildest and roughest mountains in the world, a part of the chain that incloses all of Southern California that is of much value for settlement and whose plunging streams, foaming from almost eternal snow banks, make the civilization what it is. Here was the home of the mountain sheep and the grizzly bear, where they still roamed as safe from the wiles of man as in the days of their forefathers. And there was the place we wanted to be. And to do so most easily we had to change our camp and go up the middle fork of Lytle Creek, that wound through tremendous ridges so sharp that even the hardy pine could scarcely find a foothold, so high that even if one could get a foothold on their shingly sides it would be a day's journey to the top.

Years before I had fished the best trout streams of Minnesota and Wisconsin and thought I had seen trout. But I never did until I went to where Lytle Creek was but a staircase whose steps were basins of seething froth separated by falls of plunging foam. So small were the pools and so close together, that the water had no time to free itself from the bubbles of one leap before it was again shattered into spray in the basin below. The horses had to stand all night wedged in between big boulders, and we had to pillow our chins upon our knees; everything but coffee, bacon and flour had to be left far down the creek in order to get here at all, but it was the best of all our camps. Almost before the fly danced on the foam, it was a network of silvery gleams from every quarter of the basin. Out of the bubbles and froth the trout came as plenty as out of the stiller water and at times seemed to rush right out of the roaring

"NINE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA."

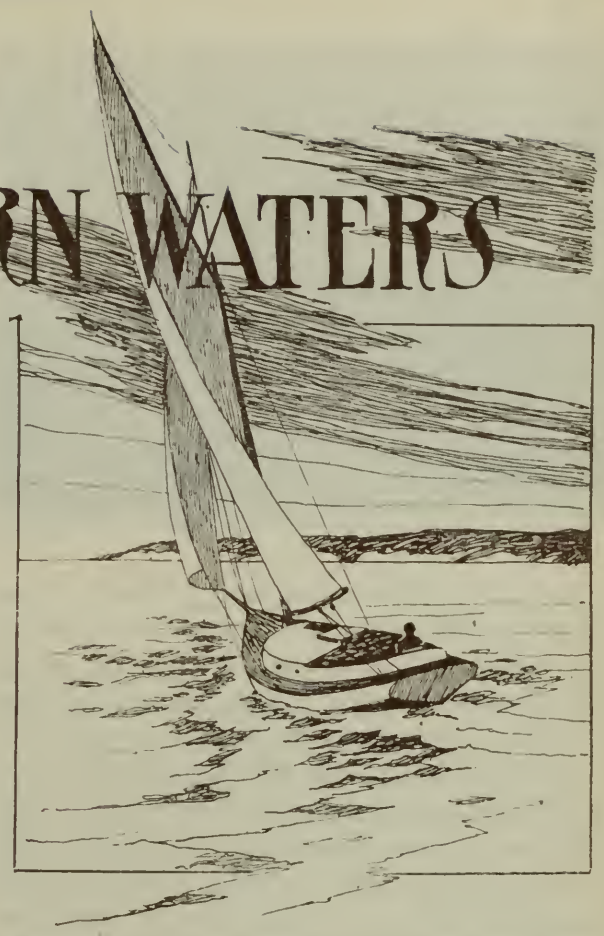
sheets. Before the sun fired the crags of granite that crowned the mighty walls above and when at evening they were wrapped in rosy glow, either one of us could take a dozen fish in almost as many minutes from a single snowy bowl of whirling foam.

It were long to tell what attempts we made to scale hillsides of loose shingle, with boulders whizzing past our heads as we started the sustaining soil with our feet, warning us to back out, or how we wound along sharp ridges until we came to where it would to impossible to turn a horse about in case we could not go further. All we could do on that ground with the bighorns was to see them at a distance skimming these same sharp ridges like birds or plunging down the shingly hillsides amid a roar of sliding earth and bounding rocks as the avalanche their sharp feet set in motion grew larger at every bound until the makers were lost in the rising dust.

But thousands of feet below lay broader cañons with smoother ridges between, clad in green, darkly blue with depth. While grizzly bear were all through the mountains, there was the only easy ground to traverse and for that we started. But nowhere does distance so change things as in Southern California. The brush that looked like velvet from far above rose in shaggy masses twelve to fifteen feet high over thousands of acres, dense, stiff and unyielding, with branches almost as numerous as the leaves. Our horses that had straddled the largest boulders, slid down steep banks and leaped the sharpest gullies could make no impression on it. As we saw the bright red arms of the manzanita try to strangle the thorny arms of the wild lilac, with the buckthorn and choke-cherry trying to part them and the mountain mahogany and adenostoma crowding in to see the fuss, and remembered being told that the oldest hunters in the land hardly dared to enter these grounds even to set a trap or poison, we inclined to hesitate. On the open flats where the sun-dried grass lay brown and red we kept together and were quite brave, for we had good rifles and knew how to use them. But when the huge tracks that were all about led to the encircling girdle of live-oaks that almost swept the ground, we looked at one another seriously, and when they reached the edge of the heavy chaparral, where we knew we could travel only on hands and knees, we didn't have to look at each other to know each other's sentiments.

CRUISING IN NORTHERN WATERS

BY · F · M · KELLY



FOURTH OF JULY week finds us in Townsend Bay on a British sloop, present to do battle for the yachting supremacy of Northwestern waters.

A fine sheet of water is that which laps the shore of the Key City, ideal from a yachtsman's standpoint, for there's rarely a lack of wind; and so the Townsend Heights have witnessed many a hotly-contested race in years that have gone, for 'tis there that the Northwestern International Yachting Association has been wont to hold its meet, and thither went the fastest sailing craft from the clubs of Puget Sound and from contiguous Canadian waters. Mainly, the object of the association is racing, but, incidentally, from a social standpoint, its meets are responsible for much healthy intercourse between the good fellows who foster yachting in these parts.

But hold—I was to take you on a cruise, and lo! I find myself running off the wind with a free sheet, when I should be close-hauled. Our sloop is named Wideawake, and she is all that the name implies; Victoria is our home port, and our skipper is Archie Pearce, secretary of the association. We had planned to cruise for a couple of weeks, after the races had been concluded, through the Washington islands as far as Bellingham Bay, but upon the request of Captain H. S. Study, of the Seattle yacht Calista, who is out for a two weeks' cruise, we alter our plans somewhat, deciding to go in company with the Calista through the islands north of the boundary.

'Tis Sunday morning, July 5. With the passing of the Fourth, another race meet of the Northwest International Association is but a thing of memory. The boats are making preparations for departure, some of them being already under way, standing down for Marrowstone. Noon finds the Calista and Wideawake still at anchor, awaiting the setting out of the ebb tide. When the anchors come away a fresh southeasterly wind drives down the bay and we scud for Wilson Point, the point which stops the rush of the wild white foam horses of Juan de Fuca Strait as they come tearing madly up from the sou'west.

After their unbridled celebration of the Fourth (it blew thirty-five miles that day), the water-gods seem inclined to be restful—too restful, we think—and they smile all too softly. Beyond Point Wilson there is but a breath of air, and all too quickly it vanishes, leaving us in the grip of the tide which takes us slowly by the white sand cliffs of Whidby Island, yet ever drawing us offshore. We pass Blunt Island, low and rough-looking, off to starboard.

As we are not going much out of our course—Griffin Bay, where we intend to anchor, is on the San Juan side of Middle Channel—we are contented; but the fates soon show that they are not kindly disposed toward us and just before dark the Calista, having managed to get about a quarter of a mile to windward of us with the aid of a favorable catspaw, strikes a light air and goes merrily along, leaving us in a perfect calm, where we remain until

ON SAN JUAN ISLAND.

2 A. M. the following morning, when a fresh breeze comes out of the nor'west, and as we are about off the mouth of Rosario Strait we beat up to Lopez Island, dropping anchor in a rocky bay some little time afterward.

Under way again as the clock strikes nine, a light air blowing out of the southeast, the Calista nowhere in sight. Soon the wind fails altogether and the tide, which has just commenced to run in, carries us back and into Rosario Strait. About noon we manage to sweep the craft into a small bay on Lopez where there is a large fish-trap, and during our stay there we witness its overhauling, a very interesting proceeding. At slack water the hook is stowed and with the ebb tide we drift along the rocky south shore of Lopez until five o'clock, when a stiff breeze comes out of the west, forcing us to beat up to Middle Channel, the tide there running against us, but with the wind on our quarter and fairly strong we make our anchorage in Griffin Bay about 10 P. M., the night being very black.

IN ACTIVE PASS.

We half expect to see the Calista when we turn out in the morning, so we are somewhat disappointed when it becomes evident that she is not anchored somewhere near us. Soon we are moving some, the flood tide racing with us and a light wind following. San Juan hangs to our port for some time, but to starboard we glide by the bay-indented shores of Lopez, Shaw, Orcas and a number of smaller islands. About noon we breast the northeast end of San Juan and through Spieden Channel we open up the Strait of Haro, where, standing on the west of San Juan, we behold the Calista moving merrily along. We bring rifles and shotguns into play, disturbing the welkin for a short time. It would take many miles of space to deaden the din and the Calista hears and understands, for the sheets come home and she is bearing down to us. As she comes alongside a big pow-wow takes place, explanations being in order.

In company we head for Active Pass, leaving Spieden, John and Stuart islands to port and Waldron to starboard. Entering Canadian waters, Moresly Island lies on our port, also Admiral and Prevost, while Pender is to starboard. Along its straight southern shore we sweep, a fair and stiff breeze blowing. Port Lock light is soon abeam and shortly after we enter Active Pass, between the islands of Mayne and Galiano, the tide being just on the turn.

We are now in one of the beauty-spots of the Northwest. From our anchorage, if you will give your thoughts easy rein, you will be inclined to imagine that 'tis some inland lake we float upon, for no outlet is visible; but the tide, after it has started to move, quickly dispels the illusion, for it sweeps across the mouth of the little bay, where we swing in an eddy, at the rate of some seven miles an hour.

From the waters of the pass, Galiano rises sheer and on its sparsely shrub-studded front the sun beams hotly. Shall we take the Calista's dingy, with the captain and his rifle, and make our prey the easy-rolling blackfish, which feed back and forth through the pass, or shall we take the Wideawake's punt and dally in the little bays of Mayne

"THE GANG."

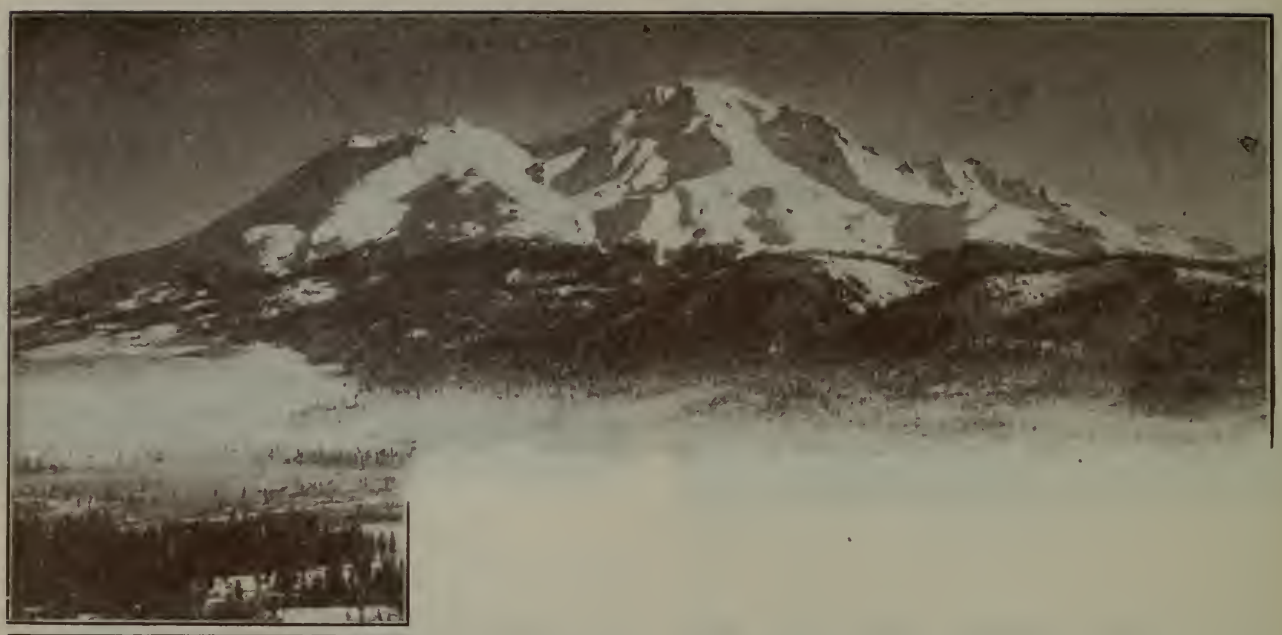
CROSSING GULF OF GEORGIA.

Island—those delightful little bays overhung with arbutus, maple and other trees, among the leaves of which dwell the fairies of the cool-draught?

Now, as the long twilight begins to come slowly out of the east, after the last sigh of the summer's breeze has died away in the bull-pines on the crest of Galiano, as the water is still save for the swirling of the tide or a quick break here and there as the salmon and trout feed, shall we try a Tacoma bait, for trout fresh from the sea will be tasty on the morrow; or shall we wait until the shadows deepen, till the stars shine clear in the blue dome above and the cast of the rocks show dark below, and take our bicycle lamp and, armed with a spear, Indian-fashion, pole along the shore and get rare sport, for the bass and rock-cod are plentiful? All that is required is a steady eye, but don't let your nose get too close to the top of the lamp in your excitement, for it becomes rather hot after a half hour's service, as our cook will find to his sorrow if he does not take care.

Two days and nights we lie in the pass and 'tis hard to break the cables out as we prepare to leave—hardest of all for the Calista, whose anchor will not come away at all—the cable has to be cut. Vancouver is forty miles away, across the Gulf of Georgia and due north. With a good breeze on our quarter we make good time, entering the Narrows, the tide running swiftly with us, early in the afternoon, anchoring off the Vancouver Yacht Club float shortly after.

ENTRANCE TO NARROWS, VANCOUVER.



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

NEATH the deep-vaulted, azure-tinted sky,
Wasted and worn, right nobly still they lie.
Thousands of years have soundless passed them by
Since they were born.

No billowed sea could e'er surpass the grace
In which they lie across this desert place,
Seeming to gaze down on the human race
In kingly scorn.

O! Egypt, is thy grandeur such as ours?
Thine but the evidence of human powers?
These are God's temples, where for refuge cowers
Each hunted thing.

Colossal faces, hewn by nature's hand
From the red sandstone of this rugged land,
Like that great Sphinx, a'couch on Afric's sand,
Their lips might sing:

"Made in God's image, ignorant of time,
No life, nor death, nor love know we, nor crime.
Though dumb, we speak in His own tongue sublime,
Heard by a few.

"From earth's great heart we came; no life has grown
From that great shell from which this mystic stone,
By hidden flames and by God's will was thrown,
'Neath heaven's blue."

What finger drew these runes in reds and blues?
What spirit hand has painted rainbow hues?
The angel-artist fled and left no clues
That man can spy.

When God had formed the day and peaceful night,
Down from His side there stole a seraph bright,
Bearing the new-created shades of light,
With smile and sigh.

"For those volcanic throes that thou didst bear,"
He whispered, "Monarch strong and rude, yet fair,
I'll clothe thee now in colors truly rare;
Thou'lt be man's friend.

"Here friendship teach in simple russet brown,
And innocence in rose, while flashing down,
The sunlight daily shall thy virtues crown,
World without end."

So now upon this wild and western plain,
We gaze with rapture on each stripe and stain
Left by the seraph, which no sun nor rain
Can wash away.

Firm emblems they of peace and truth and love,
That should, to our faint souls, God's presence prove.
Their grand hearts seem to beat, and they to move
Like living clay.

—*Marion Forster Gilmore.*

MISS MARION FORSTER GILMORE.

The poem presented above is a most remarkable instance of literary precocity, its author, Miss Marion Forster Gilmore, being less than fifteen years of age. She is the daughter of Mr. T. M. Gilmore, of this city, who has very generously permitted the reproduction of these really wonderful verses. In addition to her literary talents, Miss Gilmore is an artist of great promise, and is, besides, a very accomplished musician and linguist. Her work has been very favorably commented upon by eminent authors, who predict a brilliant future for the little genius.

FOREVER.

WHEN first we met, dear heart, the year was young,
And April sunshine strove with April showers.
The earth was glad with myriad reaching flowers
When first we met.

The year was young, dear heart? Perhaps we knew
When time and tide were one with earth and sea;
I cannot tell if, when you came to me,
The year was young.

When first we loved, dear heart, the year was old,
And rain fell fast from bleak November skies;
But lo! a heaven of hope shone in your eyes
When first we loved.

The year was old, dear heart? Ah, who can say
Or young or old, or bright or cloudy weather?
Sometime, somewhere we loved. I know not whether
The year was old.

When last we met, dear heart, Death led the way;
Beneath our feet unfathomed waters darkled,
Nor light of star, nor sun nor moonbeam sparkled
When last we met.

Death led the way, dear heart? Nay—rather Life!
For Love is Life, and I am yours forever.
Earth or star-home I'll love you! Then say never
Death led the way.

—*Martha B. Rice.*

AN ARKANSAW CHRISTMAS

by S. D. BARNES

THE CHRISTMAS DAY when Tom Briggs, Mother Briggs and myself killed the big bear is still very plainly remembered, though quite a bunch of years separate that time and this. I was, naturally, younger then, and my views of life and its duties and pleasures were crude and unformed. According to my ideas work was necessary that one might live, but the chief end of man was to own a close-shooting rifle and a keen-nosed hound and find constant employment for both. At that day and time there were usually fresh blotches on my hunting coat and its shoulders were invariably ragged or patched, the sheen of an autumn leaf was brighter to me than the glitter of gold or silver, and the howl of a wolf more musical to my ear than the laugh of a lovely woman. In many respects I have not grown wiser with the march of years; else I might not dwell so lovingly upon the memories of the times gone by.

The summer of 1881 will long be remembered by Arkansans, for in many localities there was little or no rainfall, the smaller watercourses ceased to run, and the crops of corn and cotton were so light that the farmer had them gathered and housed or sold by the later part of November, after which every able-bodied man and boy took to hunting and trapping as the only possible way of getting a livelihood, though the failure of the mast crop had driven pretty much all the game to more favored regions. Ordinarily, to find a deer in the neighborhood of our plantation never required more than a couple of hours' still-hunting, but now it was nothing uncommon to scour the woods for a day with a pack of hounds without striking a fresh trail. Even the squirrels left us, and the turkeys were here one day and maybe five miles away the next. The duck flight, when it came, passed us without stopping, because there was too little water and food and too many gunners. 'Coons and 'possums were thin of flesh and poor of fur, but their hunger made them careless of steel trap or deadfall, and I guess the trappers came nearer thinning them down to a stand than ever before or since. It was hard times in Eastern Arkansas. Very hard, indeed!

My only chance for a Christmas hunt lay in prospecting for a more fruitful range. On December 22 I untied my dugout and set it afloat in White River, paddling slowly down stream and watching the shores for "sign." It began to rain that afternoon, so my first camp was made not over five miles from home. A bark shelter kept me dry, but the rain continued all the next day and the state of my commissary required that I should press on and forage or return to my base of supplies. The latter course would, doubtless, have been the most sensible. I chose the other, paddled and floated four or five miles farther, got drenched to the skin and chilled to the bone, and finally tied up at Tom Briggs' wood camp and told Tom I had come down expressly to spend Christmas with him. It kept on raining, but I was under a good roof and didn't care how long the bad weather lasted. A glance in the kitchen had shown me a sack of flour and a side of bacon, and I had faith in Tom's ability to produce coffee, beans and other

"NONE OF US FOUND THE FOOD SATISFYING."

incidentals from the boxes and tin cans ranged on shelves in the corner. Good company helps to tide a fellow through a spell of dreary weather, and there was never a better or more cheerful spinner of improbable hunting yarns than that same Tom Briggs. When he had a listener Tom talked incessantly. How he managed to be silent when alone with his wife, who was quite deaf, was always a mystery to me; but probably he talked just the same, and took chances on her hearing and understanding an occasional word.

Tom was glad to see me but could give no comforting news about the game. It had "drifted." Not a bite of fresh meat had there been in his camp for weeks, though he lived in the midst of a veritable wilderness, without a neighbor for five miles in any direction to kill or disturb the game. Tom was meat hungry, and so was Mother Briggs and their four hounds, and for that matter so was I. At supper we three did not disdain to clear the platter of its load of crisp bacon, and the dogs eagerly accepted their kettle of mush, but I think none of us found the food satisfying. Bacon and mush are not overly enjoyable at or about Christmastide.

Next morning at daybreak I took advantage of a lull in the storm and hunted for a little distance along the river bank. The stream was rising rapidly and in one place was backing out into a deep slough which led to a lake in the canebreak. Here in a nook of still water I found a bunch of a dozen mallards, fired into the thick of them and killed two. There was no other game to be found, and presently it began raining again and I was driven back to camp. But this proved to be the "clearing-up shower." In an hour a break in the clouds was visible and long before noon the sky was perfectly clear.

Then Tom brought out his trammel net and we set it across the mouth of the slough to catch such fish as might take a notion to leave the river. A trammel net, as the initiated know, is in reality three nets in one —two outer webs of fine linen meshing and an inner one of stout cotton with meshes eight or ten inches across. When a fish strikes it, he takes a purse of the outer web with him through the inner and, of course, there is no coming back. He is pocketed and safe to remain in limbo until the fisherman disentangles him. The slough was fifty feet wide and the net one hundred yards long, so only about one-sixth of its length was in service; yet it served our purpose and in an hour we had taken as many buffalo, bass and perch as we could possibly use. Then, in a bit of open woods near the camp where there was no cane growth to bother, we stretched the net to dry, hanging it by the corkline to tenpenny lines driven in the trees. As the net was six feet deep, the lead line was naturally close to the ground, and I suggested to Tom that his hounds might come blundering along and get "tangled up," but he said they were too well educated for that. We had roast duck and fried fish for dinner and the same for

supper, after returning late from an unsuccessful hunt. Mother Briggs had promised to store the net when dry but she forgot it; so there it hung all the afternoon, night and next day until—but I'll come to that later on.

Tom's armory consisted of an old Ballard rifle and a double-barrel shotgun, the one carrying a .40-caliber bullet, while the other was invariably kept loaded with nine buckshot in each barrel. Tom was no small-game hunter. When his long racks of cordwood were ready for the first steamboat in need of fuel, he would take his hounds for a little whirl after deer or bear, but ducks or squirrels were beneath his notice and if he saw a turkey the buckshot had to serve. He carried the shotgun on that Christmas Day hunt, and I have reason to be glad of it, for an excitable woman armed with a scattergun might not shoot exactly where she looked, and—— But there! I'm getting ahead of my story again.

We were abroad bright and early and took a course upward along the river, following a slough which led us into the open bottoms. The four hounds were ranging along ahead, and presently one of them picked up a trail, ran it a little ways and treed in a hollow ash. His mates refused to show any interest in his discovery, but this particular black-and-tan persisted in his error until Briggs caught him by the scruff of the neck and belabored him with a rotten limb. Then the hound made a bad matter worse by "tearing out" for camp and declining to be recalled. Tom showed an inclination to send a load of buckshot after him, but I interposed. He was the best and most tireless trailer of the four and I offered to go back, put a rope on the runaway and bring him back, willing or unwilling. Briggs was to hunt along slowly to a point a mile ahead and there wait for me.

I found the dog crouching under the cabin, dragged him out and started back with him. As he passed where he had made his mistake of treeing a 'possum when deer-hunting was in order, he struck the trail of the other hounds and showed such a frantic anxiety to follow them that I let him go. Just at that minute I heard Briggs shoot twice on the farther side of a narrow cane ridge; then something came tearing its way through the break, and out popped a half-grown bear cub, heading almost directly toward me. I took a snap shot at him as he passed, but the hound was nipping at his heels and, in my anxiety not to hurt the dog, I held too far ahead. The chase was heading straight toward camp. I followed as fast as I could, trying to reload my old muzzle-loader as I ran, and scattering powder and shot on the ground by handfulls. I heard Briggs calling something to me, but the clamor of the other three hounds told me they had game of their own at bay, and I thought it best for each of us to hoe his own row. Pretty soon the cub turned to make a bluff at his persistent pursuer and I got in a second shot which broke his left fore-leg. By this time we were in sight of Briggs' camp and I could see the old lady standing in the doorway watching the chase. Strangely enough, though I had ran a good half mile, the ranting and roaring of the three hounds appeared as close as ever. It is a safe guess that Mother Briggs had heard neither guns nor hound, but by some chance she had caught on to the fact that fun was brewing. Anyway, I saw her reach above the door and take down the old Ballard—and just then that confounded bear ran head first into the trammel net—the dog piled in on top of him—somebody called to me to "Look out, thar!" I turned and there was the mother bear, charging open-mouthed and not more than ten feet away.

Either Briggs or his good wife could tell the rest of this story more intelligently than myself. They were in a position to watch the scrimmage while I was not. There was a good three hundred feet of that net—please bear that fact in mind—and the cub and the hound struck it about forty feet from the end nearest camp. Now measure off another twenty yards and you have got the point where I hit it when I jumped out of Mother Bruin's way. As for herself, she was already the same as dead when she butted into the meshes too close to me for comfort, for Mrs. Briggs had let drive with the Ballard and made a center shot. But there was quite a number of kicks still left in her, and it is not pleasant to be tied to a dying bear by a tangled rope that gets shorter and shorter at every motion. Having jumped into the net with both feet, I was immediately

thrown on my back without a possible chance of again assuming the perpendicular without help. Consequently, there was no need of Briggs commanding me to "lay still," but I didn't think of that at the time.

The cub and hound were still making things lively farther down the line. Every motion either of them made was immediately telegraphed to my station. I could feel that I was being drawn, in spite of myself, momentarily closer and closer to the seat of war. Then I heard the old Ballard again, and a howl from the hound told me that Mother Brigg's reputation for accuracy had suffered. But her unlucky shot had cleared the way for Tom and his double-barrel, and therefore it was not wholly thrown away. The shotgun finished the job.

I was so thoroughly wrapped up in the net that disentanglement seemed at first impossible, and after I was freed the worst of our task was still ahead. Every claw and tooth of those bears and that unfortunate hound had gathered up the strong linen threads, and fold after fold of the net were swathed around their carcasses. We were till straight noon getting things once more in shape, and then the net looked as though it had been charged by an army of alligator gars. It was not till then that I learned there was a second dead cub lying where Tom had first encountered the happy family, and the news was not particularly cheering, for it meant more work and I had had enough of this already. But the coming of night found us with the three bears dressed, cut in quarters and hung in Tom's smokehouse, and the net stowed away to await repairs. Our Christmas dinner was eaten after dark, and the long wait had only improved our appetites and the better prepared us to enjoy the feast.

"MRS. BRIGGS LET DRIVE WITH THE BALLARD."

A RAINY DAY.

BEFORE the open doors of wakening day
Dame Nature passed with solemn step and slow;
With drooping head and air that seemed to speak
Of some deep inward woe.
Her sable robes like widows' weeds
Trailed o'er the sodden earth;
Each breath a sigh, her every step
A mockery of mirth.

The dear, familiar face was dark with woe,
The forehead marred by something like a frown;
While from her downcast eyes of night
Tears fell unceasing down.
Her own dark robes are damp as with the dew
When evening's darkness from the hillside clears;
Her flowing locks are dripping with the mist
Which rises from her tears.

"Oh, sorrowing Nature," soft I questioned then,
"Pray tell me why you grieve so sorely now;
Have you like mortal seen the death seal set
On some loved planet's brow?
Or weep you for the wickedness of earth,
The deeds of darkness hovering o'er the land,
The beggars' wail, the burdened and oppressed,
The woes on every hand?"

A moment paused she then, and tossed
The dripping locks from off her shoulders bare,
And clasped her hands and raised her streaming eyes
As though in silent prayer.
But one wild wail of bitter anguish wrung
She gave, and weeping would not stay;
Some grief too deep to find a voice in words
Has pained our Queen to-day.

—*Maude E. Smith Hymers.*

TROLLING IN DEEP WATER WITH THE ROD ON LAKE TAHOE.

By Archibald Treat.

VENTURE to say that no one has ever spent a pleasant vacation in the woods, the mountains, or on a forest stream, and not promised himself a return to the self-same spot as quickly as fortune should will. It is rarely, however, that we carry out these vows; for the wheel of destiny is ever turning, and we generally find ourselves, when a year has rolled by, bound for new fields and experiences. Yet, though the promise may be broken it is not forgotten, and if chance so decrees we do return to the scene of our affections and there carry out our cherished schemes.

Three years ago as I lazily trolled with hand lines on the dimpled waters of Lake Tahoe, apologizing to the spirit of Walton each time I hauled in a trout, I determined at some future time to settle, at least to my own satisfaction, whether or no a rod could be so rigged as to equal in efficiency the trolling device of the professional fisherman —or at least sufficiently so to warrant one in using it. And now, after many trials, and after watching others equally enthusiastic (and equally unsuccessful) I can say, with truth born of renewed experience, that I came and saw and have been conquered. As the detail of the story of my vanquishment may not be without interest to those who love the art of fishing, here follows the story of my at least partial surrender.

Years of experience in trolling on Lake Tahoe have resulted in the adoption of the device now employed—a metal, egg-shaped spoon of generous dimensions, of burnished copper or nickle-plated, according to the whim of the fisherman. Brass turnbuckles are attached to either end of this spoon. A snell and hook is fastened to the smaller end, while a twisted copper wire of from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five feet in length leads to the twenty feet of cotton line in the hand of the fisherman. The hook, a large-sized Pennel, Limerick or

SANDY HARBOR, LAKE TAHOE.

Sproat for choice, is baited with worms or minnows. This gear is trailed from the rear of the boat, the line being continuously moved back and forth—the latter movement being made more quickly that the former so as to insure the proper spinning of the spoon.

When the fish is hooked he is pulled in by main strength; and, if the hook holds fast, he has about as much chance for his life as an obstinate mule hauled on ship by a steam winch. Some skill is possible in striking the fish, that is in feeling the bite and jerking the hook into his mouth before he can spit it out, and an experienced fisherman will land two to one as against the novice. But the knack is soon learned, and it may almost be said that the beginner of yesterday is an adept to-day.

Still, all pleasures are comparative: The man who never drove a fast horse is satisfied with the gentle old hack of the farm; the man who never used a four-ounce rod may be quite content with a bamboo pole or even a willow branch; and our fathers in their boyhood days found no fault with the old muzzle-loaders that were as big and as clumsy as themselves. Hundreds of people fish every year at Tahoe and enjoy to the full every moment of the pastime. And not only would I not take their pleasure from them, but, when out in a boat, with a coffee-

pot and a frying-pan tucked in the bow and other good things stowed safely away until the "larger half" of the meal were caught, I have profitably spent and enjoyed many an hour with the hand lines.

I well remember one afternoon in the month of July. I was fishing with my friend, Mr. R., in Chrystal Bay. I was rowing and he was trolling with the hand line. It was late in the day, and I was working the boat in and out from shore to deep water—making a series of the letter "S"—an excellent method, not only to locate the whereabouts of the fish but to catch them, as the line necessarily passes over the edge of the reefs. We had out about one hundred and twenty feet of copper wire, and in making the turn inshore it was necessary to use both speed and care lest the spoon and hook catch on the bottom. I had swung the boat around close to the bank and was pulling fast to keep the line near the surface when my companion shouted:

"I've got him!"

Which expression, by the way, seems to come naturally to the lips of every one who fishes on the lake. I at once saw by the effort that my friend was making that he had hooked a big fellow, for he was hauling in as if he were pulling in the slack of an anchor line. I swung the boat broadside to and soon, without warning, a huge fish was plumped fairly into my stomach. It dropped to the bottom of the boat, flopping most valiantly.

"Hold him! Hold him!" shouted R., all excitement. This was more easy to say than

TROLLING ON TAHOE.

to accomplish. I dropped upon the squirming, slippery prey, and my friend dropped on top of me, so as to make a sure thing of it. And his precaution was not altogether unnecessary, for with the fall of the fish to the bottom of the boat the hook had come loose and he was ours by a narrow margin; for these fish, both big and little, can easily flop from the floor of a boat over its side. I was trying to catch our prisoner by the back of the neck but this is more easily described than accomplished. In the melee R. picked up a stout stick, shouting "Kill him!" and for a moment it was a matter of some doubt which one of us would go out on a strike. But finally my thumb and finger closed with a stout squeeze just back of the gills and our prize was quite willing to be put into the tank with which all of the fishing boats on Lake Tahoe are furnished.

Mr. R. dropped back into his seat with a broad smile of satisfaction, which was slightly shadowed when he found that one hundred and twenty feet of wire line was tied in a confused mass about his feet, the oars, the rowlocks and almost every other article in the boat. I asked him, while he slowly undid the knots and snarls, why he had not, while he was about it, tied it around the fish and so made it easier to hold him, but he was too busy to make reply.

Although, of course, not of every-day occurrence it is not unusual to catch these big fish close to shore, where they are in pursuit of their natural prey, the minnow. Sandy Harbor yielded up two beauties of about 9¼ and 8½ pounds respectively during my

LAKE GILMORE, NEAR TAHOE INN.

LANDED!

stay at Brockway. The one Mr. R. landed weighed 7¼ pounds.

I know that I am not alone in confessing to considerable astonishment at the shrinkage which takes place when a fish is put upon the scales. One year I measured and weighed a number of Tahoe trout, and found that the average was nearly the same as the lengths and weights given by Mr. H. P. Wells in his excellent work "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle." For the benefit of the guild, and in the hope that its use may assist in either saving or maintaining their reputations for veracity, I here print an extract from his table:

14	inches	in length	will weigh	1	pound.
16	inches	in length	will weigh	1⅝	pounds.
18	inches	in length	will weigh	2½	pounds.
20	inches	in length	will weigh	3½	pounds.
22	inches	in length	will weigh	4¾	pounds.
24½	inches	in length	will weigh	7	pounds.

My own weights and measurements, given below, would seem to indicate that our fish are not quite as heavy, as a rule, as those weighed by Mr. Wells in Eastern rivers and lakes; this may have been because mine were caught nearer to the spawning season:

17¼	inches	in length	weighed	1¾	pounds.
19¾	inches	in length	weighed	2⅝	pounds.
20¾	inches	in length	weighed	3¾	pounds.
25¾	inches	in length	weighed	5½	pounds.
29¾	inches	in length	weighed	9½	pounds.

There has been no change for many years in the method of trolling employed upon the lake, and it may fairly be said to have been born of experience. The minnow is the stock bait, with angle worms and sometimes grubs and grasshoppers to relieve the monotony when Mr. Fish becomes fastidious. Sometimes the fisherman puts a Wilson spoon as a trailer behind the big spoon, using only one of its hooks, and baiting that so the fish will more likely return after his first strike. I have had good luck with one of Wilson's new bass spoons, likewise baiting its hook, and while not using it long enough to secure positive results, deem it more deadly than any other lure I have tried.

No matter what schemes are used, however, there always comes to the rod fisherman on his first visit to Lake Tahoe the belief that he can so rig his rod that the fish will favor him with a call. For with a rod the fisherman has ten-fold more enjoyment, and the trout at least a chance to pit his strength against the sportsman's tackle and skill, so the battle is not altogether unequal.

These were the considerations that led me, after a long absence from the lake, to more fully experiment to see if it were not possible to put a little more skill and amusement into this sort of fishing. I selected Brockway for my experiments; for, if there are fish in the lake they are to be found in the bay to the east of the point there, and Sandy Harbor, the place where the largest fish in the lake are caught with hand lines, is only a few miles away.

I had provided myself with a double-handed bamboo rod and large multiplying reel, such as is used at Catalina Island, and spoons of all sorts and sizes. Like a boy with a new toy, I was hardly registered before I was off with boatman Harry, eager to test my theories. Now Harry had at least a bow-

TWO BEAUTIES FROM SANDY HABROR.

INLET OF "FALLEN LEAF" LAKE.

ing acquaintance with every fish in the lake, so we made quickly for the grounds to take in his friends, I buoyant and confident, he good humored and doubtful.

Our first trial was with a No. 21 Cuttyhunk line and a No. 4 Wilson spinner, with two sinkers about a foot apart just beyond the end of the leader. I got a great many strikes and but two fish. It seemed to me that the line did not go deep enough, so in the afternoon Harry took four strands of fine copper wire and wound a hundred feet of it, giving it 2,500 revolutions by means of the small multiplying wheel used at most of the resorts on the lake to twist copper fishing lines. This was rubbed with tallow to make it run in and out easily through the rings and tip of the rod, and in the afternoon we tried again. I had thought that there would be trouble in winding the wire line upon the reel, but it worked with surprising smoothness. We had more luck this time, because the line went deeper, more nearly approximating the depth reached by the regular "jerk" lines.

While this last experiment was more successful than the other the line did not yet attain the necessary depth, and we were driven to the use of the very thing I was trying to avoid—the heavy metal spoon, the pull of which is in itself so great as to almost overcome the jerking of the fish unless he be unusually large. Of course, even then the use of the reel was more pleasurable than hauling in hand over hand, but the percentage of catches as against the hand line was small indeed, and if the fish were not biting well, which, of course, must sometimes be the case, the use of the rod for trolling in deep water was practically a failure.

Upon Fallen Leaf Lake, which empties into Tahoe, the water is comparatively shallow and the fish take the hook nearer the surface. Consequently, here the rod and reel may be used with greater success than on the larger and deeper body of water. But even on Fallen Leaf the fish do not take the hook when it is a number of feet below the surface of the water with the snap that they do when it is on or near the top, and the number of fish actually hooked is in small proportion to the strikes. Then, again, there are more fish proportionately in Fallen Leaf than in Tahoe, so that, so far as results are concerned, here as elsewhere the hand lines must be conceded the more successful in luring the fish. The reasons for this are apparent when we consider the nature of the lake bottom. Tahoe is supplied by the melting snows of the surrounding mountains. The water is, therefore, as pure and clear as water can be. The bed of the lake is easily seen at one hundred feet, while at half that distance the label on a can resting on the bottom can easily be read. How deep the fish can or do live is not known. In some parts of the lake it is from 1,500 to 2,000 feet deep. The fish are seldom caught in water more than a couple of hundred feet in depth.

ONE OF THE PROPHETS.

They are generally found off the reefs—where the water changes from dark green to deep blue. These reefs may be close to shore, or far out in the lake, and the more abrupt their sides the more likelihood of finding the fish in schools. Having their feeding grounds in such deep waters the fish do not come near the surface as a rule, hence the necessity for the heavy spoon and copper line; the latter to help sink the spoon and make it trail in a horizontal line, and the former to attract the fish up from his feeding ground. It follows that small spoons and light lines are unsuited to the habits of the Tahoe trout and can never even approximate the success of the jerk lines.

The fish of all mountain lakes bite better in the spring and fall than in midsummer. Various theories have been advanced for this; that the melting snows bring down to them insect life in the early part of the year, and that later in the season they go to the surface in search of the insect life that hovers over it. A more logical reason, it seems to me, is to be found in recent experiments and investigations made upon the waters of Lake Lucerne. Its waters are found to be inhabited by minute forms of plant and animal life, known by the general term of "plankton." These, it seems, are affected by light and heat, coming nearer to the surface in cold weather than in hot—much nearer in winter than in summer, and are even influenced by the changes of a day. These organisms form much of the food of the fish, their abundance or scarcity producing immediate effect. Not only is this plant and animal life affected by light, but also by currents and by winds.

A consideration of the foregoing gives a logical solution to the oft-expressed query: Why is the fishing upon Tahoe so much better at one time than another, and at one place than another, and why is it necessary to fish deeper in summer than in winter?

I have not mentioned the minnow as one of the natural foods of the trout, because to a considerable degree the latter goes out of his way to feed upon his tiny brother, who seeks refuge among the rocks close to shore, venturing seldom, if ever, into deep water. When one of these big fellows feels particularly fish hungry he leaves his haunts among the submarine cliffs and enters the comparatively shallow water in search of his breakfast. I have reserved the story of his and my own experiences for another time.

A. St. J. Oliver, Photo.

A TAHOE ANTIQUE.

THE AFTER GLOW.

SKETCHES FROM A HUNTER'S NOTE BOOK.

SUNRISE IN THE SIERRAS.

Afar off a dark rim shows beneath an opaque light that shades as it climbs up into a rim of black, thro' which stars twinkle; and then, when in a moment you look again, the rim has moved back and new stars shine in it.

The sky gradually turns to a light salmon, and as you sit on a log watching, a pine cone strikes the ground and your nerves are on edge—it is only a squirrel at his early breakfast.

Twitterings come from every tree; shadows begin to lengthen and steal quietly away: the bluejays try to invent new cries; the "grinnies" race about, scurrying as if time was worth more to them than to J. P. Morgan; a belated mosquito hums you a tune; the snapping of a twig reminds you that you are after deer; the east has turned to gold; suddenly you notice a long object traveling ahead of you and you recognize your shadow. The sun has risen.

SUNSET.

Away up where Mount Whitney's crest seems to join in friendly contest with a few fleecy clouds, the hills seem to shine with many bronze tints. Across the gorge from where you are sitting watching a sea of "blue brush," the hills seem but rods away—you know they are miles. Thousands of feet below, the river sings its matin song; two chipmunks chase each other madly about, stopping occasionally to study this queer animal that has invaded their domain; flitting about silently are the jays and chick-a-dees; a red squirrel quietly studies you as he ascends to his home in the pine, in little jerky dashes; something moves in the brush below—a fawn steals out, smells of a log, looks backward and leaps awkwardly about. You watch for the doe, a head appears but it has horns; you carefully cock your rifle but something stays your hand and you watch a moment longer. The "spike" carefully studies the hillsides, tests the wind and browses along; the doe does not appear. You watch this brother, foster-mother-guardian, until he and his beautiful dependant disappear. The silence suddenly breaks upon you, you shiver, the distant hills are a blue haze. You wonder if it was some careless or unprincipled hunter, or some Nemesis of the woods that has orphaned—— Pshaw! the sun has set in the Sierras.

THE BEAST.

I drew myself up to my friend's fireplace, spread my hands out to the cheerful blaze, and let my eyes wander over the rods, guns and other hunter's and fisherman's truck that littered the walls; and as they brought back memories of happy days and nights, I dropped my gaze to the corner where, when I last sat before the fire, one of the ugliest yellow curs I have ever seen was basking in the warmth and quarreling as he slept.

Ugly! One ear stood straight up and the other had been chewed and torn so that it lopped; color, an indescribable yellow; feet, big; legs, long and crooked; eyes, one a watch-eye, the other practically yellow; temper, something awful. He would fight anything from a toy spaniel up to and including a grizzly bear.

I remembered that he was the one bone of contention between my friend and his wife. If baby went anywhere about this yellow crank he would growl and show his teeth, so the mother was in terror lest he bite, but the father always said that nothing as fearless as he would bite a baby.

"Where is that yellow beast?"

My friend looked up in a queer way. "That one your wife despised so," I explained.

"Don't let her hear you, she don't despise him now. Come here," and walking to a door he opened it. Looking in I saw a battered doll, a green palace car, and some marbles on the floor; against the wall a little bed; and on a sort of divan the yellow cur lay with his head raised and his eyes fixed on the bed, or perhaps on the picture across the room, but he did not turn his head.

My friend carefully closed the door, and returned to the fireplace. He said in a low voice and with his eyes fixed on the spiral of smoke issuing from a worm hole in the blazing chunk: "Last spring baby was just so she could toddle about and consequently she was investigating every place she could get into, and some that she couldn't. I was out working on the back porch and Rowdy was in his usual place underneath; baby had just been 'helping' me, my wife was somewhere about the house. Some one had left our front gate open and baby got out in the road with an old red bonnet of hers that she had got somewhere; I guess she must have been carrying it in her hand.

"I heard my wife scream and the 'beast' bump his head in his haste getting out. I dashed around the house in time to see my baby standing in the middle of the road, my wife on her knees, and Rowdy tossed into the air by a big bull that had been charging on the baby. By the time I could get the baby into the yard and get back, the bull was going on down the road, so I picked up the 'beast' and carried him into the yard. He licked baby's hand, wagged a feeble good-bye——. My wife sent him to the best taxidermist that she could find and he is watching thro' all time the little life he saved."

My friend's voice had grown gradually fainter until it seemed to come from a distance, and as it sank in the last sentence to a whisper, I saw a glint of silver steal down his cheek. Silently I entered that room and knelt to pat the beautiful old head. Somehow I felt that Rowdy's grand spirit in dog-land looked out and forgave me, for it is not always given to us to recognize under the ugly, gruff, growling exterior, a heart of gold.

—*James H. Pierce.*

WESTERN FIELD.

The Sportsman's Magazine of the West.

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB AND THE CALIFORNIA FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE WESTERN FIELD CO., (Incorporated)
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FRANK H. MAYER, - - - - Managing Editor

Matter for publication should be addressed "WESTERN FIELD," 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., and not to individuals connected with the magazine. All copy for new advertisements, changes or discontinuances, must be in hand not later than the 10th of the month preceding date of issue, in order to insure attention.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

BEGINNING with our next (February) number, we shall inaugurate a re-arrangement of our various departments which we think will be appreciated by all our readers. These departments will be materially improved in every way; many new features will be added and our presentation of the various topics coming within the province of this publication will be unique and characteristic.

Especial attention will be accorded the rifle and shotgun departments. The services of eminent, recognized experts have been secured to aid in making these features the most valuable and attractive ever offered to American sportsmen. Crispness and originality will characterize every line of our departmental matter, which shall be also of the most authentic and dependable nature.

In the way of illustrations we assure a continual treat for our readers. Our facilities in this line have been satisfactorily augmented and our pictorial effects will be second to none. Our present high standard of mechanical work will be conserved, if not even bettered, and we are confident that in 1904 WESTERN FIELD will give more value for the money of its patrons than can possibly be offered by our most esteemed contemporaries.

To the trade—and especially its Eastern factors—we offer the only available medium through which the great contingent of Western consumers can be resultfully reached. As an instance in proof whereof we stand ready to prove that WESTERN FIELD's paid circulation in the city of San Francisco alone is more than double that of all our Eastern sporting contemporaries combined on the whole Pacific Coast. And our present paid circulation throughout the whole United States and its colonial possessions is greater than that of any contemporary, with one possible exception. We cordially invite a full investigation of these facts and will cheerfully facilitate such an investigation in every way.

OUR COVER DESIGN.

NEVER was artist in happier vein than was Mr. H. W. Hansen when he designed and painted the typical California picture which graces our front cover this month. The tender tints of the California winter landscape are, of course, beyond the power of printer's ink or engraver's needle to faithfully reproduce, yet in the exquisite original painting all these exist in their pristine beauty.

In the rendition of local color and the portrayal of human emotions, Mr. Hansen is without a peer in this portion of "God's Country." Looking at the complacent expression in the face of the successful sportsman, one instantly divines his thought: "Peace on earth and good will toward all men." The composition of this picture will appeal as strongly to the sportsman as its wonderful technique will to his artistic brothers. "Contentment" is written all over the whole scene. The faithful dog enjoying the larger half of his master's lunch exemplifies it in his well-nurtured body. The plump game birds evince their past enjoyment of the best things the field affords.

The absence, in our favored State, of all the chill discomforts and rigor of the winter of other sections, is well conveyed by the impression of balmy mildness which emanates from Mr. Hansen's faithfully drawn

California landscape. Were it not for the line of snow cresting the distant Sierras, one would imagine the season to be that of early autumn. The perfect repose and quietude of the elements is shown in the vertical ascent of the pipe incense which is wafted aloft, a burnt offering to the God of Peace and Plenty whose benediction lies in indescribable sweetness over the whole enchanting land we love so well.

It is a great pleasure to be able to announce that Mr. Hansen will continue the series of cover designs which have received such warm encomiums from every source. It is only another assurance that WESTERN FIELD aims at the highest excellence in all things—a forepromise that our readers will be provided with the best literary and artistic pabulum that the great cornucopia of the Golden West can furnish.

A NEW LEAF.

WITH the present number WESTERN FIELD completes its third volume, being just eighteen months old to-day. For a youngster of a year and a half, we have, as we think, attained to a very creditable size and importance in journalism. The fickle goddess Fortune has been very good to us—possibly because we were a bit strenuous and compelled her favor, but rather as we would like to think, because we were faithful to our inceptive mission and deserved well at her hands. Our work—and it has been plenty and hard—has been honest and conscientious; we hope it has been intelligent and judicious; it has certainly been resultful and profitable. Not in a pecuniary way, for we are not in the business to make money; but in a moral and sentimental way, for we have succeeded in engendering and fostering a healthy public interest in the protection of game, and in the enactment and enforcement of laws necessary to that end.

For the universal and unqualified favor that has been accorded us we are profoundly grateful. We have been indulged far beyond our merits—and nobody knows it better than do we. We like to feel, as well as to acknowledge, the sense of great obligation laid upon us in this connection. It will serve to incite us to greater efforts in its discharge. If we did, as our friends flatteringly say, good work before, we have now far better work ahead in prospect, for we feel that such is necessary in order to deserve a continuance of the good estimation of our clientage. This duty is as pleasant as it is imperative and we invite the assistance of all to help us perform it adequately. WESTERN FIELD is not the private organ of any coterie or clique—it is the People's journal and conducted primarily and altogether in the common public interest. We will gladly welcome and most carefully consider any suggestions from any source for its betterment. We invite in its columns honest and dispassionate discussions of any and all topics that pertain to the protection of game and the elevation and refinement of field and water sports. WESTERN FIELD is pledged to no policy other than that of practical game protection; it is wedded to no schisms nor superstitions of any kind. Conventionality cuts no figure in our calculations—except the higher conventionality of cleanliness and consistency in our labors.

We sadly admit a great deficiency in our present form and make-up, being yet an interminable distance from our ideals; but we ask our friends to remember that we are very young and still only in the crawling stage. By and by, the Fates favoring, we will walk in the best of company and keep our place in the procession! As it is, we modestly think we are already making a good stagger at it.

From time to time as conditions will require and admit, we shall add new departments to the magazine. Improvements in typography and arrangement of the letterpress will evolve as a matter of course, and by the time we have encompassed our second birthday we hope to be reckoned as among the salt of the earth. It is a big contract to accomplish in a short six months, but already we have a certain savor of our own and these are days of great accomplishments.

And now a word of thanks. May the New Year be as good to all humanity in the aggregate as the old year has been to us individually. We know of no better way to express our gratitude. A happy and prosperous year to all!

President.

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A WELL KNOWN ADVOCATE OF GAME PROTECTION.

THE CALIFORNIA GAME LAWS IN BRIEF

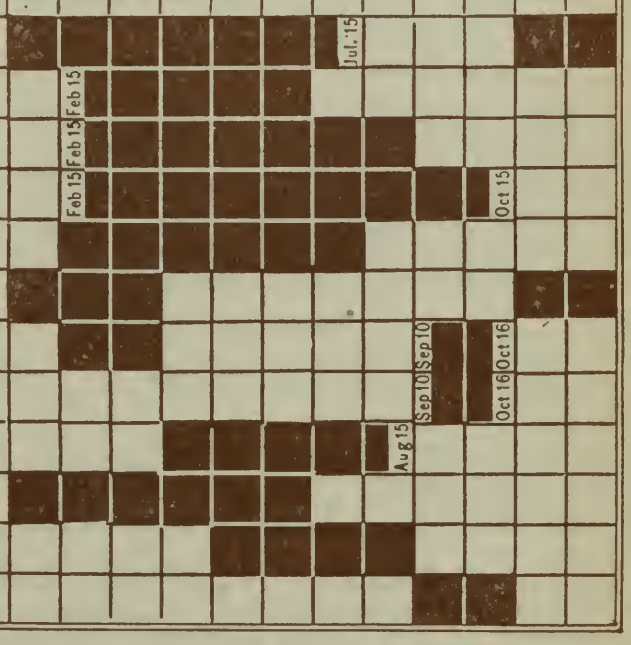
(Compiled by Charles A. Vogelsang, Chief Deputy, State Board of Fish Commissioners.)

OPEN AND CLOSE SEASONS IN CALIFORNIA, 1903-1904.

WHITE--Open Season. **BLACK--Close Season.**

BAG LIMIT

Quail, Grouse, Snipe, Curlew, Ibis, Plover.	*25 in one day.*
Doves, Ducks.	*50 in one day.*
Rails.	*20 in one day.*
Deer (male).	*3 in one season.*



N. B.--In some counties the OPEN seasons are shorter
Write to County Clerk or District Attorney.

Fine for violation Game Laws, $25 to $500, and imprisonment.
Fine for violation Fish Laws, $20 to $500, and imprisonment.
Smallest fine for using explosives to take any fish, $250, and imprisonment.

WHAT IS ALWAYS UNLAWFUL

TO BUY, SELL, OFFER FOR SALE, BARTER OR TRADE, AT ANY TIME, ANY QUAIL, PHEASANT, GROUSE, SAGE HEN, IBIS, PLOVER, OR ANY DEER MEAT OR DEER SKINS.

To have in possession doe or fawn skins.
To take or kill, at any time, does, fawns, elk or antelope.
To take or kill pheasants, or Bob-White quail.
To run deer with dogs during the close season.
To shoot half-hour before sunrise, or half-hour after sunset.
To trap game of any kind without having first procured *written* authority from the Board of Fish Commissioners.
To take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds.
To ship game in concealed packages, or *without* your name and address.
To *buy* or *sell trout* less than *one-half pound* in weight.
To take, at any time, sturgeon, or female crabs.
To take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference.
To take trout or black bass, except with hook and line.
To take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and one-half inch mesh.
To use a set net.
To take fish, in any manner, within fifty feet of a fishway.
To take, buy, or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight.
To shoot meadow larks.
To shoot on enclosed land without permission.

COUNTY ORDINANCES.

BY LEGISLATIVE enactment the various Boards of Supervisors have, in their respective counties, jurisdiction and power to provide, by ordinances not in conflict with the general laws of the State, for the protection of fish and game, and may shorten (but not extend) the open season for the taking and killing of fish and game within the dates fixed by the general State law.

The ordinances as published below are, so far as we can ascertain, correct; changes are, however, liable to occur from time to time, necessitated by new conditions, and we will make such corrections when they eventuate. If in any doubt, please address this office, and information will be gladly given. Where counties are not enumerated in the following list, it is to be understood that no departure from the general State law has been adopted.

El Dorado.—Male deer, September 1 to November 1; tree squirrel, August 1 to October 1; trout in Lake Tahoe and Loon Lake, June 1 to November 1.

Fresno.—Doves, August 15 to February 1; quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1.

Humboldt.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; striped bass, closed until January 1, 1905; barnacle or black brant, October 1 to March 1; Wilson or jack snipe, September 1 to February 15; English or Mongolian pheasant and wild turkey, closed until January 1, 1906; ducks, limit of 25 per day; black sea brant, limit of 8 per day; miscellaneous bag of game birds, not to exceed 40 in number per day's shoot.

Kern.—No game to be shipped out of county.

Kings.—Doves, September 1 to February 15; quail, November 1 to February 15; deer, September 1 to November 1; black bass closed for two years; limit on ducks, 25 per day.

Lake.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Los Angeles.—Doves, July 31 to October 1; male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Madera—Doves, August 15 to February 1; valley quail, November 1 to February 1; male deer, September 1 to November 1; ducks, limit 25 per day; duck selling prohibited; trout limit 10 pounds per day, size limit, 6 inches; black bass, closed for two years.

Marin.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15; doves, August 1 to February 15; quail, October 15 to January 15; tree squirrels, July 1 to February 1. Shooting on county roads prohibited. Killing of larks and other song birds prohibited.

Mendocino.—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Merced.—Doves, August 15 to February 15.

Monterey.—Deer, July 15 to October 1. No hounds. Sea gulls and blue cranes prohibited.

Napa.—Deer, July 15 to September 15.

Orange.—Doves, August 1 to February 15.

Riverside.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

San Benito.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1.

San Bernardino.—Trout, June 1 to November 1; tree squirrels, limit 5 in one day; doves, August 1 to October 1; wild duck, trout or dove selling prohibited.

San Mateo.—Cottontail and bush rabbit, July 1 to February 1; rail, October 15 to November 16. Rail hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited. Male deer, August 1 to October 1; trout, limit 100 per day; tree or pine squirrels, prohibited. Song birds protected perpetually.

Santa Barbara.—Male deer, July 15 to September 15.

Santa Clara.—Male deer, July 15 to October 1.

Santa Cruz.—Male deer, August 1 to October 1. All wild birds (other than those recognized as game birds in general law), *except* hawks, owls, bluejays, shrikes, English sparrows and house-finches, are perpetually protected, as are likewise all species of tree squirrels. Black bass cannot be caught before January 1, 1907. Trout limit in one day, 100.

Siskiyou.—Deer, August 15 to October 15.

Sonoma.—Male deer, July 15 to September 1.

Trinity—Male deer, September 15 to October 30.

Tulare.—Trout limit, 10 pounds per day, 6-inch fish; black bass, closed for two years; road-runner killing prohibited.

Tuolumne.—Mountain quail, south of ranges 13, 14, 15 and 16 east, township 3 north, and west of townships 1 and 2, north, and township 1 south range 7 east, October 15 to February 15.

Ventura.—Trout, May 1 to November 1; male deer, August 15 to October 1.

Yolo.—Doves, August 1 to February 1; quail, November 1 to January 1; deer, July 15 to September 15.

Close Seasons for Game in the United States and Canada.

(Date of close season and the first date of open season are given; to find open season, reverse dates.)

	State.	Mammals: Deer.	Elk.	Moose, Caribou.	Antelope.	Squirrel.[1]	Rabbit.	Birds: Quail.	Grouse.	Prairie Chicken.	Wild Turkey.
Northern.	Maine	Dec. 15-Oct. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 15[14]			Apr. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	New Hampshire	At all times[2]	At all times	At all times		Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 15-Sept. 16	Dec. 15-Sept. 15		
	Vermont	Nov. 1-Oct. 23		At all times			May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		
	Massachusetts	To Nov. 1, 1903				Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[4]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	Rhode Island	To Feb. 1, 1905				Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 16		
	Connecticut	To June 1, 1911				Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1		
	New York[1]	Nov. 16-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times	At all times	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	Dec. 16-Sept. 16	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16		
	Long Island	Exc'pt 4 days Nov.				Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1		
	New Jersey	To April 14, 1905				Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 16
	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Nov. 1			Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Dec. 16-Oct. 15
	Delaware						Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		
	Maryland[1]	Local laws				Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	Dec. 25-Nov. 1		Dec. 25-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[4]				Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Sept. 1	Dec. 26-Nov. 1
	Virginia	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Feb. 1-Nov. 1[8]	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[8]		Feb. 1-Nov. 1[8]
	West Virginia	Dec. 15-Oct. 15				Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Jan. 1-Sept. 15	Dec. 20-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15
	Kentucky	Mar. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 1-June 15		Jan. 1-Nov. 15	Jan. 1-Nov. 15		Feb. 1-Sept. 1
	Ohio	Dec. 16-Nov. 10				Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10	Dec. 2-Nov. 10	To Nov. 10, 1904	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10
	Michigan	Dec. 1-Nov. 8[1]	To 1911	To 1911		Dec. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Oct. 20[10]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[10]	To 1910	To 1910
	Indiana	At all times				Jan. 1-Aug. 1[11]		Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	At all times
	Illinois	To 1913				Jan. 1-July 1		Dec. 20-Nov. 10	To 1907	To 1907	To 1908
	Wisconsin	Dec. 1-Nov. 11[1]				May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	To Sept. 1, 1905	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	
	Minnesota	Dec. 1-Nov. 11	At all times	Dec. 1-Nov. 11				Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Dec. 15-Oct. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	
	Iowa	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Oct. 1						Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1
	Kansas				To Mar. 13, 1908			Jan. 1-Nov. 15[16]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[11]	Oct. 1-Aug. 15[11]	
	Nebraska	Nov. 16-Aug. 15	At all times		Nov. 16-Aug. 15			Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	At all times
	South Dakota	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15		To Jan. 1, 1911			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	North Dakota	Dec. 1-Nov. 10	At all times	At all times	To Jan. 1, 1911			To Sept. 1, 1905	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	Oct. 15-Sept. 1	
	Montana	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	At all times			At all times	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Wyoming	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1912[11]	To Nov. 15-Sept. 15			At all times	Oct. 15-July 16	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	
	Colorado	Oct. 1-Sept. 15	To 1907		To 1907			To Oct. 1, 1920[19]	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	Oct. 21-Sept. 1	To 1907
Southern.	North Carolina[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1				Local laws		Mar. 15-Nov. 1			Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	South Carolina	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]						Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1		Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Georgia[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1						Mar. 15-Nov. 1	Mar. 15-Nov. 1		Mar. 15-Nov. 1
	Florida	Feb. 1-Nov. 1						Mar. 1-Nov. 1			Mar. 1-Nov. 1
	Alabama[4]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1				Feb. 2-July 1		Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15	Mar. 2-Nov. 15
	Mississippi	Mar. 1-Sept. 15						May 1-Oct. 1			May 1-Oct. 1
	Tennessee	Dec. 15-Oct. 1				Mar. 1-June 1		Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1		Mar. 1. Nov. 1
	Arkansas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]						Feb. 15-Nov. 1[1]		Dec. 1-Oct. 31	May 1-Sept. 1
	Louisiana	Apr. 1-Nov. 1					Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Mar. 1-Nov. 1	Apr. 1-Nov. 1
	Texas	Jan. 1-Nov. 1			To July 1, 1908			Feb. 1-Nov. 1		Feb. 1-Nov. 1	Feb. 1-Nov. 1
	Oklahoma	At all times			At all times			Feb. 1-Oct. 15	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	New Mexico	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	To Mar. 7, 1905		To Mar. 7, 1905			Mar. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	Arizona	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	At all times		To Jan. 1, 1906			Mar. 1-Oct. 15	Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Nov. 1-Sept. 15
Pacific.	California[1]	Nov. 1-July 15	At all times		At all times	Feb. 1-Aug. 1		Feb. 15-Oct. 15[3]	Feb. 15-Sept. 1		
	Nevada	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	At all times	At all times[19]	Nov. 15-Sept. 15			Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	
	Utah	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times		At all times			At all times[1]	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Idaho	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	
	Washington	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15	Nov. 1-Sept. 15			Jan. 1-Oct. 1[13]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[13]	
	Oregon[1]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	To Sept. 15, 1904	Nov. 1 July 15[11]	Nov. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Oct. 1		Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	To Oct. 1, 1905
	Alaska	Dec. 10-Sept. 1		Nov. 1-Sept. 1[4]					Dec. 16-Sept. 1		
	Hawaii							Mar. 1-Sept. 16			
Canada.	British Columbia	Dec. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1			Jan. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	
	N.W. Territories[9]	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1	Dec. 15-Nov. 1				Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	
	Manitoba	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15	Dec. 15-Nov. 15			Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	Nov. 15-Sept. 15	
	Ontario	Nov. 16-Nov. 1	At all times	Nov. 16-Oct. 16[10]		Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 1-Nov. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec. 1-Nov. 1
	Quebec	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]			Feb. 1-Nov. 1[4]		Dec. 15-Sept. 1[1]		
	New Brunswick	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 15[1]					To May 9, 1905		
	Nova Scotia	To Oct. 1, 1905		Jan. 1-Sept. 15[12]			Feb. 1-Oct. 15		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[1]		
	Newfoundland		To Jan. 1, 1912	Feb. 1-Oct. 21[18]			Mar. 1-Sept. 16		Jan. 12-Sept. 16		

	State.	Birds: Dove.	Introduced Pheasant	Plover.	Snipe.	Woodcock.	Rail.	Duck.	Goose, Swan.
Northern.	Maine	At all times	To Mar. 22, 1911	May 1-Aug. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 15		Dec. 1-Sept. 1[2]	
	New Hampshire	At all times	To Sept. 15, 1905	Feb. 1-Aug. 1[4]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15[1]	Dec. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 1-Aug. 1	Feb. 1 Aug. 1[2]	
	Vermont	At all times	Nov. 20-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[2]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[16]
	Massachusetts	At all times	To Feb. 13, 1905	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-July 15	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Mar. 1-July 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[2]	
	Rhode Island	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905			Dec. 16-Oct. 15		Apr. 1-Aug. 15[2]	
	Connecticut	At all times	To June 1, 1906	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Aug. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1[2]	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	New York[1]	At all times	To 1905	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 16	May 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 16	Jan. 1-Sept. 16
	Long Island	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 1[1]	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1
	New Jersey	At all times	Jan. 1-Nov. 10	Jan. 1-July 15[1]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Oct. 1[2]	Jan. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Oct. 1	May 1-Oct. 1
	Pennsylvania		Dec. 16-Oct. 15	Jan. 1-July 15[1]		Dec. 16-Oct. 15[3]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1
	Delaware	At all times					Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Maryland[1]	Dec. 25-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1	May 1-Aug. 15	May 1-Aug. 15	Dec. 25-Nov. 1[2]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1	Apr. 10-Nov. 1
	Dist. Columbia	At all times		Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 1	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Apr. 10-Sept. 15	Apr. 10-Sept. 15
	Virginia	At all times	Local laws	Jan. 1-July 20	Jan. 1-July 20	Feb. 1-Nov. 1[8]	Jan. 1-July 20[16]	Apr. 1-Oct. 15	Apr. 1-Oct. 15
	West Virginia	At all times			July 1-Mar. 1	Nov. 2-July 15		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	Apr. 1-Oct. 1[10]
	Kentucky	Feb. 1-Aug. 1				Feb. 1-June 20		Apr. 1-Aug. 15	Apr. 1-Aug. 15[16]
	Ohio	At all times	To Nov. 10, 1904	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Sept. 2-Aug. 1	Dec. 2-Nov. 10[11]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[4]	Dec. 16-Sept. 1[4]
	Michigan	At all times	To 1910	Dec. 1-Oct. 1	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[2]	Dec. 1-Oct. 20[4]		Dec. 1-Oct. 1[14]	Dec. 1-Oct. 1[14]
	Indiana	At all times	At all times			Jan. 1-Nov. 10[15]		Apr. 15-Sept. 1[19]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[19]
	Illinois	Dec. 1-Aug. 1	To 1908	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1
	Wisconsin	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1905[9]	Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1 Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1[19]	May 1-Sept. 1[19]
	Minnesota	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	At all times	Nov. 1-Sept. 1[2]	Nov. 1-Sept. 1	Nov. 1-Sept. 1		Dec. 1-Sept. 1	Dec. 1-Sept. 1
	Iowa	At all times		Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-July 10	Apr. 15-Sept. 1	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[4]	Apr. 15-Sept. 1[4]
	Missouri	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Nov. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Apr. 1-Oct. 1	
	Kansas	Sept. 15-Aug. 1	To Feb. 28, 1907	Sept. 15-July 15				Apr. 25-Sept. 1	Apr. 25-Sept. 1[4]
	Nebraska	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	At all times	Oct. 31-Apr. 15	Apr. 16-Sept. 1			Apr. 16-Sept. 1	Apr. 16-Sept. 1
	South Dakota			May 15-Sept. 1		Jan. 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[4]
	North Dakota		To Sept. 1, 1905			Oct. 15-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[4]
	Montana	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1905					Jan. 1-Sept. 1	Jan. 1-Sept. 1
	Wyoming	At all times	To Sept. 1, 1906	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1		May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 1[4]
	Colorado	Sept. 1-Aug. 1	At all times		Apr. 16-Sept. 10[5]			Apr. 16-Sept. 10[5]	Apr. 16-Sept-10[5]
Southern.	North Carolina[1]	Mar. 15-Nov. 1				Local laws	Local laws	Local laws	Local laws
	South Carolina	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	To Dec. 22, 1903				Apr. 1-Nov. 1		
	Georgia[4]	Mar. 15-Aug. 15	To Nov. 30, 1905					Feb. 1-Sept. 1[1]	
	Florida							Apr. 1-Oct. 1[4]	
	Alabama	Mar. 1 Aug. 1	To Feb. 8, 1901			Mar. 2-Nov. 15			
	Mississippi	Mar. 1 Sept. 15							
	Tennessee	Mar. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Dec. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1	Apr. 15-Oct. 1[2]	Apr. 15-Oct. 1
	Arkansas	At all times							
	Louisiana	Mar. 1-July 1		Oct. 1-Aug. 1[2]				Apr. 1-Sept. 1[2]	
	Texas	Feb. 1-Sept. 1	To July 1, 1908						
	Oklahoma	Jan. 1 Aug. 1	To Jan. 1, 1901	Jan. 1-Aug. 1					
	New Mexico		To Mar. 11, 1906						
	Arizona		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		Mar. 1-Oct. 15		
Pacific.	California[1]	Feb. 15-July 1	At all times	Feb. 15-Oct. 15			Feb. 15-Oct. 15	Feb. 15-Oct. 15	
	Nevada	Nov. 2-July 15	To Sept. 1, 1906	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 15		Mar. 1-Sept. 15	Mar. 16-Sept. 1
	Utah	Dec. 1-Aug. 15	At all times		Mar. 15-Feb. 15[9]			Mar. 15-Feb. 15[9]	Mar. 15-Feb. 15[9]
	Idaho	July 15-Feb. 15	To Mar. 11, 1907	July 15-Feb. 15	July 15-Feb. 15			Feb. 15-Sept. 15	Feb. 15-Sept. 15
	Washington	At all times	To Oct. 15, 1906[1]	Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Aug. 15	Mar. 1-Sept. 1	Mar. 1-Sept. 1
	Oregon	At all times	To Oct. 1, 1905[1]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1[2]		To Oct. 1, 1905	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Mar. 1 Sept. 1[2]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[2]
	Alaska	At all times		Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1			Dec. 16-Sept. 1	Dec. 16-Sept. 1
	Hawaii	Feb. 1-July 1	To 1907	May 1-Sept. 16[2]	May 1-Sept. 16			Feb. 1-Sept. 16[2]	Feb. 1-Sept. 16
Canada.	British Columbia		At all times	Mar 1-Sept 1				Mar 1-Sept. 1	
	N.W. Territories[9]				May 5-Aug 23			May 5-Aug 23	
	Manitoba	At all times		Jan 1 Aug 1[2]	Jan. 1-Aug. 1	Jan. 1-Aug. 1		Jan. 1-Sept 1	
	Ontario		To Sept. 15, 1905	Dec 16-Sept 15	Dec. 16 Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec. 16-Sept. 15	Dec 16-Sept. 1	May 1-Sept. 15
	Quebec			Feb. 1-Sept. 1	Feb 1 Sept 1	Feb 1-Sept. 1		Mar. 1-Sept 1[2]	
	New Brunswick		At all times		Dec. 2-Sept 1	Dec 2-Sept 1		Dec. 2-Sept. 1[2]	Dec. 2-Sept. 1[16]
	Nova Scotia		At all times		Mar. 1-Sept. 1[2]	Mar. 1-Sept. 1[2]		Mar. 1 Sept 1[2]	
	Newfoundland			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug 21			Jan. 12-Aug. 21	Jan. 12-Aug 21[20]

Protected in a few States only.

State.	Close season
Ptarmigan.	
Colorado	At all times
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Alaska	Dec. 16-Sept. 1
Quebec	Feb. 1 Nov. 1
Nova Scotia	At all times
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Sept. 16
Sage Hen.	
Nebraska	Dec. 1-Oct. 1
Montana	Dec. 15-Aug. 1
Wyoming	Oct. 15 July 15
Colorado	Oct. 21-Sept. 1
California	Feb. 15-Sept. 1
Nevada	Feb. 16-July 15
Utah	Dec 1-Aug 15
Idaho	Dec. 1-July 15
Washington	Jan. 1-Sept. 1[1]
Redbird.	
New Jersey	Jan 1 Sept 1
Pennsylvania	Dec 1-Sept. 1
Delaware	Feb. 1 Aug 25
Maryland	Nov 1 Sept 1[1]
Dist. Columbia	Feb. 1-Sept 1
Curlew	
New Jersey	Jan 1-July 15
New York	May 1-Sept 1[1]
Virginia	Jan. 1-July 20
South Dakota	Mar 15-Sept. 1
Nebraska	At all times
Wyoming	May 1 Sept. 1
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept 10[5]
Tennessee	Apr 15-Oct 1
California	Feb. 15-Oct. 15
Nevada	Mar. 1 Sept. 15
Utah	Mar. 1-Sept 15
Washington	May 1-Sept. 10
Quebec	Feb. 1 Sept 1
Newfoundland	Jan. 12-Aug 21
Crane.	
Nebraska	Apr. 16 Sept. 1
South Dakota	May 1-Sept 1
North Dakota	May 1-Sept. 1
Colorado	Apr. 16-Sept 10[5]
Nevada	Mar. 1 Sept. 15
Washington	Mar. 1-Sept. 1

[1] Certain local exceptions. [2] Certain species. [3] Except month of July. [4] Except Mar. 15-Apr. 21. [5] Except month of April. [6] Sale. [7] Except month of March. [8] Upland plover only. [9] Altitudes above 7,000 feet, May 1-Sept. 15. [10] Except unorganized Territories, in which the seasons are as follows. Deer, elk, caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goat, Apr. 1-July 15 and Oct. 1-Dec. 1 musk ox, Mar. 20-Oct. 15; grouse, prairie chicken, Jan. 1-Sept 1, duck, goose, swan, Jan. 15-Sept. 1. [11] Except July 16 Oct. 1. [12] Also Oct 1-Nov. 10, unless permit be obtained. [13] Except certain species, Mar 2-Apr. 11. [14] Caribou protected in Maine to Oct. 15, 1905. [15] Moose only. [16] Goose only. [17] Swan North Dakota, to Sept. 1, 1905. Nevada, Wisconsin, and Wyoming at all times. [18] Caribou only. [19] Under the old law, which still stands. [20] Except Aug 1-Oct. 1, caribou only, moose protected to Jan. 1, 1912. [21] Except Mar. 10-Apr. 21. [22] Except south of Canadian Pacific R. R. between Mattawa and Port Arthur, Nov. 16-Nov. 1. [23] Except crested quail, to 1907. [24] Except sora. [25] Except July, Aug, and Sept. [26] Except Oct. 1 Dec 15. [27] Except April 10-25. [28] Caribou protected in Nova Scotia to Oct 1, 1905. [29] Swan only. [30] Except west of Blue Ridge Jan. 1-Nov. 1. [31] In twenty counties to Mar. 18, 1906. [32] Except wood duck, Mar. 1-Aug. 1.

* Laws for 1903 not yet received.

THE FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION'S CONVENTION.

THE FOURTH annual session of the California Game and Fish Protective Association was held at Paso Robles on November 13-14 last. The local association had secured the use of the opera house for an open meeting on the evening of the 13th, to which the public was invited. The stage was handsomely fitted up as a camp scene, with tent and other camp equipages, a bright fire burning with a kettle over it, a number of deer heads and antlers hanging around, and a number of guns stacked in the center, making an attractive scene which called forth the applause of the audience. The assemblage filled the house and listened attentively to the exercises of the evening.

Mr. S. D. Merk, President of the Paso Robles Game and Fish Protective Association, called the meeting to order with a few well-chosen remarks, introducing Mr. Truman Brooks, the Mayor of the city, who welcomed the delegates to the city with its freedom and the assurance that the citizens of the little town were heart and soul in favor of the good work in which the association was engaged. He recounted the benefits which had accrued to that section of the State through the efforts of the local association in preserving one of its attractions. Mr. H. T. Payne, President of the State Association, replied to the warm welcome of the Mayor in an address of about twenty-five minutes, during which he called attention to the bountiful supply of game which covered our mountains and valleys and waters half a century ago, and the indifference with which our people had allowed the selfish and careless to actually annihilate some species and very nearly deplete others without raising any protest until a few determined sportsmen who, through their closer association had learned its value and the causes which were so rapidly destroying it, threw themselves in the breach and organized for its preservation.

He showed the effect produced by these associations on the public mind, that had as yet given the subject no attention, and how the education of the masses on a subject of such importance had rapidly turned the tide of sentiment to an almost unanimous desire for better conservation. He effectually showed the fallacy of the assertion that the game laws are new innovations, conceived by and enacted in the interests of the sportsmen, by showing that they originated long before the discovery of America, and that they were even enacted in the American colonies as early as 1699. He paid a tribute to the young soldiers of America, declaring that it was because of a good supply of game that they knew just when and where to shoot; that their contact with large game and experiences in the mountains and the camps made them hardy, self-reliant and brave, and asked: "Is it wise to destroy an agency that makes such soldiers as these, or is it not the part of better statesmanship to preserve for all time that which teaches our young men the arts of war while engaged in the peaceful pleasures of the field?" The address was frequently punctuated with applause and must have produced a good effect upon those who heard it.

Following this were papers by Mr. A. T. Herman of San Jose, Mr. F. H. Mayer of San Francisco, Mrs. Josephine McCracken of Wrights, and Mr. John H. Yoell of San Jose. These papers were all of absorbing interest, as a perusal will show.

The business meeting of the association was held in the rooms of the Development Club on Saturday night. After the reading of the officers' reports, the names of a large number of new members were submitted and elected. Quite a number of communications were read, including one from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and one from Governor Pardee. The subject of better conservation of the game was then taken up and discussed at some length, which brought out a very unanimous opinion that certain much-needed amendments to the present game laws must be enacted at the next session of the legislature, and the president was instructed to appoint a committee of five to carefully consider the desired changes and prepare a bill

W. W. Richards, Photo.

SNAPS AT THE BARBECUE.

W. W. Richards, Photo. H. T. PAYNE.
President Cal. Game and Fish Protective Association.

for introduction at the next session. This committee will be instructed to incorporate in the proposed bill the prohibition of the sale of all game, the shortening of the open deer season, the reduction of the bag limit on deer, ducks and doves, the prohibition of the killing of swan at all times and a close season on English snipe and other shore birds.

The secretary was instructed to communicate with the United States Interior Department, asking that the forest rangers be instructed by the department to enforce the State game and fish laws in all the timber reserves; also asking the department to consult with committees, to be appointed by the president, as to the location of the proposed game refuges to be set aside wherein no shooting be allowed at any time.

In compliance with the request of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the president was instructed to prepare a full list of all the game birds of California.

Visalia was selected as the next place of meeting. To this selection Mr. J. Sub. Johnson replied, thanking the association for the selection of his home city, and assuring the delegates that the citizens of Visalia would feel complimented and would show their appreciation by the warmest reception possible and a most hearty co-operation in their work.

The officers elected for the ensuing term were: President, H. T. Payne; vice-presidents—Dr. A. M. Baker of San Jose, J. D. Armstrong of Paso Robles, J. H. Schumacher of Los Angeles, J. Sub. Johnson of Visalia, and H. A. Green of Monterey; secretary-treasurer, E. A. Mocker of San Francisco.

After tendering a vote of thanks to the retiring officers, to the Paso Robles Game and Fish Protective Association and to the president for his address and to Messrs. Herman, Mayer and Yoell and Mrs. McCracken for their papers, the association adjourned to meet on the second Friday of November, 1904, at the city of Visalia.

During the days the delegates were entertained in the most handsome way by the sportsmen of Paso Robles at quail shooting, which was found excellent, and on Sunday, the 15th, they were taken to a most enjoyable camp entertainment and barbecue, where every one was filled beyond utterance with toothsome barbecued beef and other etectras too numerous to mention.

The papers above mentioned follow:

Address delivered by H. T. PAYNE *at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the California Game and Fish Protective Association, at Paso Robles, November 13, 1903.*

MR. MAYOR AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF PASO ROBLES: I should like to be able to thank you for this splendid reception in terms commensurate with that spirit of generosity which prompted it, but, sir, after listening to your kind greeting and enjoying the marked hospitality of your people, I feel that I cannot find words in my poor vocabulary with which to express my own thankfulness or give voice to the gratitude which I know fills the heart of every member of our association assembled here to-night. We are, indeed, thankful for the warm manner in which we have been welcomed to your city; thankful to you, sir, for your encouraging indorsement of the work in which we are engaged, and more especially so because we believe that every word that you have uttered finds an echo in the hearts of your people, already sounded in their cheering greeting and demonstrated in the firm pressure of their hands. Mr. Mayor, in the name of the California Game and Fish Protective Association, I thank you, and through you, all of the people of Paso Robles, for the more than generous hospitality with which we have been received. We are here with no selfish purposes; with no desire for personal gain. We have assembled here, in the fourth annual session of our association, for the purpose of listening to the counsel of our wise men and from that counsel to formulate such plans for future action as shall redound to the lasting benefit of every citizen of the great commonwealth of California. Our State association is formed of local associations situated in all sections of the State, and these local associations are in turn composed of gentlemen from every walk

in life. Upon their rosters will be found side by side the names of the laborer and the millionaire, the farmer and the banker, the mechanic and the merchant, all banded together for the sole purpose of placing such restrictions upon the killing of our game and fish as will ensure the continuance of the supply for the uses and benefits of the whole people of this and future generations. And we demand that these restrictions shall be just in principle, effective in operation and bear alike upon every citizen, be he rich or poor, high or lowly.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the individual, man in the aggregate is a reasoning being whose deliberate actions are prompted and controlled by a knowledge of the laws of cause and effect. It must, therefore, be conceded that the California Game and Fish Protective Association, with its sixty-seven local associations and an aggregate membership of over six thousand thinking citizens, must have a good and sufficient reason for its existence or it could not exist. That reason is found, first, in the fact that the wild game and those varieties of fish which are protected at certain seasons by law furnish the people of the State with more than 23,500,000 pounds of good and wholesome food annually, and secondly, in the further fact that this splendid food supply is being destroyed at a ratio so much greater than its possibility of reproduction, that unless restrained by comprehensive laws, honestly, impartially and rigidly enforced, it will be but a few years until this valuable natural resource of the State will be lost forever. This is no hypothetical argument; no problem solvable only by theoretical deductions. It is a condition whose existence stands already demonstrated by the irrefutable logic of transpiring events; a fact proven beyond peradventure of doubt by the great decimation of our game which has taken place within the memory of many of those who are to-night within the hearing of my voice. In proof of this we have but to turn back the pages of history to the time when those pioneers whose splendid courage laid the foundation on which has been builded the great State of California, first turned their faces to the setting sun. They found the vast plains of Kansas, Colorado, and Nebraska covered with countless herds of buffalo, whose numbers in many cases impeded their progress, and even at times threatened the safety of their caravans. From the moment they entered the foothills of the Rockies until they lighted their camp-fires within the sound of the surf of the Pacific, they found the elk, the antelope and the deer in bands of such magnitude that a truthful statement of their numbers would tax the credulity of the younger generations of to-day. In the Sierras the grizzly bear stalked the hillsides and the cañons, almost challenging their passage through that empire over which he had roamed for ages the undisputed monarch. On our lakes, rivers, bays and marshes swarmed every variety of waterfowl known to the continent of North America; while throughout the foothills and valleys of the western slope the cheerful note of the game little quail sounded the reveille at break of day and piped adieu to the setting sun. What a splendid heritage was this, to be, alas! nearly swept away through carelessness and greed within the few short years allotted to one generation of men.

But the mineral wealth of our mountains, the matchless productiveness of our valleys, the salubrity of our climate and the possibilities of our commerce attracted to our shores, from every nation of the earth, men of energy and enterprise, and the trackless wastes of half a century ago were soon transformed into an empire of happy and productive homes. The valleys of the Salinas, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin were furrowed by the plowshare to bear their annual wealth of golden grain. The chaparral of the foothills, the home and citadel of the little quail, was touched by the magic wand of the husbandman and transformed into orchards and vineyards, redolent with their ripening fruits. Vast areas of our lakes and marshes, where sported our waterfowl, infinite in variety and number, were reclaimed, and on the same grounds where these birds disturbed the stillness of night now stands the little schoolhouse, echoing with the voices of rosy-cheeked children. The drifting sandhills of Yerba Buena melted away before the business fervor of a growing commerce and by the waters of the Golden Gate was reared the magnificent city of San Francisco, with the ships of every nation loading at her docks.

In the South, where roamed the antelope and deer undisturbed by the hand of man, sprang up as if by magic the flourishing cities of Pasadena, Riverside and a score of others; and where the little quail reared its young beneath the protecting spines of the cactus and the yucca, now ripens the orange, the olive and the fig. What a change to be wrought in half a century, and with it what a change in the condition of our game supply! But while strong hands and active brains were working these wonderous changes and engraving upon the surface of the State the imperishable record of a matchless growth, the guns that went afield to destroy our game were increasing with a still greater ratio. There were no laws to prevent an unlimited commerce in the meat and hides of these birds and animals and they were dumped into the insatiable maws of the markets of our cities by the carload, and still the cry was for more. Our people were too busy with the development of our mineral, agricultural and commercial resources to give any thought to the preservation of our game which, because of its abundance, they had not learned to appreciate.

So the slaughter continued until a supply of elk, sufficient alone to have furnished our people with two million pounds of meat annually without any reduction of the original supply, was annihilated by the hand of the market and hide hunter. The thousands of antelope that gamboled on every plain were gathered to their fathers by the same agency and our deer are fast nearing the same fate. Our ducks, countless in numbers, were poured into the stalls of San Francisco with such prodigality that they could not be consumed, and over twenty-five per cent of those killed, spoiling for want of purchasers, were dumped into the bay to become the food of fishes. Our game little quail were sold in the markets of San Francisco at the rate of 1,889,000 per year, while one dealer in Los Angeles handled in one season 161,000 dozen of these beautiful birds. Even the grizzly bear, whose magnificent courage and matchless strength made him a foeman worth the steel of the most intrepid sportsman, was driven from his mountain home, the last remnant of his race to be found only to-day in our parks, his strength subdued and his courage broken, a museum mendicant begging peanuts from the hands of the curious.

No bank account can last if the annual drafts upon it are greater than the interest which it can annually earn. No game supply can continue if the number killed each year is greater than the possibilities of reproduction. It is for the purpose of seeing that there will be enacted and enforced laws which will limit the killing to such numbers each year as those that are left can reproduce in the next, that our association exists. It is for the purpose of educating the general public—who have given so little attention to this important subject—in the value of the game and the necessity of taking active measures in order to preserve it for the uses and benefits of the whole people of this and future generations, that we ask the co-operation of every thoughtful and public-spirited citizen.

A few years ago a few sportsmen, whose closer association with the game made them more conversant with its value and the causes which were so rapidly leading to its ultimate destruction, sounded the alarm and with the courage of their convictions tried to awaken the people to the value of that which they were losing before that loss became irreparable. A

few local associations for its preservation sprang into existence, and following these our State association was organized on May 26, 1900. The little spark of determined effort, fanned into life at the organization of the State association, soon burst into a flame which swept from Humboldt to San Diego and from where the summit of Shasta pierces the blue empyrian, across the foothills and valleys down to the shores of the ocean. The electrifying current of united action danced along the nerves of the individual and gave him courage to act. The weak became strong and the timid aggressive, and up from what had heretofore seemed but the dead ashes of despair arose the living phœnix of hope. Encouraged by this new-born hope we went before the legislature three years ago with a comprehensive bill striking at the roots of the cancer of destruction, by restricting the sales in the markets and limiting the number to be killed by the hunter. And should the California Game and Fish Protective Association never perform another good act, the very fact that it was by its resolution and its initiative and the earnest efforts of its officers and members that the sale of our game little quail was stopped, is of itself sufficient to inscribe the name of the association upon the imperishable scroll of time.

I shall not go into discussion of the economic value of the game and the various ways in which it makes for the well being of the State, the county and the locality wherein it is abundant. Others will follow me who will take up these features and handle them with far more ability than I possess. But, at the risk of being considered tedious, I wish to call your attention to one or two features which they may possibly overlook.

The enemies of game preservation are fond of repeating the assertion that game laws are new innovations, conceived by and enacted in the interest of the sportsmen. Nothing can be farther from the truth. That which is older than the life of our republic, that which even antedates the discovery of America can neither be a new innovation nor the conception of the American sportsman. The old Salic law recognized the right of the government to place restrictions on the killing of the game. The Athenian law did the same, and so did the legislation of Charlemagne and the codes of Napoleon. In fact, the laws of all civilized countries have held that the game belongs to the people in common and was, therefore, a proper subject for legislation in order that it might be preserved for the benefit and enjoyment of both present and future generations. The same principle has been recognized in America from its earliest settlement. The colony of Virginia, as early as 1609—three-quarters of a century before the signing of the Declaration of Independence—passed a law prohibiting the killing of deer between the first day of January and the first day of July. In 1730—still nearly half a century before the signing of that immortal document—Maryland passed a law prohibiting the killing of deer between the first day of January and the first day of August. South Carolina passed a similar law in 1769, seven years before the prophetic tongue of the old Liberty Bell proclaimed the birth of that nation which destiny has marked for the greatest of the earth. Daniel Boone, whose name is probably as well known to the civilized world as that of Nimrod, was the author of a game law passed by Kentucky in 1775. All of these laws were passed for the protection of the deer, for the very good reason that the deer of those days formed a very large portion of the food supply of the people, and the same foresight that prompted those revolutionary forefathers to give us a flag and a country prompted them to place restrictions upon the killing of these animals, in order that their descendants might enjoy the benefits accruing therefrom. Upland birds were protected by law in New York as early as 1791 and waterfowl in Virginia in 1832. The increase in population and the decrease in the feeding grounds of the game made it necessary for each of the States, as fast as they settled up, to provide laws for the preservation of these birds and animals. The westward march of civilization has made it necessary for us to adopt like measures, in order that this valuable food supply shall be preserved from extinction.

But while all of these laws have been enacted because of the economic value of the game, it still has another value that must not be lost sight of—a value that touches a higher chord than can be reached by any computation of dollars and cents. A nation's greatness and glory is found in her ability to defend her flag upon every land and every sea; and that ability rests in the physical strength and mental vigor of her young men. A good supply of game offering an inducement to our young men to go afield, to climb the rugged sides of the mountains, to fatten on the rough fare of camp and learn the lessons of self-reliance, fills our country with a standing army of a million men, ready at their country's call for the hardships of the march or the trench, and knowing just when and where to shoot—a legion of brave, self-reliant marksmen—soldiers invincible to any force the world may bring against them.

It was America's boys, born to the use of the gun, who sent the death-dealing shell at Manila and Santiago with such unerring aim as to sink two hostile fleets, with the loss of but a single comrade and no material damage to an American ship. It was America's boys, born and reared amid the trials and hardships of the West who charged over what to others would have been impassable barriers and with that grand and peerless American sportsman, Teddy Roosevelt, at their head, scaled the sides of San Juan Hill and planted the Stars and Stripes upon the Spanish parapets. Is it wise to destroy an agency that makes such soldiers as these, or is it not the part of better statesmanship to preserve for all time that which teaches our young men the arts of war while engaged in the peaceful pleasures of the field?

A good supply of game offers an inducement to all our people to leave the cares of the office and the humdrum of daily toil and go into the open fields to breathe the fragrance of the flowers and the health-giving balm of the pines. To renew the wasted tissues of the body and mind. To build up the physical strength. To drive away disease. To rest the weary brain by opening up new thoughts in the love of nature and her wonderous works. It makes the young manly and the aged younger. It is time well spent, time never lost, time never forgotten. The busy bustle of a business world, the schemes of men, the ostentation of wealth and pride, the tinsel decorations of a cheap-earned fame are all as transitory as the toys of children—bright and alluring for a day, tomorrow lost and forgotten. But to stop the flight of the gamey quail; to draw a bead upon the bounding buck; to face the fury of the grizzly monarch of the mountains; to land the denizen of the crystal stream that flows from fountains of perpetual snow; to climb the rock-ribbed sides of the Sierras, and standing on their loftiest heights look down upon the stupendous work of those warring elements that made and unmade continents in a day; these are the lasting pleasures of the sportsman and him who loves to commune with nature. They cannot perish, for their recollections are locked in the treasure houses of his memory, where the wearings of time but polish their surfaces and make them shine the brighter. The cold blasts of adversity may sweep away in a night fame, fortune, and friends, but these pleasures will live, through their recollections, while memory lives. When the once firm step that carried him proudly up the mountain's side shall falter, when the eye dimmed by the mists of accumulated years shall see clearly no longer except in retrospect, he will sit by his fireside in slippered feet and gazing down the long vistas of the past, live over and over in his reveries the joys of the mountain, the field, and the stream.

THE GAME LIMIT.

By A. T. Hermann.

And how has our prodigal son behaved since, at our last annual meeting, we tried to impress upon his proud American mind the difference between the legal limit and the other limit that finds its source in decency, in common sense and in the contemplation of the assured fact that, unless the limit is cut down ever so much and at all occasions, the life of the American game is counted, not by decades but by years only? Does our preaching, that really seems to have been taken up in earnest by nearly all magazines and papers that deal directly with game matters, seem to have impressed, particularly the young American mind, to any extent that might be felt in the greater plentitude of game? I am afraid not! Instead of less hunters and more game, it seemed the old cry all over, "more hunters and less game."

I took particular pains to observe our sportsmen on the day of the opening season for quail. Everybody seemed to be ready to go somewhere, where he knew the birds were thick and where, for the mere walking for an hour or two, he could get the legal limit easily. And the birds apparently had been thick, especially around the foothills, as I had ample chance to observe during my work in different localities. I was afraid of the consequences of this really wholesale exodus of our sportsmen, let loose, as it were, all at once upon our unsuspecting and as yet comparatively tame game bird. Well, the cannonade did begin quite early; you could hear it in all directions, but the result proved to be remarkably slim, for, notwithstanding all of them bragged about the tiresome and endles tramps from early morn till late in the evening, I did not hear of one single instance in which the limit had been reached. But I noticed one particular consequence on the next few days following the opening of the season. Where, in the pursuit of my particular work, I had seen covies of quail here and there every morning, and found trails and roads "criss-crosed" with their pretty tracks, they had utterly disappeared. Is it possible that they, instead of the hunters, have absorbed the common sense that is to protect their race from extermination? Do they really have sense enough to appreciate this contemplated wholesale murder on the opening day, and do they reason, notwithstanding the inborn love of the wild animal for the place of its birth, that safety lays in flight only, that they must leave the easily accessible dells and springs of their youth, and seek higher inaccessible places full of trees and thick, impenetrable brush, where Mr. Sportsman cannot follow, and from where they can tease his ear with their beautiful call?

And the sportsman; is he really a sportsman? Is any one of the large army that marches out on opening day with no other idea than to fill his bag to the full limit, a true sportsman? I think not, unless you can convince me that killing for the sake of killing is sport. To me, the hunt is only an incident of the outing, and the man who makes the killing of any game animal the only and principal cause of his outing, is, to my mind, little better than the hound that helps him run down his prey; little better than the coyote that lives by killing.

Take your game or fishing tackle, persuade one or two good friends to go with you; select and camp in the prettiest dell you can find, enjoy the outing and close communion with nature; rest from the unnatural excitement of the town, and incidentally try to get enough game to fill your larder, and maybe to take enough home with you to give to your little ones a taste. That is true sport; that is the sport of the sensible man; that is the only sport that can save our California game from extermination.

Can we educate our young men to this point? I think not; for the dozens or more that I have spoken to and tried to convert to my views, have laughed in my face, have snapped their fingers at me, and expressed in more or less (generally less) choice language their intent to get all they could out of it, as long as there was anything to be gotten.

Then what is the remedy? Only one that I can think of: a complete closed season for say not less than five years, with a reopening for each alternate year only, under the provisions of very strict laws, guarded by a sufficiency of honest and efficient game-wardens.

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SONG BIRD PROTECTION.

By Mrs. J. C. McCracken.

I lay before you to-day a prayer for protection; a plea for the hunted, persecuted, wrongly accused song birds of California. You might protest, gentlemen, that this is an association for the protection of game, not song birds; I am well aware of this, since I have the honor of being a member—the only lady member, I believe—of the California Game and Fish Protective Association. For this very reason I know that I am addressing men of honor and integrity, men who possess souls and the inborn chivalry of the true sportsman.

Though my advanced age precludes the possibility of following the chase or attending this assembly of sportsmen, I am nevertheless in the field from early dawn till nightfall, for, as a rancher's wife, I have for years found my best friends, my happiest hours, among the song birds and the dove, the quail, the tree-squirrel, the deer; and I beg of you, who might be sons and grandsons to me, to see to it that these good friends of mine are not all killed off while I, who have devoted my best years to their protection, am still in this world below.

That I am not urging song-bird protection from mere sentimentalism, I need hardly say, for we all know that the song bird has positive value as a factor among the inducements offered to home-seekers in California; for while game birds and good shooting will always be an attraction to men, just so the song bird will draw toward it the woman and the child. The woman with a heart, I mean; those without one have these tiny messengers of peace and good-will tortured and put to death so as to decorate hat, bonnet, and brainless head, with the unfortunate bird's gay plumage.

It is to prevent the wholesale slaughter of song birds that I appeal to you. The farmer or the fruit-grower has not yet learned enough to distinguish friend from foe, and goes gunning in season and out of season, so that the cherry orchard, when the cherries are ripe, looks like a battle-field in miniature, the life-blood of the little slain birds rivaling in color the brghtness of their wings and breast. And all this destruction of song, of gladness, of helpfulness, because the poor birds have pecked at a few early cherries, worthless almost in the market as compared to the latter better kinds which they do not interfere with.

The fruit-grower, who is now compelled to resort to poisons, sprays and washes in his orchard, in many cases still shuts his eyes obstinately to the fact that if he had not for years devoted powder and ball, poison and trap, and much hard swearing to the extermination of his friends, these song birds would have kept his orchards clear of black scale and red spiders and all the other pests that are threatening to make a poor man of him now. Robin, oriol, mocking-bird, lark, song-sparrow, grosbeak and the little blue bunting, all of them suffer alike, and the mountains around me have grown desolate, since every vineyard that is set, every orchard that is planted, claims just so many more bird-victims, where every bird should be cherished and protected.

The remedy, gentlemen, lies in your hands in a greater measure than others. If you would but lend

your aid and influence to pass protective laws, our legislators would surely understand where lie the best interests of California, of her fruit production, as of her desirability as a home country.

If, in what I am about to say now, I seem to be trenching on forbidden ground, remember again the long years I have spent watching for the return of my feathered friends from season to season, and measure, if you can, the sorrow that their absence has caused my lonely heart. Through the long months of waiting for that best, steadiest, truest friend, the mourning dove, my heart has almost failed me when but a single pair or two returned here, and even their voices were soon hushed forever by the vandal with the gun: the commission hunter and game hog, who will insist, Shylock like, on his pound of flesh, and his fifty doves a day for eight months out of the twelve, even though mocking-birds and robins should have to take the place of the missing doves, which have almost entirely been killed off in this part of the country.

Is it right, gentlemen? Is it well that it should be so? Neither the dove nor the wild pigeon, as I once erroneously stated, do any harm. Only noxious seed, which would otherwise overrun the land, is their food; the few grains of corn or wheat found in their stomachs are outweighed, by far, by the wire-worms and the cut-worms also found there.

And, since I have the honor of being one of you, I would suggest that the quail, too, should be protected. At least the law protecting them should be better enforced and quail should not be surreptitiously shot all through the summer, and shot on lands where signs protect them, and shot till late at night and trapped besides. Yet all these things are done, and often the excuse is made that quail do so much damage to the grape crops.

In regard to this matter, the statement of my husband, Mr. Jackson McCracken, should have some weight. Previous to becoming a vineyardist he, as a miner, had hunted through the States of South Carolina and Arkansaw into the Indian Nations and through Arizona and New Mexico, and his observations were that quail will attack grapes or berries where there is but a small field with only chemisal and chaparral around for miles, but that there are other things growing wild and ripening about the time of the grape which they like better than grapes.

For my part, living among vineyards which come up almost as close to our door as the quail are in the habit of coming, I am positive in my assertion that the quail do not hurt the vineyard. I have seen flocks rise right out of the vineyards and have never found a broken berry on the vines whence they arose, but always where they had been picking grass or weed seeds, for grass and weeds will creep into the vineyard through the summer. Late in the fall, when the rain has washed away the seeds and made the ground sodden, have I found grape-clusters lying close to the ground pecked by the quail, but the grapes have lost their value before then.

Game birds do not multiply as fast as most people seem to think and are not inexhaustible in quantity, as I have heard foolish, unthinking people assert. If we are a game and bird-protecting association, let us protect them.

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THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE GAME LAW.

By John H. Yoell.

There has not been a time since the dawn of human law and order and since authentic history first followed the twilight of fable that mankind has not pursued and subsisted upon other animals; and with great unanimity scientists in all times have placed man at the head and front of all created beings and have also awarded to him the somewhat doubtful honor of being equally the most intelligent and the most destructive of them all. In fact, from the infant who in his nursery tears to pieces his toy horse and demolishes his dolls, to the mature and murderous Anglo-Saxon whose dictum, "What shall we kill to-day, old chap?" has passed into current and accepted parlance, there always has been, and yet is, a streak of instinctive destructiveness inherent in the whole of the noble human species, even to the extent that when not destroying each other they turn upon the entirety of the rest of created and creative nature. And it may be said that if they were left untrammeled and unchecked by the dictates of a higher intelligence and the cogent and effective restraint of organized and properly promulgated law, it would be merely a question of time when the isles of the ocean and the expanded shores of the territorial empires themselves would be totally denued of all the beautiful visible forms of higher animal life. And it is to the consideration of this restraint, and the right of the organized and civilized community of human beings called the state to impose it upon its component and individual members, that I now, in all due humility, beg leave to present to you a few crude and hastily prepared ideas. And I here premise that in the history we are about to explore it will be observed that the constant struggle of the state has been, and is now, to save the destructive individual from the ultimate and inevitable consequences of his own wanton and quasi-intelligent acts. And, further, let me say that one trouble with which on the present occasion I have to deal is this: that the disquisition which would appeal to the careful and craftily constructed wisdom of the lawyer would be fiendish Greek incarnate to the uninstructed knowledge of the unprofessional laity.

So, then, we come to the first point, viz: What is the right of the state to protect game, and whence does it arise?

In the earlier forms of the organized state, the right of the king was the only right. His method of making his right was by means of might—by his lance, his bow and his spear, and this is far back in English history (which I assert is the only real history of civilization, all others being cheap counterfeits of it) as the era of the Norman Conquest, so eloquently, as to its consequences, set forth by the author of "Ivanhoe." For there we read—and Scott spoke and wrote only after research of legal authorities—that all game, hoofed and winged, was the property of the king, and, of course, in feudal times the king was the state, the king's law was the law of the whole land, the king was the source of light and truth, and the king could do no wrong. So that in those times the good yeoman who drew his bow-string to his ear and launched his arrow at the fleeing buck in the oaken forest, also drew a halter around his neck and launched himself with the stigma of the rebuke of the Lord's anointed into an unknown and dreaded eternity. But the continued tyrannies of those times resulted in the expunging of the forest laws and at Runnymede extracted from King John the Magna Charta—that great bulwark of all English, and from thence all true American, liberties—for which in an unmeasurable degree we have even to-day to thank the game protectionist, even though he were a Norman tyrant.

Years pass, but yet we find that the already acquired right of the state to protect game from destruction was still manifested upon the statute books and in the decisions of courts of competent jurisdiction, and also in the writings of that wisest and most learned commentator who ever directed the steps of those who struggled, and still struggle, for a higher and better and a more constant and civilized respect for and peaceable submission to the law, viz., Sir William Blackstone. For, in the splendid "Commentaries" of that great man we read that no man shall take or kill game but under the law of the land and that having been once legally qualified to take it, and having thus legally taken or killed it, "no matter

how qualified to take or kill, he shall not make merchandise of this valuable privilege by selling or exposing to sale any game, on penalty of forfeiture of the right as if he had never had any qualifications." (4 Blackstone, p. 175 and note.) And you will permit me to say, gentlemen, that the above quotation, to a lawyer's mind, is the crystal of the whole law on this point; in fact, that was and is the first and the primeval bold touch upon the harp string, and for more than a century since all law-makers and all courts have sedulously prolonged the same resonant note that the great law-master thus first sounded.

And, indeed, in our own land and literature have we not all followed the footsteps of poor, honest, unlettered, innocent Natty Bumpo? Have we not traced him from his humble cabin, down the pine and fern-clad slopes to the shelving lake shore? And have we not strained eye and nerve and muscle in unison with him as, in his darting canoe rowed by old John Mohican, he pursued the forbidden stag through the clear waters of the Otsego? And then, as we mingled our manly tears with his at his pathetic appeal for mercy in the rude frontier courtroom, and as our cheeks burned with indignation at the betrayer and informer who taunted him as he sat in the public stocks, have we not, in spite of all, had one deep-buried, involuntary and almost unwelcome thought that, really, Natty ought not to have done it?

But we are somewhat beside the subject. We see, therefore, that since the king, the sovereign power, the state itself claims under title paramount the ownership of all game (and permit me here to say that in the word "game" I include fish), it is an easily educible corollary that the right to protect it arises from the fact of such ownership and can be and is exercised by the sovereign body under what is commonly called by learned writers the police power of state. And this term "police power" has the great distinction of being the one and only attribute of the state which our judicial officers, however eminent, have either failed or refused to precisely define. In fact, our own United States Supreme Court has flatly refused to attempt to define the power; enunciating preferably the doctrine that it would determine each case as it arose. And Cooley, whilst defining it as "the general power of the government to preserve and promote the public welfare even at the expense of private rights," seems not to be enchanted by the beauty of his own definition, but refers back to the somewhat vague and labored explanation of Blackstone. (See Cooley's "Constitutional Limitations," 4 ed., 570.) However, for our present purposes it is enough to say that the doctrine of the United States Supreme Court is effective, and that under the police power inherent in the governing body the state has the right to define and circumscribe the private ownership in, and to regulate the taking of, all kinds of game. This, in Massachusetts, as early as 1806, when one Webster found to the extent of sixty dollars' worth of sincere sorrow that he had "seined in a drag net thirty fish called bass, contrary to the statutes in such cases made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts"; and it would be a needless, although perhaps a pleasant and instructive task, to follow the history of the adoption by other States of the clear decision of the learned Chief Justice Parsons in that case. Suffice it to say that in every subordinate jurisdiction to-day throughout our broad Union, the doctrine is established in adamantine firmness that the State has the right to preserve and protect the game within its confines by legislative action and enactments.

And in our own State I shall quote but the last and most complete judicial construction of the law, and I refer to the case of *ex parte Kennke,* 136 Cal., 527. But now, I cannot consent to proceed further without pausing here for a moment to pay a humble compliment, right manfully merited, to my friend Bruce Cornwall, Esquire. Two years ago, this wise and beneficent decision by our court of highest jurisdiction had not yet been handed to the legal world. "*Nullus adhuc mundo præbebat lumina Titan.*" Yet, at our convention at that time, my friend in a splendid dissertation upon the law as it then stood, asserted boldly, and forecasted with an accuracy of learning well nigh akin to inspired prophecy, the very ideas and doctrines promulgated and maintained in this very case. To resume then: In the Kennke case the court has said as follows:

"Wild game belongs to the whole people and the legislature may dispose of it as may seem to it best, subject only to constitutional limitations against discriminations. Within those limitations, the legislature, for the purpose of protecting game, may pass such laws as to it seem most wise; and 'the measures best adapted to that end are for the legislature to determine and the courts cannot review its discretion.' The law in question does not destroy the right of property. 'The fallacy of that contention consists in the supposition that the person who may kill quail has an absolute property in the dead animals.' But it has been held and it is the law 'that no one has a property in animals and fowls denominated game—the ownership is in the people of the State. This being so, it necessarily follows that the legislature has the right to permit persons to kill or take game upon such terms and conditions as its wisdom might dictate, and that the person killing game might have such property interest in it, and such only, as the legislature might confer. The legislature has never conferred an absolute property in quail upon the person who might kill the same. The killing of quail during the months of October and November was permitted, not for sale, not to go upon the market as an article of commerce, but for the mere use of the person who kills the birds. The person killing quail under this statute has but a qualified property in the birds after they are killed. He may consume them. If a trespasser should take them from him he might maintain an appropriate action to regain the possession. But the law which authorizes him to kill the quail has withheld the right to sell or the right to ship for the purpose of sale; and when such person undertakes to sell or ship for sale, he is undertaking to assert a right not conferred by law. The act, therefore, of the legislature, does not destroy a right of property, simply because no such right exists.'" And I may add that, as we have already seen, this was the law as far back as the Middle Ages and in the early morning of the history of our modern legal and judicial system.

So, therefore, having shown the present undoubted existence of the right of the State to protect game, I come to the second and last point to which, through the kindness of President Payne, I am permitted to direct your attention. And it is simply this:

How should that right be exercised and enforced?

As to the method of the exercise, I shall say but little, as my ideas may not encounter much approval. I mean no disrespect to our legislature when I say that many of its members are gentlemen who have little or no deep or practical knowledge of many subjects upon which they cast their approving or disapproving votes. And all who may now hear me who have helped to form the lobby or "third house" know that much is accomplished, in one or another way, in the committees and sub-committees of our three houses. This, then, is my suggestion: Let this very association, by a properly appointed committee of its own members, draft such proposed legislative enactments as may seem best to subserve the integral interests and the "be all and end all" of our organization. Let these drafts be submitted to some competent lawyer learned in the constitutional requirements of such legislation as may be proposed, and with his approval and with the indorsement and recommendation of this association, let the honor and credit and the glory of the

good work then be placed in the hands of our legislature. This, I submit, is at least a pleasant, an easy and a practical method of accomplishing much.

And now, gentlemen, "to my lastly." How should the right be enforced?

Of course, upon our courts, both of inferior and general jurisdiction, are cast the duties of construing and to a great measure of enforcing our game laws. And I hope that I shall not be thought guilty of a platitude, presuming and impertinent, or that I shall even be deemed harsh, when I say that the only real way to enforcing the game law is to *enforce it* in the full moral and physical meaning of the term.

In the last issue of the WESTERN FIELD, there appeared an article from the facile pen of our president. Permit me to say that I am in entire accord with his views as there expressed. I say to you, now, that just so long as the State at great expense is obliged to drag the persistent offenders against the game laws before a bar of justice presided over by some ignorant and oft-times biased bucolic dogberry, who gives more attention to the securing of the culprit's vote at the next township election than to the letter and spirit of the law, just so long, I say, shall we be obliged to continue our struggle against game extermination. Legislation may do much, but it is merely an unshotted gun without the co-operation of the courts. And by the constant imposition of nominal and trifling fines for vicious, intentional and flagrant infractions of the game laws, not only do these petty and ill-managed courts render entirely nugatory the utmost efforts of the legislature and of the friends of game protection, but they incubate an unwholesome indifference and contempt not only for themselves but for the beneficially restraining influence of the law itself.

And as I conclude, an example of good legislation upheld and enforced by a competent judge may not be entirely out of place:

In the city in which I reside, one H. was convicted recently of offering salmon for sale at a period prohibited by the law. The learned judge who after conviction pronounced the sentence upon him remarked that the legislature in its unquestioned wisdom had for once given him a cogent means of enforcing its commands, by placing upon the statute book a provision seldom seen in such enactments, namely, a minimum penalty. He could, if he wished, fine the culprit a million dollars and send him to jail for life, and he was not prepared to say but that in some instances such a sentence would not be considered as much of a hardship to the culprit, as it would be no more than some culprits sometimes deserved. However, as the defendant at the bar was a reputable merchant, he would take the law as he found it and impose the minimum fine of $200, gold coin of the realm, without alternative of imprisonment, leaving a civil execution to issue against the property of the offender, and leaving it also to the offender himself to conjecture what would be his probable fate if he ever again transgressed a law which was as much to his ultimate benefit as to that of the public at large. It is needless to say that Mr. H. will not offend again.

Therefore, gentlemen, I now in conclusion say to you that it should be the endeavor of each in his own little sphere to impress these views upon all of the inferior judicial officers of his borough. A few lessons of the kind above narrated and our work is done. Then will our waters be full with their finny beauties. Then will the deer in plenty and in numbers once more be seen bounding through the glades of our autumn forest and on the brown hillsides. And in all our valleys the gallant quail will pipe his greeting to the rising and his good-night to the setting sun as it sinks beneath the fiery western wave, sounding at the same time, with universal Nature, his note of praise to the Great Creator of all.

FISH AND GAME PROTECTION.

By FRANK H. MAYER.

The idea, entertained curiously enough by the majority of otherwise well-informed advocates of game protection, that a game law must be made a popular law in order that it may be enforced, is a fallacy. There are many beneficial laws, all effectively enforced, which are decidedly unpopular in the sense of the common acceptance of the term. The laws imposing taxes may be cited as a sufficient example for sake of brevity.

All laws are more or less restrictive of personal liberty and license and the enactment of any new statute, no matter what may be its ultimate benefits to the greatest number of people, is instinctively combatted by the individual beneficiaries thereto at the outset. There is an inate desire in the heart of every able-bodied man to be a law unto himself, and any new restriction irks. Especially is this true when the restriction is placed upon one's indulgence in hitherto unrestricted pleasures.

A game law that would be popular would either necessarily be a calamity or it would at best defeat its prime end; for it would have to be a law permitting every man to kill when and where and in what quantity he pleased. It would have to give absolute license to all, for if any attempt were made to qualify the above liberties it would become unpopular for obvious reasons.

If all sportsmen were conservative, reasoning gentlemen it would be all right, for in that case we would have no need for game laws. But we have always with us the game-hog limit-killer and the market butcher. These classes require for their just and sensible repression a law that takes them by the throat. In passing a game law, then, all this foolishness of "popularity" should not be considered. If the law be a just, wise and effective one its popularity with the decent people will evolve in time; with the other kind of folk we are not concerned.

Laws to be effective should be uniform; they should be as nearly alike in every county of every State in the Union as conditions will render possible. Personally, I doubt the constitutionality of that clause in our State law which permits the separate counties to in anywise change or modify the general State law. This is a delegation of legislative function which the Federal Supreme Court has decided as illegal. Under this decision, "No legislative body has a right to delegate its legislative function to any other individual or body." This is good sense and good law. The subterfuge of classing this really legislative function under the head of permissable police regulations would not stand for a minute were it brought before the final tribunal. Besides that, this juggling with legality is self-condemned by the fact that it has created actually some three score different game laws in this State, one for each county.

I am aware that expediency must sometimes be a well-considered factor in establishing a policy, but in this essay I am dealing with principles and not with petty politics. A gentleman high in the councils of this convention said to me recently that certain kinds of game were present in edible condition only at stated times in certain counties, and that he thought it only just and equable to the residents of these counties that they should be permitted to kill this game at such times as the game is "get-at-able and eatable" or words to that effect. To this I emphatically demurred, for his position was not tenable for the folowing reasons: It would necessitate an arrangement of the open season that would, to so accommodate the people of each county, extend the time far beyond all reasonable limit. And, then, as a matter of simple equity, why should the dweller in Siskiyou be favored above the resident of San Francisco for instance, taking two counties at random for

my illustration? Suppose that the open season on deer should be uniformly fixed all over this State at from August 15 to October 15 and that, between these dates, the deer should either leave certain districts, or for some cause be not edible, would it be any injustice to the sportsman of any of such districts to be compelled, in common with brother sportsmen all over the State in other sections, to go to such places as had the deer present and in good condition at the period mentioned? And if the deer in Marin or other counties are in their prime, as is claimed, in the early summer months, and unfit for food in the period above mentioned, then, I say, "All the better for the deer supply of the State; there will be one source at least left from which we can draw to replenish the State's deer stock."

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Let the law be uniform and let the sportsmen go, in open season, to where the deer are and in good condition, whether the hunter live in Modoc, Merced, Monterey or any other county. It puts all men upon an equality.

The protective associations should make a prompt and imperative demand upon the State's treasury for an appropriation of at least $20,000 per year for the use of the State Game and Fish Commission. The present appropriation is ridiculously inadequate and the protection and propagation of game and fish must always be an unsatisfactory proposition so long as sufficient funds are unavailable. It takes money to build and operate hatcheries, hire deputy wardens and liquidate the hundred-and-one obligations necessarily incurred in such work. The present appropriation is really a detriment instead of a help to the commission, because it leads the masses to expect all kinds of impossible things from its expenditure. It is the general impression that this appropriation is of very munificent proportions when, as an actual fact, it is really less than the amount spent in a city election by a cheap ward heeler for beer. Out of nothing, nothing comes. Let us do ourselves justice in this respect and demand an appropriation more commensurable to our needs.

It is every day becoming more apparent that a clause absolutely prohibiting the sale of game of any kind whatsoever be incorporated in our laws, and I most respectfully urge the agitation of this measure. The majority of other States have adopted similar legislation and it will soon be universal law. Such a provision in our statutes would go a long way toward the desired end of game protection in California and its importance should not be overlooked.

The law should also be amended at the next session of the legislature so as to provide for a sensible close season on snipe and swans, and to prohibit the killing at any time of chaparral cocks, herons, cranes, bitterns, song birds and all other harmless fowls. The shooting of any game or the taking of any fish at night should also be forbidden, and there should be a limit placed on the number of game fowls, beasts and fishes that may be taken in any one entire season, aside from the daily bag limit now provided for.

Another amendment—and this I deem the most important and far-reaching of all—would be one that would provide for the imprisonment (the actual incarceration) of every violater of the game law, in addition to the fine ordinarily imposed. A few days in limbo would effectually restrain a certain class who care nothing about the mere pecuniary loss of a fine. Make the imprisonment an invariable and indispensable part of the punition in each and every case and the effect will be immediately perceptible.

I am a firm believer in the hunting license theory, both resident and non-resident. There is nothing antagonistic to American institutions in such a practice and the moneys so secured could be turned over to the Game and Fish Commission and used to excellent advantage. If the sale of game should, for any reason, be countenanced hereafter, I would suggest making the market hunter take out a special license of not less than $20 per year and putting him under $200 bonds beside.

Unnaturalized foreigners residing in our States should have no hunting privileges accorded to them. American game should be reserved for American citizens and those who have formally declared their intention of becoming such.

I am aware that I have but indifferently expressed myself and in nowise argumentatively justified the stand I have taken; that would require much more time than can be logically allotted to me here. I beg, however, to assure my hearers that the above conclusions have been arrived at after an extended experience in game protection and the making of game laws, and I leave the vindication of my views to the future.

THERE ARE STILL A FEW "PRAIRIE CHICKENS" LEFT IN MONTANA.

HOW TO KNOW OUR VENOMOUS SNAKES.

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt.

PART I.

THERE are plenty of people in the United States whom no amount of proof or argument to the contrary will ever convince but what every species of snake in the world is venonous and its bite necessarily fatal; there are other people, who when confronted with this question are open to conviction and demonstration, when the proof of the harmlessness of any particular species of snake comes from a person of authority in such matters; then, finally, there exists among us that extremely limited class of people who have studied the subject well, who know a poisonous snake the moment they see it, and who are thoroughly interested in the science of herpetology in general and in the snakes of this country in particular. It is my hope that the present article will appeal to all the various folk just enumerated, instructing some and entertaining others.

There are a number of good American authorities on snakes in the United States, and they have written a number of very trustworthy books about them. Personally, I always placed great store in what the late Professor Edward D. Cope of Philadelphia had to say upon the subject, and his works always commanded my confidence.

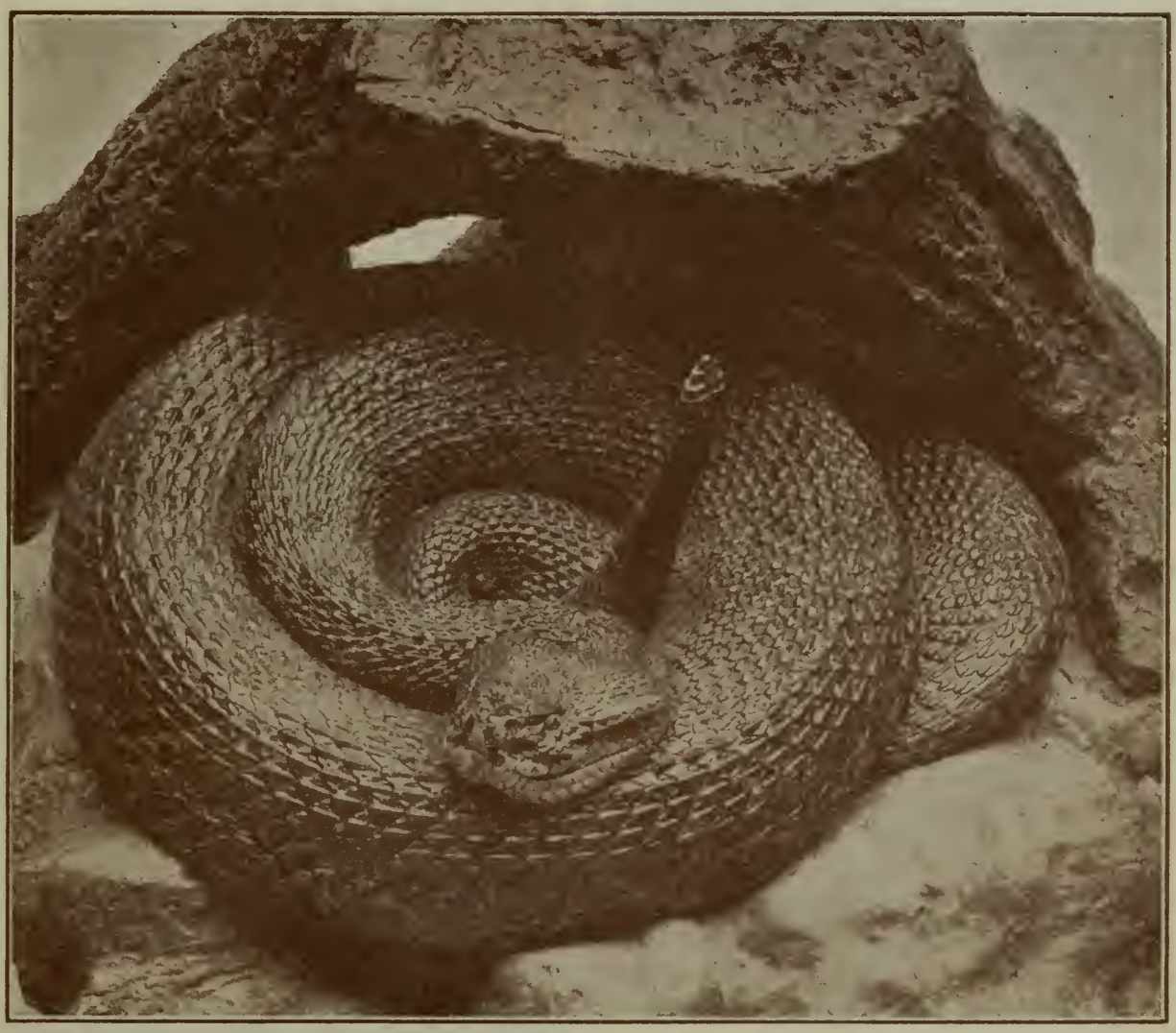
Some authors consider all the true snakes as belonging to a group called by them *Serpentes*, others designate them as an order Ophidia of the Reptilia and classify them accordingly. The general appearance of an ordinary snake is so well known, especially to any one at all likely to read the present article, that it seems quite unnecessary to me to give any description of one in this place. Further along there are special parts I shall be called upon to describe in any event.

We have a large number of snakes in our ophifauna—some few of them are very venomous, some are moderately so, some are suspected to be so, while, finally, the vast majority are perfectly harmless, not to say gentle, and very interesting creatures.

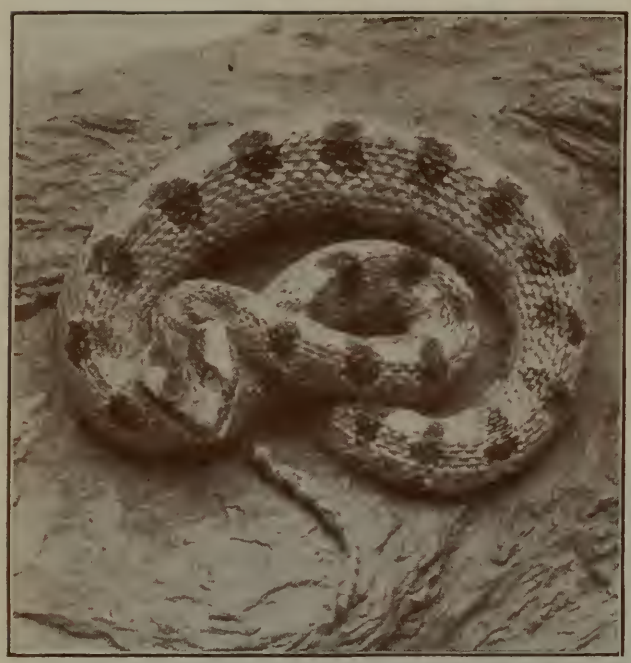
Elsewhere I have already pointed out that some ophiologists, or those devoted to the science of snakes, divide the entire order of ophidians into five different kinds, and they are distinguished as (1) terrestrial or ground snakes—some of which are venomous and some of which are not. They are non-climbers, and rarely enter the water. (2) Tree snakes—species that habitually climb either trees or bushes, and spend much of their time there. Some tree snakes are venomous, while others are entirely innocuous. Our common black snake, a most harmless species, represents the tree snakes of this country. (3) Burrowing snakes, or those which spend the greater part of their existence beneath the surface of the earth. So far as I am aware none of the burrowing snakes are venomous. (4) Fresh-water snakes or kinds that inhabit ponds, swamps, sluggish creeks, rivers, and similar places. Some fresh water snakes are poisonous and

some are not. The deadly moccasins (*Ancistrodon*) are good examples of the first class, and the common water snake (*Tropidonotus*) of the latter kind. Finally, we have (5) the venomous sea snakes, all of which, with the exception of one species, are marine forms that do not come ashore. Now this is a very rough division or popular classification of the some three thousand species of snakes known to us as occurring all over the world in regions where snakes occur at all. As a matter of fact, the only true way to classify snakes, as in the case of any other group of animals, is according to their structure or anatomy. Such a classification we call a natural classification, and at many points it would agree with the popular or semi-artificial one given above. For example, many ground snakes possess a structure very much alike, and quite different in detail from what we find among the sea snakes, the latter in turn being anatomically more or less alike among themselves.

In the United States we have only the terrestrial, the tree, the burrowing, and the fresh-water snakes represented. We have no sea snakes, so that venomous group is at once eliminated from our list to be examined. This list can still further be narrowed down by setting aside our three species of burrowing snakes. Owing to their subterranean habits we know but very little about them, but we do know that they are entirely harmless. We need not consider them here further than to add that the three known species belong to the genus *Glauconia*, and are brown, usually light brown, in color. So far as we know, one of our poisonous snakes is also more or less subterranean in its habits, but as it is strikingly colored and very easily distinguished it is not at all likely to be mistaken for any of the three typical burrowing



DIAMOND RATTLESNAKE (*Crotalus adamanteus*).
From a cast in U. S. National Museum.



GROUND RATTLESNAKE (*Cistrurus miliarius*). From a cast in U. S. National Museum.

snakes. I refer to the snake popularly known as the Harlequin or Bead snake (*Elaps*) of the South and Southwest, a species to be considered here a little further on.

We have in the United States upwards of fifty genera of snakes, created to contain nearly two hundred or more species and subspecies. Comparatively very few of them are venomous; many of them are highly colored and extremely beautiful; some are beneficial in so far as man's interests are concerned; others are plain in color, gentle in disposition, and absolutely harmless.

With respect to the habits of many of these species we are utterly ignorant, knowing nothing about them whatever, and there is probably no better field in United States natural history in which the naturalist can distinguish himself and be of positive benefit to science than in the study of the habits of our many species of snakes. We stand in great need of such work.

With these brief prefatory remarks I now pass to more definite descriptions of the poisonous snakes of this country. For the sake of convenience these may be classified in the following manner:

1. The *Opistoglyphs* or the *suspected snakes.*

2. The *Elapidæ*, the Coral snakes, or the *dangerous snakes.*

3. The *Crotalidæ*, the Pit Vipers, or the *true venomous snakes.*

So far as the ophifauna of the United States is concerned, the opistoglyphs belong to four different genera, viz: *Tantilla, Coniophanes, Leptodeira,* and *Trimorphodon.* Four species of *Tantilla* are known and they range from South Carolina to Southern California, and southward through the neotropical realm, but excepting Trinidad, not including the West India region.

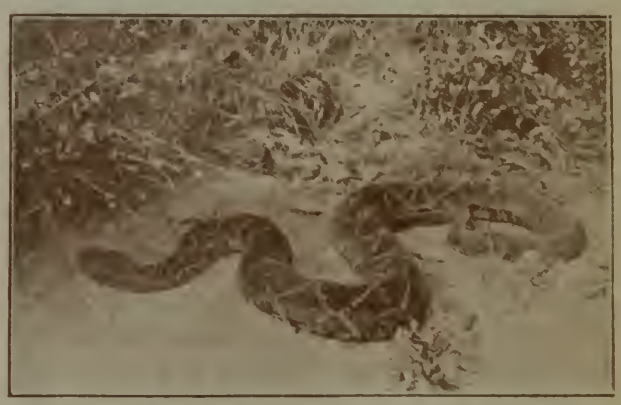
Only one species of *Coniophanes* occurs in the United States. In fact, it is a subspecies (*C i. imperialis*) found on the lower Rio Grande.

One species of *Leptodeira* also occurs in Texas (*Brownsville*) namely *L. septentrionalis* of Bonlenger.

Finally, there is one species of *Trimorphodon* (*T. lyrophanes Cope*) from California and Arizona.

These six opistoglyph snakes are the sole representatives in the United States of a large group of them in various other quarters of the globe. On either side the *posterior* teeth are grooved and *fixed* in the upper jaw, not movable as in the case of the fangs of the rattler. When the snake bites, indeed, it is said to *chew* its victim, the poison passes down the grooves of the teeth and into the wound made by them. Lizards die in a few moments after being bitten, and the bite is not entirely harmless to man, though so far as known *never fatal.* When one bites the finger of a person the member usually swells considerably, gives no little pain, and relief does not follow for some considerable time.

Space will not allow me to introduce descriptions of these six snakes here, nor do I deem it quite necessary, as I am of the opinion that man will never succumb to the bite of one of them. So far as the United



DIAMOND-BACK RATTLESNAKE (*C. adamanteus*). From Life. Courtesy of *Animal Life*, London, Eng.

States opistoglyphs are concerned, we stand sadly in need of scientifically conducted experiments and dissections upon their poison apparatuses, and a study of the nature of the poison itself and its effects.

Next we come to the Coral Snakes of the family *Elapidæ*. These are truly dangerous species and the bite of one of them may be fatal to man. Audubon thought they were perfectly harmless and figured one climbing a tree. This herpetological curiosity occurs in his great work on the plate wherein the Chuck-will's widows are figured. There can be no doubt, however, if a person received a severe bite from a full-grown Harlequin or Bead Snake, as the Coral snakes are widely known in the Southern States, and

BOYLE'S KING SNAKE.

no remedies are available, the injury is very likely to prove fatal in a short time. Various recorded cases support this statement, and there are those in authority who believe that the bite of an *Elaps* is quite as venomous as the one inflicted by a rattler or a moccasin. Comparatively speaking, the three species of Harlequin snakes found in the United States are small species, with small eyes. They are brilliantly colored; the principal colors being black, red and yellow, arranged in transverse bands, and differently so on the different species. Generally the red is the ground color, and the black rings either single or in sets of three. The yellow is usually intermediate.

It is a remarkable and very noteworthy fact that there is a great similarity between the coloring of an *Elaps* and that of several other snakes, and those, too, absolutely harmless ones, found in the same region. It appears to be a genuine case, or, rather cases

HARLEQUIN SNAKE (*Elaps fulvius*).
From Baird's Report Mexican Boundary Survey.

of mimicry, the harmless varieties imitating the colors of the venomous species. It has in perhaps hundreds of instances served to be a good thing for both the imitators and the imitated, as well as in other instances, equally numerous, a bad thing for both. The mistaking the one for the other would obviously account for this.

When casually seen in their native haunts it is not easy, even for an expert, to promptly distinguish between an *Elaps* and any one of its best mimics, but with specimens of each in one's hand such a difficulty at once disappears. The King snakes are the chief color imitators of the Harlequin, and in making such a comparison we must note the color pattern; the differences in the fangs; the eyes; the snout; and the size of the frontal shield.

In an *Elaps* or Harlequin snake, the black rings are bordered both in front and behind by a yellow ring; in the King snake just the reverse coloration obtains—that is, the yellow bands are bounded by black rings anteriorly and posteriorly.

With respect to the fangs, it will be found that in *Elaps*. in front, upon either side of the upper jaw, a fang tooth is present. This is curved, permanently erect, and longitudinally perforated. All other upper jaw teeth are absent, though a row of small teeth occur in the fore part of the lower jaw. In the King snake *both* jaws are fully armed with small, solid teeth, no large solitary fangs being present in the upper jaw. This difference in dentition can easily be detected by lifting the upper jaw of the snake along the side and running the point of a blade of one's pocket-knife along the bone of the upper jaw.

(To be continued in February number.)

THE GREAT PILEATED WOODPECKER.

(*Cocophloeus pileatus.*)

By F. E. L. Beal, Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

THROUGHOUT all of the heavily timbered regions, or wherever extensive tracts of unbroken forest occur in North America, the great black woodpecker makes its home. It is, with one exception, the largest member of this family of birds that is found in the United States. In the older portions of the country where the forests have been cut away, it has become so rare that very many, even of the country people, of the present generation have never seen one. The writer has observed it in Maine, New Hampshire, Maryland, Virginia, and Iowa, and it is probable that there is no State in the Union where a few specimens may not still be found. They are not regularly migratory, but remain for the most part in the same locality throughout the year. Wherever they are common enough to attract the notice of their human neighbors they are usually known by the names of Log Cock and Cock of the Woods, titles which well express their woodcutting habits and proud imperial bearing.

These birds are by nature so shy and are endowed with such keen senses that only by the most careful strategy or by some fortunate accident can one get a glimpse of them. They may be busy attacking a rotten stump, making a noise which can be heard several hundred yards away, but each moment they stop and listen, and at the slightest unusual noise they are upon the alert, and a repetition of the sound, or the sight of a suspicious movement sends them quickly away; like the fabled elves of the forest they may often be heard but are seldom seen. Their faculty of eluding sight, while giving such abundant evidence of their recent presence, has caused them to be looked upon by uneducated people with an almost superstitious feeling, as beings that have something mysterious and uncanny in their nature.

They are nearly the size of the common crow, and when suddenly seen at a distance darting swiftly among the trees to be soon lost in the darker retreats of the forest, they may be mistaken for that more familiar bird. Their general color is black, but a near view shows it to be relieved by a magnificent crimson crest, and a white area which extends down each side of the neck, with some of the same color upon the wings.

Being so much larger than the more common species of woodpeckers their voices have a volume proportionally increased. Their usual call is a wild, tremulous cry, generally uttered from the top of some tall dead stub which stands high upon the side of a hill or mountain. Under proper conditions of the air this call may easily be heard at the distance of a mile.

Probably the most surprising point in regard to these birds is the muscular strength which they exhibit when they tear apart old stumps and logs in search of food. I shall never forget my astonishment at the sight of a spruce stump which I saw in the Maine woods. At that time I had never seen the great woodpeckers nor their works, and did not suppose such havoc could be wrought by anything so small and weak as a bird. As I was in a region where bears were to be found, I at once concluded that Bruin, in a playful mood, had been trying his claws upon the partly decayed wood, and I looked about rather anxiously, fearing that he might still be in the vicinity, and in the humor for some practical joke upon me. My surprise would have been greater if I had known the real authors of the work. This I did not learn until a year later. It seems incredible that any bird should be able to produce such destruction. Pieces of wood more than two feet in length, as broad as one's hand, and an inch in thickness had been split off and thrown to a distance of several feet. Chips, from a few inches to a foot in length, were scattered for yards around; the whole showing an outlay of strength which it was difficult to believe so small a creature could possess. It is perhaps needless to add that the object of this work was to get ants or wood-

boring larvæ, which constitute a very considerable portion of the bird's food.

Only a little less remarkable is the home which the great woodpeckers make, where they rear their young, and in which they probably take refuge at night during the winter season, and in inclement weather. For this purpose a large dead branch or trunk is selected, the wood of which is partly decayed but yet not too soft. A dead stub, from which most of the upper limbs have fallen, seems to be preferred, and this is perhaps inherited wisdom, for if there are many small branches above the point where the excavation is made, this work so weakens the main stem that at the first high wind it breaks off, and the nest and its contents are ruined. Such accidents occasionally happen to the various species of woodpeckers, but perhaps it is only to young and inexperienced birds that these misfortunes occur. The entrance to the nest consists of a circular orifice just big enough to admit the bird's body; it is enlarged within, and extends downward nearly two feet. The eggs are pure white, and are simply laid upon a few chips at the bottom of the excavation, without any other soft material. Four is the usual number in a clutch, though five or six are sometimes found.

It is a fact well known to ornithologists that various species of woodpeckers use their powers of hammering upon dead trees not only to obtain food and to fashion themselves a home, but also for the mere purpose of producing a sound which is undoubtedly some kind of a signal which they understand. This is well shown when a woodpecker resorts to the metallic cornice of a building, and there rattles away for perhaps half an hour, usually at the same time and place every day, and is answered by some other bird in a similar situation. Many instances of this kind have been observed by the writer and others. Every one who examines one of these birds will observe that the muscles of the neck are well developed, and that the beak is large and hard and ends in a strong, sharp chisel-shaped point. With this apparatus the bird is able to rain quick, heavy blows upon any point, either to cut away the substance or to produce a sound if the body be in any way resonant. This habit seems to have reached its highest development in the Pileated woodpeckers. When signaling in this way, they select a large, dry, hollow branch, as high up as possible and preferably upon a chestnut tree if in a part of the country where these grow, for this is one of the most resonant of woods. One who has listened to the drumming of one of our smaller woodpeckers on a still October morning may perhaps be able to imagine the tremendous roll produced by one of the giants of the family.

I shall never forget a little incident which happened to me on one August day among the mountains of Virginia. I went for a rather long walk with my son along the "bark roads" which traverse the sides of these mountain ranges, keeping at nearly a level line, like long corridors, with here and there a staircase-like path which leads directly down the slope. We had selected the highest of these roads and had traveled westward for several miles from our starting point, stopping at intervals where there were breaks in the forest, through which we looked, as from a gigantic balcony, down upon the valleys dotted with farms and orchards which stretched away for miles at our feet. A low muttering in the west told us of the approach of a thunder storm, and warned us to retrace our steps if we did not wish to be caught in a situation not only unpleasant but also not wholly free from danger. As we hastened our retreat dark clouds rose rapidly behind us, and soon the whole landscape was overcast and a peculiar wierd gloom fell on the forest, accompanied by that strange hush which so often precedes an outbreak of the elements. Suddenly from up the mountain side, breaking the silence like the roll of an elfin drum, came the signal of the great woodpecker. Scarcely had this ceased when an answering call came from farther away, directly in front of us; this in turn was answered by a nearer one on our left, and then faint and far away, but still distinctly audible, in the gloomy stillness came a reply from the distant mountain ridge. And so the strange concert went on; now far away, anon close at hand sounded the wild alarm, while we stood spellbound, oblivious of the tempest which was gathering over our heads.

Just why the birds that had been so silent before should suddenly sound their tocsins at this particular time is not easy to explain. Perhaps the approaching storm had warned each bird to seek the shelter of that particular hollow branch where it made its home, and each before entering its abode sent forth its signal to tell its comrades that it was at home and safe. It is entirely within the range of possibility that every individual bird has a peculiar call of its own, which is known and recognized by the others. In this case the character of the dead branch which is used would of itself give a different note to the signal of each bird.

By Arthur Inkersley.

ON ACCOUNT of his illness and the consequent accumulation of official business, the German Emperor has withdrawn his offer of a cup for a trans-Atlantic yacht race this year. The Emperor's sickness prevented him from conferring with yachtsmen, and it is now too late to design and construct boats for a race during 1904. Before the German Emperor offered a cup Sir Thomas Lipton had already offered a trophy to the Atlantic Yacht Club, but he withdrew his offer when he heard of the Emperor's intentions. Sir Thomas Lipton, when asked if he would not renew his offer of a trophy to the Atlantic Yacht Club, replied that it would not be possible to take up the matter again so as to make a really good race for 1904. The Irish baronet promises to do everything in his power to render the race for the German Emperor's cup in 1905 successful and hopes to have a yacht of his own in the contest. The holding of a trans-oceanic yacht race is a step in the right direction. Though Sir Thomas Lipton has spent more money than any other living man in building, equipping and racing yachts of the extreme modern type, he thinks them useless and undesirable craft. While they may, under certain circumstances, live through a heavy sea and bear up under a strong wind, they are dangerous vessels. At any moment a stay or bolt may be carried away and the mast swept overboard. The margin of safety is so small that a slight mishap causes the wreck of the rigging, sails and spars. These racing craft are not sea-going vessels, having no accommodations on board for the crews that work them. They teach no valuable lessons of construction, since no designer of a vessel intended for real service can learn anything from them. Even if a 140-foot "90-footer" could be built capable of sailing thirty miles an hour, no constructor of vessels that are meant really to navigate the ocean would follow the lines of the racing yacht. No yachtsman would ever dream of cruising the seas in a craft that could not house a dozen men comfortably.

Though there will be no international yacht race this year, San Francisco yachtsmen are already looking forward to the contest for the Perpetual Challenge Cup, for which there was no race last season. The hull of the boat with which the Corinthian Yacht Club will challenge for the trophy, was completed several weeks ago, and her spars and sails were also ready; but, as the deed of gift of the Perpetual Challenge Cup requires that the race shall be sailed not later than September 30, there would not have been time to tune the boat up for a contest.

It has been said that the Corinthian challenger is not a "cabin yacht" and does not conform to the requirements of the deed of gift. On the other side, it is asserted that she fully conforms to the requirements and will accommodate half-a-dozen men in her cabin. When ex-Commodore J. M. Macdonough, the donor of the Macdonough Cups, was in San Francisco last year, an account was given to him of the challenger which is said to have produced an altogether wrong impression in his mind. Believing her to be an unwholesome type of boat, not at all suited to the requirements of cruising yachtsmen in San Francisco Bay, the commodore stated that he did not wish any of the trophies presented by him to be won by such a craft.

To correct this unfavorable impression, a well-known San Francisco yachtsman, closely connected with the construction of the boat, has written to the

DRIFTING IN YAWL "GIPSIE."

"CHALLENGER," IN LIGHT WIND.

commodore presenting the facts to him. As the commodore's only desire is to promote the sport of yachting on San Francisco Bay, he is entitled to the fullest information on the subject and will, doubtless, reach a wise decision.

Though the yachts of the San Francisco, Corinthian, California and South Bay Clubs are now laid up and will not come out of winter quarters for about three months, new boats for the season of 1904 are already near completion. A yawl, having a length overall of thirty-six feet, is being built for Peter Ahern in East Oakland. She is intended for cruising and seems likely to prove an able boat.

J. J. Sherry, of the California Yacht Club, has a model for a boat forty-five feet long overall and twenty-five feet on the water-line, and is putting the frames together at his home in Oakland. Though he is giving out no further details, the measures indicate that she is intended to be a fast boat.

John T. Carrier, the designer and builder of the fast sloop Jessie E., now owned by Louis Rosenfeld, is building a sloop at his home in Alameda. All the three new boats will be enrolled in the fleet of the California Yacht Club.

The big sloop Ariel has been bought by Vice-Commodore A. C. Lee and Alphonse Hirsch of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and will fly that club's flag during the coming season.

The yawl Royal, with the sloops Halcyon, Juanita and Queen, is lying in the Corte Madera Creek. W. G. Morrow's sloop Challenger is on the beach at Old Sausalito, carefully protected from rain and sun by a canvas cover. Other yachts are in Stone's yards at North Beach, on the ways at South San Francisco, in Richardson's Bay or the lagoon behind Tiburon.

It is said that Frank Stone will do a good deal of work on the sloop Presto during the winter. The Presto was designed, built, and sailed by Frank Stone, and proved a swift and able boat. She successfully defended the Perpetual Challenge Cup against Commodore A. E. Chapman's sloop Helen, and has won several trophies in the annual Inter-Club regatta on Admission Day. The house will be raised and strengthened, and the cabin floor lowered so as to render her a more comfortable cruising boat. The centerboard will be lowered flush with the floor of the cabin, and she may have five or six feet added to her length, so as to make room for a galley and a closet.

A schooner will be designed and built by Frank Stone for J. R. Hanify, a member of the firm of Hanify & Co. She is intended as a cruiser, and will have an iron keel weighing three tons. Her dimensions the 54 feet overall, 38 feet on the water-line, with 15 feet beam, and a draft of 4.6 feet. When the centerboard is down she will draw 9.6 feet. She will have two state-rooms, a galley on the starboard side, and a closet on the port side. The cabin will be 12.6 feet long, and the cockpit 10 feet long. There will be berths for two men forward.

YACHTING SONG.

By F. M. Kelly.

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BREAK out the anchor and stow it,
Then pay off each sheet with the breeze;
'Tis a run, lads, and ere you may know it,
We'll speed with the wide rolling seas,
Seas, seas, the wild rolling seas.
We'll speed with the wild rolling seas.

Give us blue water beneath us,
A hundred full fathoms or more,
And whatever the winds may bequeath us,
Excepting a rocky lee shore,
Shore, shore, a rocky lee shore,
Excepting a rocky lee shore.

Bright are the eyes that will guide us,
Fond hearts are the magnets we choose;
And though an old salt might deride us,
We'll ever steer thus on a cruise,
Cruise, cruise, steer thus on a cruise,
We'll ever steer thus on a cruise.

Calm lies the harbor we're making,
Yet we ride on the wings of the blast;
And there, till a new day is breaking,
We'll dream of the dangers gone past,
Past, past, the dangers gone past,
We'll dream of the dangers gone past.

By Arthur Inkersley.

AUTOMOBILISTS, not content with devouring the land in high-speed machines, are now turning eager eyes toward the water. A rich Philadelphian is having built for him an automobile boat forty feet long with a beam of four feet six inches, constructed very lightly and of very small draft. The mahogany hull is of the torpedo-boat shape. The boat will be fitted with a sixty horsepower, six-cylinder gasolene motor, weighing only nine hundred pounds. The motor will make about five hundred and fifty revolutions per minute and the speed of the boat is expected to be twenty miles an hour. A light, high-powered engine of this kind would just suit Dr. August Greth for his airship. This is certainly the day of the motor-man, whose ingenious engines are in constant use, not only on the land and in the water, but for aerial navigation as well. The American representative of the De Dietrich Company is having a motor-boat of 160 horsepower constructed at the French factory. It is to be ninety feet long and to be fitted with four engines of four cylinders and forty horsepower each. It is believed that a speed of forty miles an hour will be attained.

Though motor-boats of such high power as those mentioned above are not suitable for San Francisco waters, a boat of light draft, with an engine of moderate power, would be very useful to many residents of the counties that border on the bay. There are many miles of creeks and sloughs connected with the bay which are frequented by duck-hunters. A motor-boat capable of navigating these shoal waters could be put to good use in taking sportsmen out to the blinds and back again to the clubhouse. It is desirable that the boat should possess fair speed, so that the process of setting the hunters out and gathering them up again might not prove too tedious.

The automobilists and yachtsmen of Syracuse already feel so close to each other that it is proposed to consolidate the yacht club and the automobile club. The yacht club has about three hundred members and the automobile club about one hundred. If the project matures, it is intended to fill in the space to the north of the yacht clubhouse and construct thereon a large barn for housing motor-cars. The automobilists have no clubhouse, but if the proposed consolidation takes place they could run down to the yacht club quarters, dine, dance and discuss their favorite recreation. The yacht and automobile clubs would keep their independence, and each would gain from the other. An arrangement of this sort would assuredly cause many people to become interested in auto-boats.

The technical secretary of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland has written a letter to the editor of *Automobile Topics*, New York, in which he says that some of the correspondence which has appeared in recent issues of British and European newspapers might lead the reader to suppose that the Automobile Club, having once gained possession of the Alfred Harmsworth International Cup for motor-boats, would do everything in its power to retain it by any means. The secretary states that this is very far from being the case and that the club has always conducted all its trials and races in a most sportsmanlike spirit. "So much is this the case in the present instance that, although under the conditions of the deed of gift no race can be held for 1904, owing to the last date for challenges having passed, and the club is thereby entitled to retain the cup for this year, the committee is approaching the donor of the cup with a view to getting his consent to an alteration in the rules which will allow of entries being received up to February 1, so that a race can take place."

The Gordon-Bennett International Cup having been won last year by one of the German teams in a Mercedes machine, the race for the trophy will take place this year in Germany. The course proposed is from Kastell Saalburg through Altendorf, Limburg, Neuhof and Konigstein back to the point of starting. The distance is nearly 140 kilometers. Prince Henry of Prussia, driven in an Adler machine by a chaffeur from the Frankfort factory, recently went over the whole course and said, "It is one of the most beautiful roads I have ever seen and as smooth as a bowling alley." The chaffeur, whose name is Riegel, concurred with the statement of his imperial passenger, saying, "In my opinion it is a splendid road for racing. There are a few damp parts, where the trees grow too near the road. There are some curves which would necessitate slackening speed, unless they can be got rid of; and there are some steep hills, but none which are any thing but a fair test of the powers of the machines or which racing cars would find the least difficulty in climbing. We traveled in a very long-framed, heavy machine, of fourteen horsepower, with a big tonneau, and averaged a speed of forty kilometers per hour. Prince Henry seemed very pleased and, instead of being alarmed at going so fast on a new road, wanted to go quicker all the time. Besides the prince, the passengers were the Burgomeister of Homburg, the staff equerry and the equerry of the Grand Duke of Hesse. There were no parts of the road which were dangerous except the curves and they can be seen ahead in most cases. To my mind the roads chosen are ideal."

The Saalburg-Limburg course is also a good one, because accommodations for many thousands of visitors (and it is expected that there will be 50,000 to 75,000) can readily be found. Frankfort has accommodations for 20,000 visitors, and Homburg, Donaldshausen, Wiesbaden and Bad Nauheim have room for several thousands.

Hardly anywhere else in Germany could the large sum of money necessary to conduct so costly a race as that for the International Cup be collected. Homburg has promised 20,000 marks and two firms at Frankfort have offered 5,000 marks apiece to start with. The Hotel-Keepers' League of Frankfort will make up a large sum when it is decided that the race shall take place over the course mentioned. Besides all these advantages, the approval of the German Emperor will insure the goodwill of the authorities of the districts through which the racing machines will run, and will guarantee the presence of a large number of soldiers to keep the course clear. The emperor has stated that, while he does not much approve of racing at high speed, yet, as it is necessary that it should occur, he would rather have it in that district than anywhere else, and is pleased that the start should take place from Kastell Saalburg, where there is a restored Roman camp in which he takes great interest.

The Burgomeister of Homburg says that the roads of the proposed route are splendidly kept up and that the kind of stone used in building and repaving them is of a quality found on hardly any other German highways. The population of the region being rich, much money is spent on the maintenance of the roads.

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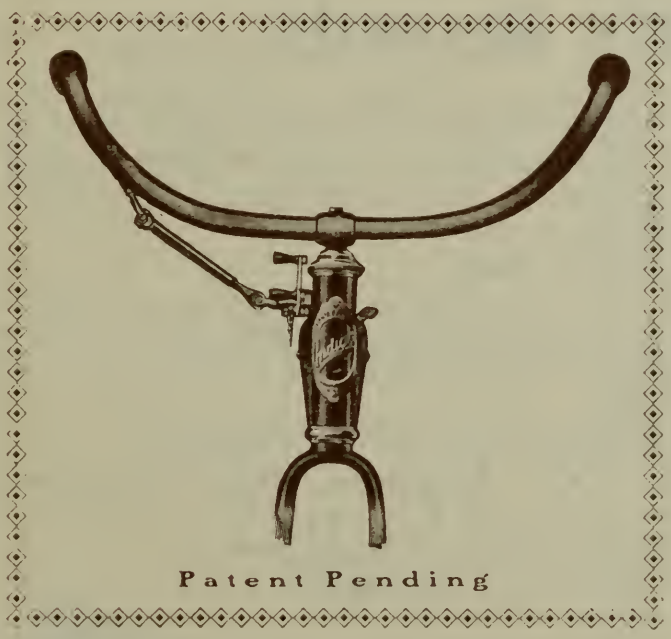

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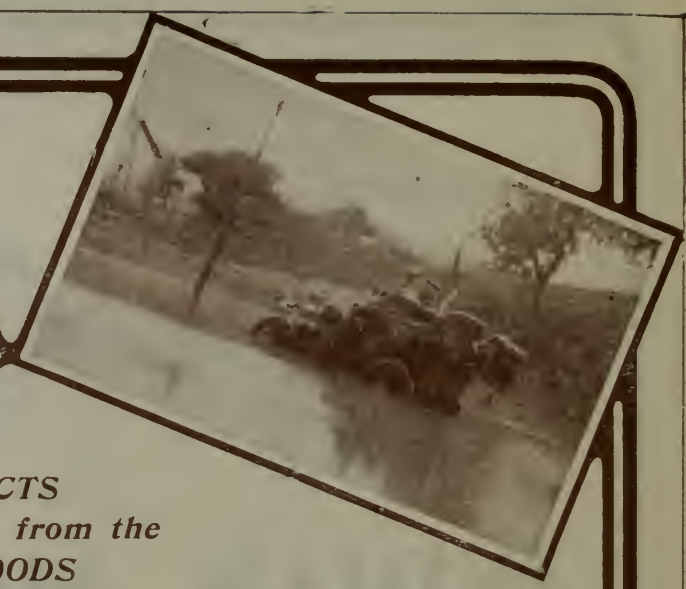

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San Francisco.

CUYLER LEE AND O. D. M'NABB IN A "CADILLAC."

Still another advantage is that the roads are very broad, nowhere being narrower that ten meters and for long distances being fifteen meters in width.

The improvement that has been made in the last two or three years in the lightness and speed of motors is remarkable. The German Daimler and the Frenchman Panhard and Levassor early became the leaders in the European automobile world, because they were the first to produce surprisingly light and fast engines. They nearly lost their preëminence, however, by sticking a little too long to hot tube ignition, when De Dion and Boutton began to show the usefulness of the jump spark in producing high-speed motors. Very high rates of piston speed were secured, but the lubrication and cooling were defective, and the weight was not well distributed. The designing of each part of the motor has received patient and careful study, the reciprocating parts having been rendered so extremely light that the mechanical vibration of a four-cylinder motor is hardly appreciable. Lubrication has been recognized as an essential matter and the quality of the material employed has been constantly improved. Better compression, mixture and ignition have raised the mean effective pressure of the best motors from sixty pounds to eighty pounds per square inch.

Much of the higher efficiency is due to the rule established two years ago by the Automobile Club of France, keeping the weight of racing machines taking part in competitions under its regulations down to one thousand kilograms, or 2204.8 pounds. The weight of motors has been reduced from thirty or forty to twenty, fifteen or even ten pounds per horsepower. The three elements that have gone to produce this result are design, materials and workmanship. Any material by the use of which speed may be attained or weight saved is eagerly seized on by the automobile designer. All the reciprocating parts are lightened as much as possible, since the jerking of heavy piston and connecting rods at the end of each stroke wastes power and is a severe strain on all the bearings. It is considered better to risk an occasional breakage than to carry unnecessary weight in the pistons and inlet valves.

Lubrication is, as has been said, a matter of much importance. Formerly, when six hundred turns per minute were considered to constitute fast running, lubrication was done economically, drop by drop. Now, streams of oil must flow through the bearings, run out at the end, be caught, allowed to settle, return and be used again. With such lubrication at all the important points the fastest motor will run for thousands of miles without having to be overhauled. Some high-speed motors are already oiled in this way, and it is predicted that in a few years all of them will be lubricated thus.

As regards compression, the higher the speed the greater is the compression, since it helps the charge to burn rapidly—and this is essential at high speeds.

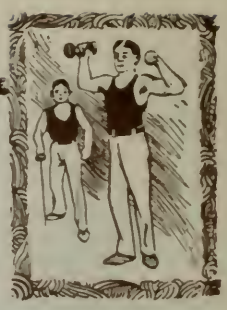
To devote a few lines to local matters: On November 25 a conference was held between a committee of the Automobile Club of Alameda County and representatives of the Merchants' Exchange of Oakland to discuss the terms of an ordinance to regulate the speed and operation of automobiles in Alameda County. As a result of the conference a draft of an ordinance was prepared and submitted to the Board of Supervisors with the request that it be passed. In the course of the discussion Dr. N. H. Chamberlain, president of the Automobile Club of Alameda County, said that a State law regulating the use of automobiles ought to be passed. As things stand at present each county establishes its own rules, and a man making a tour of California in an automobile requires licenses to operate his machine in fifty-two counties. Dr. Chamberlain suggested that every automobile carry an identification card. If the suggested ordinance is passed, Alameda County will have a liberal law regulating the use and operation of automobiles. The proposed ordinance provides that the speed at which automobiles may be driven on the county roads shall not exceed twenty miles per hour. It also provides that, at a signal from a man riding or driving a horse the operator of an automobile must reduce the speed of his car and at a second signal must come to a full stop. In passing wagons, buggies or riders on mountain grades the operator of the automobile must take the outside of the road and must remain at a strandstill until the horse-drawn vehicles have passed. Violation of the ordinance will be punished by a fine of $100.00.

On November 7 the Board of Supervisors of Sonoma County passed an ordinance prohibiting automobilists from running their machines at a higher rate of speed than twenty miles an hour on the county roads. Santa Clara County has a similar ordinance.

The electric machine ordered by the Board of Fire Commissioners for the Fire Chief reached San Francisco in November, having been ordered by A. E. Brooke-Ridley from the Electric Vehicle Company of Hartford, Conn. The vehicle is of sixteen horsepower, weighs 3,200 pounds, can climb a twenty per cent grade and is guaranteed to cover a mile in three minutes. It can run forty miles without being recharged. It has double brakes and is provided with a specially constructed searchlight that can be detached and used to explore the interior of a building.

TWO ENTHUSIASTIC AUTOMOBILISTS.

PHYSICAL CULTURE



Conducted by A. T. Noe, M. D.

IN A former article I spoke of the will power as a factor in physical development. Few seem to fully realize this very important fact: that man is a dual natured, and that not only is the will power a potent factor in regard to health, but all the other mental faculties as well.

Mankind cannot be successfully developed by using one side of his nature only. If he desires great physical strength and does not use his brain and intelligence to help him gain that strength he fails utterly. On the other hand, if he desires to be a great thinker, a scientist, a philosopher, and bends all his mind to that end, neglecting his body, he is building a "house of sand" and it will surely tumble at the first strain. No man can be wholly mental or wholly physical, without being abnormal; and anything abnormal is unnatural and must perish. For man is a double natured creature, and each side of his nature is equally necessary to his well being.

Viewed from his physical half he has weight, size, form, color, resistance. From his mental half he has construction, thought, desire invention, etc. Each half has its own peculiar diseases and each is inter-dependent, although each operates with individual powers.

Mental diseases often have their cause from physical disturbances; while many times physiological troubles are easily traced to mental or psychical inharmony. Dyspepsia, a physical disease, will cause loss of memory, will power, and even insanity. Anger, worry, grief—which are all mental conditions—will cause heart trouble, boils, lung diseases and an endless number of physical pains and sicknesses.

It is not a reasonable idea to suppose that a creature possessing two sides to his being can control his nature when he is overbalanced or developed on only one side of it. I feel that if humans could know, even in a small degree, the vast amount of suffering that comes from the lack of equilibrium between the two sides of his being, there would be much less drug-taking and fewer asylums.

Man must be considered in his entirety. His whole nature must receive attention and education, for health is the harmonic operation of his united forces. Any disturbance of this harmony means disease (dis-ease).

Each one should be in harmony with himself and each self should be in harmony with the universe. Everything in the universe moves according to the great laws of nature and if we do not get in tune with this great pæan of harmony we are the ones that get hurt. There is an established order, fixed, eternal, immutable; and although man may use these laws he cannot change nor control them. He must conform to nature's rules or perish. She does not heed mankind's many infringements, but rolls on in mighty majesty, unconscious of man's attempted interference. Niagara loses not one iota of its tumultous power for that a man dares his life and loses it in its thundering waters. What is it to the ocean that ships go down and their human freight with them? It still goes on in its ever restless throbbing heedles of human suffering.

And so I might go on with innumerable instances of nature's power, but it is enough to say that, as a man is a part of nature, his own wellfare depends upon his conformity to her commands. We must journey along in harmony with the great movement of things in nature's great system.

You cannot escape the penalty of violated law, and any mental or physical infringement is sure of its own punishment. We know that if we plant lily bulbs in time we will have lilies, not thistles, nor roses; and if we plant thistles we in time will have thistles, not lilies nor potatoes. Just so

with our own lives. We must learn to think and live so we are fully obedient to the laws that created us.

It is the duty of all to take hold of the means nature gives us for life. Use fire, water, air and the many substances which are for your maintenance; but do not feel that because nature has been so lavish in her gifts that she will permit their abuse. Here is where the mind or intelligence has its work, for in the intelligent application of these means of existence lies the power to prolong life and make it all one desires it to be.

There is no more exquisite handiwork from nature's laboratory than the human body. The world has never known a more wonderful piece of machinery than this marvelous creation. It is self-adjusting, self-repairing and self-constructing. It is amazing to think of how delicately each part is adjusted, yet what an enormous amount of labor is performed.

The body that we can see, feel, use, is to many all there is of us. But although we cannot see, touch nor measure the other part of us it is as real and tangible as the physical body. We cannot measure electricity nor weigh it, but no one will deny that it runs cars, wagons, boats, engines, etc. You cannot weigh the sunlight, yet it warms us and is essential to plant life. Yet it would not occur to us to deny its existence because it is beyond our understanding. We are not able to see nor measure mental force, but its results prove its existence, just as the existence of the electric light proves the existence of electric power.

When I see a man who should be strong, healthy and happy, sitting down with a sour face and growling and complaining about his food, I know his mental conditions have reflected themselves in his body and the disagreeable dyspeptic is merely the result of worry and wrong thinking.

When I meet a nervous, irritable man who is restless, anxious and dissatisfied, I know he has been letting business cares run him till he is no longer a man but a thing of dread and misery. When I meet a fellow whose bright eye meets mine squarely with a beaming glow and his warm, hearty handshake gives a heart-thrill, I feel his mental condition is in harmony with his physical and he vibrates the harmony which is life itself. Show me the man who is well balanced and I will know he stands out from his fellow-men, a success in all he undertakes.

No man can win his desires when weighed down by disease; no man can gain power, wealth nor fame if his body lacks the ability to respond to his needs. He must have nerves of whipcord and frame of steel. He must be fully conscious of his own power and be able to entirely control it. The young men or women who expect to hold their places in this hustling world must have a strong and well-controlled mind and body. "Let young people who are stripping for the race of life account no time wasted that contributes to physical health and mental activity."

Of course, it is best to begin when you are young and, as I said in last month's article, parents should begin at once with little ones; but any one, young or old, can gain control of themselves by careful application of sensible means and the use of all their faculties.

The business man does not require strength so much as good health. He does not need to be a Corbett, Jeffries or Fitzsimmons. What he must have is a sound constitution, keen mental power, that will enable him to pursue his work with ease, comfort and success. Few men in our rushing and strenuous times live to enjoy the fruit of their labor. They die from hot haste and headlong hurry; from paroxysms of excitement and anxiety. They live, do business, and eat, at a killing pace.

What wonder we are a race of nervous wrecks. The result of keeping the mind perpetually on the rack and forcing the body to keep pace is fast lowering the physical standard and will soon degenerate the mental. Anxiety is chronic fear and fear is a deadly poison. Professor Elmer Gates has proved that the perspiration of a badly frightened man caused spasms and death to dogs and rabbits to which it was given. Anger or great sorrow both poison the blood, and if a man allows himself to be swayed by these mental storms he will soon find himself lost on the sea of sickness.

Do not live two days in one. Do not look

to artificial means to prolong existence, for nature abhors unnatural things and when you force your body or brain by the application of false means you are undermining the very foundations of your existence. Every human being has a natural instinct of protection but this is weakened and often totally destroyed by education on wrong lines, and by evil habits contracted by the advice or example of those who should be guides to health.

Take the use of morphine and similar substances. It is appalling to think of the prevalence of such fearful conditions and fills the mind with horror at its power. Nature never forgives a deliberate violation of her laws, and the one who dares fill his being with such self-destroying things as opium and cocaine cannot escape the penalty, for he saps the very center of vital force and drains his life of every joy. It is slow suicide.

If you are tired your body will recuperate if you will let it. Nature has provided sleep and relaxation for this purpose and, unless you interfere, your physical man will obey her rule and you will be refreshened and strengthened. Do you need stimulation? Then rouse yourself by pumping yourself full of fresh, cool air; force your blood to bound through your veins by a vigorous exercising and there will be no deadly reaction such as liquor or other stimulants always give.

There are so many delightful, natural safety valves it is a wonder that drugs, potions, narcotics and stimulants, with their disgusting aftermath, should have become so commonly used. A cool bath, followed by a vigorous rub-down, leaves the body glowing, refreshed and ready for hard work. The blood in bounding through the veins stimulates the brain to keen and correct judgment. A simple meal of vegetables—some of them raw—with fruit and a good salad is a feast, and leaves the appetite unimpaired. A little game, meat or fish is fine, but taken three or four times a day is a rank poison and breeds acid and lime in the body. Too much meat is over stimulation, for there is very little nourishment in meat. The man who eats three big, heavy meals a day is sure to lose his appreciation of good things, and his palate soon fails to respond to the delicate flavors of natural foods. He must have tobasco, peppers, pickles, mustard, etc., in order to make things taste nice to him. Do not eat so much that you cannot enjoy what you do eat. Always leave the table feeling you have room for more and the next meal will taste so much better.

Here again comes in the mental man. Your mind knows that it is good for you to eat wholesome food in moderation. Then use your will to do what your intellect says is best and your body will respond by properly disposing of the food. Use your judgment, will and self-control, and see how quickly your keen enjoyment of life will increase. Always remember that you are not all body, nor all mind, but a union of the two and of which self is the master. Remember that to have health you must have the harmonious adjustment of the physical and psychological forces.

The exercises which I have given are always intended to help you gain control of your body, and although they are simple they are powerful. In their application, take them slowly and carefully till you can do them without the slightest strain and feel strengthened and revigorated afterward.

Having taught yourself the value of poise, and being able to balance and control the lower back and spine, the next step will enable you to use your poise to the best advantage, for in developing the legs and gaining their mastery you will be able to stand and walk as much as you please without fatigue. You will now obtain great strength and pliability, for some of the largest muscles of the body are in the legs and their development is a large gain in your efforts toward health.

EXERCISE FOR LEGS.

(*a*) Stand erect, balanced on right foot, as in Fig. 29, fingers on chair or other convenient object. Raise weight of body on toes, with muscles of leg rigid from hip down. Return to position. Repeat three times and increase one each day until you reach ten or twelve times. Alternate with left leg in same manner. Then both legs.

(*b*) Stand erect on right foot, as in Fig. 30. Bend left leg at knee and slowly lower the body till left knee almost touches the floor. Return to position without touching

Fig 29

Fig 30.

Fig 31.

floor. Alternate with left leg. Repeat four times and add one each day till you reach ten times a day for each leg.

(*c*) Stand erect. Step forward with right foot, as in Fig. 31, all weight of body resting on it, heels of both feet lifted off the floor. In this position, keeping the body perfectly erect, lower the body until left knee touches the floor. Return to position and repeat six or seven times. Then repeat with left foot forward.

Practice these leg movements with care and attention. Keep your mind fixed on the great benefit you will receive from the control of your legs. Always walk on the balls of your feet, then walking will never tire you. Always stand poised, for in this correct position of the body there is no strain, no jar, but everything works in harmony, symmetry and beauty.

By Arthur Inkersley.

THOUGH the regular summer season of the San Rafael Golf Club came to an end in September, the residents of San Rafael and the neighborhood engaged in several competitions during the months of November and December. On Saturday, November 7, four-ball mixed foursomes were held on the Happy Valley course, the best score being returned by Mrs. E. J. Hooper and R. J. Davis, 119 less 14, net 105. Mrs. G. H. Roe and R. Gilman Brown covered the course in 117 less 10, net 107. J. J. and Mrs. Crooks handed in returns of 121 less 12, net 109.

In a putting contest for ladies, five balls, from the edges of three greens, Mrs. R. G. Brown won with 31, Mrs. George H. Roe being second with 34 strokes.

In an approaching contest, five balls, at a distance of 100 yards from the cup, the distances of the three balls nearest to the hole being added, Mrs. E. J. Hooper proved the winner with a total distance of 123 feet, Mrs. R. G. Brown being second with 133 feet.

A driving competition for men finished the day. Douglas Hardy won with a ball having a carry of 197 yards, E. J. Hooper being second with a drive of 192 yards and R. J. Davis third with a drive of 190 yards.

On Thanksgiving Day there were two events on the San Rafael course—a nine-hole handicap for ladies, and an eighteen-hole handicap for men. Six ladies played in the former competition, the winner being Mrs. E. J. Hooper with a score of 71 less 20, net 51. Mrs. J. J. Crooks was second with a net score of 57. In the men's handicap there were twelve entries, the winner being J. J. Crooks with a gross and net score of 102. R. J. Davis was a close second with a gross and net score of 104.

The golfers of either sex are busy on the links of the San Francisco Golf Club, the men's competitions attracting a large number of players. On Saturday, November 14, twelve competitors entered the handicap over eighteen holes against bogey, J. W. Byrne, handicap 2 strokes, winning with the excellent score of 1 down against the colonel. S. L. Abbot, Jr., handicap 3, was 3 down; Rolla V. Watt, handicap 12, and R. D. Girvin, handicap 14, were 4 down; Dr. J. R. Clark, handicap 3, 5 down; L. B. Edwards, handicap 12, 6 down; R. G. Hanford, handicap 8, and B. D. Adamson, scratch, 7 down; Major C. Christensen, handicap 16, and Major J. W. Hinkley, Jr., handicap 8, 8 down; R. J. Bentley, handicap 8, 9 down; and Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, handicap 4, no returns. The fair green was heavy and slow, and a strong wind increased the difficulties of the players.

On Tuesday, November 17, the Ladies' Annex of the San Francisco Golf Club opened the winter season with a handicap over eighteen holes, medal play. Mrs. E. S. Miller won with a score of 107 less 4, net 103; Miss Edith Chesebrough being second with 105 gross and net; Miss Alice Hoffman third with 114, less 6, net 108; Mrs. J. R. Clark returning a gross and net score of 112; and Miss Alice Hager's score being 118 less 2, net 116.

The San Francisco Golf Club does not offer much encouragement to the fair sex, relegating them to a ladies' sitting-room and giving them to understand that they must not cumber the course on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Competitions in which men and women take part are almost unknown on the Presidio links, and those dangerous things known as mixed foursomes are practically unheard of. Some venturesome spirit, however, regardless of the safety of his fellow-man, set down handicap mixed foursomes on the schedule for November 21 and 28. On the first day the rain-god mercifully intervened and drenched the course so that the event was postponed. On the latter day the club-rooms wore an air of unwonted gaiety and excitement. The cup that cheers but not inebriates was in evidence side by side with the long glasses containing the stuff that does both these things. Hardened men, abandoning the familiar distillate, absorbed an infusion of leaves and made believe to like it. All of which means that the mixed foursomes had been played. Miss Alice Hager and H. M. Hoyt captured the prizes with a score of 96 less 6, net 90. The other couples and their scores were as follows:

Miss E. Chesebrough and J. A. Folger, 95 less 3, 92.

Mrs. Leroy Nickel and R. D. Girvin, 111 less 18, net 93.

Miss Morgan and H. A. Blackman, 112 less 18, net 94.

Mrs. R. Gilman Brown and R. G. Brown, 100 less 3, net 97.

Dr. J R. and Mrs. Clark, scratch, 100.

Miss Alice Hoffman and J. W. Byrne, 106 less 6, net 100.

Mrs. E. S. Miller and S. L. Abbot, Jr., scratch, 105.

The experience was found so agreeable that it was there and then decided to admit other couples and hold a similar contest at match play. So far as the contest has progressed at the time of writing, the results are as follows: Miss Drum and R. J. Woods beat Mrs. Leroy Nickel and R. D. Girvin, and Miss Hoffman and J. W. Byrne beat Miss Alice Hager and H. M. Hoyt 1 up on nineteen holes.

On Tuesday, December 1, the ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club, without going through the formality of holding a qualifying round at medal play, entered the opening match play round of the first competition during the present season for the Council's Cup for women. Three competitions have already been held for this trophy, the first having been won by Mrs. R. G. Brown and the second and third by Mrs. J. R. Clark. In the opening round of the fourth contest Miss Chesebrough beat Miss Hoffman 8 up 7 to play; Mrs. Leroy Nickel won from Miss Dutton by default; Mrs. E. S. Miller defeated Miss Pea se 6 up 5 to play, and Mrs. J. R. Clark won her match against Miss Alice Hager 5 up 4 to play.

Next day the semi-final round was played, Miss E. Chesebrough beating Mrs. Leroy Nickel 3 up on the first nine holes and winning the match by her opponent's default, and Mrs. E. S. Miller, after an exceedingly close match, defeating Mrs. J. R. Clark 1 up on nineteen holes.

The final round on Thursday morning, December 3, between Mrs. E. S. Miller and Miss Edith Chesebrough resulted in a victory for Mrs. Miller 2 up and

1 to play. Mrs. Miller's name will be engraved on the handsome silver cup, for which two more competitions will be held during the coming season.

To go back to Thanksgiving Day and the men: The handicap at medal play on that day attracted thirty-nine players, H. A. Blackman taking first prize with a score of 88 less 8, net 80, and S. L. Abbot, Jr., capturing second prize with 83 less 3, net 80. The best gross scores were those of S. L. Abbot, Jr., 83; J. W. Byrne, 84, and Dr. J. R. Clark, 84. The gross scores made in the handicap were counted as the qualifying rounds of the competition for the Council's Cup for men, those who qualified being S. L. Abbot, Jr., J. W. Byrne, Dr. J. R. Clark, Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, H. A. Blackman, Dr. T. G. McConkey, H. M. Hoyt and one other. For the last place in the eight there was a tie between Lieutenant Chenery, Charles Page, R. Gilman Brown and Rolla V. Watt. In the opening round at match play the players were drawn against each other as follows: S. L. Abbott, Jr., vs. H. A. Blackman; J. W. Byrne vs. Dr. T. G. McConkey; Dr. J. R. Clark vs. Henry M. Hoyt, and Lieutenant J. S. Oyster vs. the winner of the play-off of the tie for the eighth place. The gross scores, the handicaps and the net scores are shown in the table:

Thanksgiving Day Handicap and Qualifying Rounds for Council's Cup.

Competitors.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
H. A. Blackman	88	8	80
S. L. Abbot, Jr	83	3	80
Rolla V. Watt	93	12	81
Dr. J. R. Clark	84	3	81
E. K. Kinney	94	12	82
Dr. T. G. McConkey	88	6	82
Lieut. J. S. Oyster	87	4	83
J. W. Byrne	84	1	83
F. H. Beaver	95	12	83
Leonard Chenery	93	8	85
Perry Eyre	98	12	86
Louis F. Monteagle	100	14	86
R. G. Hanford	94	8	86
L. B. Edwards	98	12	86
Henry M. Hoyt	90	3	87
R. G. Brown	93	6	87
H. C. Breeden	95	8	87
Charles Page	93	6	87
A. S. Lilley	96	8	88
Worthington Ames	96	8	88
W. J. Dutton	102	14	88
R. J. Woods	102	12	90
W. H. La Boyteaux	97	6	91
C. H. Bentley	100	8	92
J. S. Severance	104	12	92
S. B. McNear	104	12	92
J. A. Folger	99	6	93
H. C. Golcher	95	0	95
A. M. Shields	107	12	95
S. H. Boardman	113	16	97
Warren Gregory	104	6	98

Reginald White, handicap 16; R. D. Girvin, handicap 14; R. I. Bentley, handicap 8; F. W. McNear, handicap 12; J. H. Mee, handicap 8; F. B. Anderson, handicap 12; P. McG. McBean, handicap 16, and George E. Starr, handicap 6, made no returns.

On Christmas Day the qualifying rounds for an eighteen-hole handicap at match play were held on the links of the San Francisco Golf Club, the lowest eight scores qualifying. The handicaps given at the start will hold good throughout the competition, four days being allowed for each round of the match play. First and second prizes will be awarded.

On Tuesday, December 15, there was a handicap over eighteen holes, medal play, for the ladies of the San Francisco Golf Club, and on Tuesday, December 29, there were foursomes over eighteen holes, medal play.

On January 12, 13, 14 and 15, the ladies will hold the second competition for the Council's Cup for women; and on January 26 there will be a handicap over eighteen holes against bogey. Play in all cases will begin at 9:30 in the morning.

Early during the present month the annual meeting and election of officers of the San Franicsco Golf Club will be held.

H. L. Betten, Editor.

"The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."
—Byron.

THE TRAINING OF THE FIELD DOG.

No. 8. Preparatory Field Work.

AS HAS been advised in a previous article, the puppy, when it arrives at the age of eight or nine months, should be taken afield frequently and allowed to self-hunt until he searches with determination and exhibits intelligence in his pursuit of game.

Without this period of freedom in which to gain knowledge of the habits of game, a puppy cannot be expected to develop into a clever field dog and his work will be of a mediocre quality and marred by numerous mistakes.

The average amateur trainer imagines that from the first his puppy must be kept under complete subjection when in the field, and hampers him with a continuous round of orders. He believes that his superior mentality enables him to use far keener discernment in the selection of likely grounds than is possible on the part of a mere puppy, and rarely if ever allows him to range more than a hundred yards in any direction without resorting to a command or the whistle, which accomplishes nothing beyond disconcerting the dog. It is an actual fact that a pointer or setter, possessing a reasonable amount of intelligence and a keen nose, will acquire more knowledge of the habits of game in one season than the average sportsman will in three, in spite of the latter's vaunted superior mental attributes. Time and again I have been afield with persons whose long experience in shooting would lead one to believe they possessed an intimate knowledge of the haunts of game, and yet how few profited by their outings. The majority wandered about aimlessly, occasionally blundering onto a bevy through sheer good luck, but just as often they wasted time in a fruitless search over barren grounds. Conditions which vary according to the seasons, the time of day, and the abundance or absence of suitable food and cover were never taken into consideration, and these haphazard sportsmen seemed to imagine that the birds resorted to grounds more by chance than through selection. If they found a bevy in the early autumn located along the banks of a stream or in the neighborhood of a live spring in the bottom of some cañon, they fondly imagined they could return three or four months later and still find the birds in their old haunts; or having found a bevy on high land during the winter months, when the abundant moisture and desirable food enticed the birds to leave the lower levels, they returned the following fall and, with an abiding faith in the constancy of the quails, searched for them

BRED IN THE PURPLE.

—where they were not during the parched season. They would flush a bevy to dense chaparral devoid of undercover and after a heated but fruitless search give up the quest and condemn the execrable behavior of the birds, when a thorough knowledge of their habits would have led them to excellent shooting.

And yet these sportsmen, for the most part utterly devoid of that attribute which in the dog is termed "bird sense," consider themselves specially qualified to impart wisdom to the dog. They order him here and there without rhyme or reason, and when the unfortunate pupil arrives at the age of matriculation he is not even an excuse for a field dog and skitters about like a decapitated hen, spending most of his time obeying or looking for orders and fearful to leave his master's heels lest he get lost. If he ever possessed brains and the sense of smell, these possessions have deteriorated through lack of use and he potters about, occasionally roading a few yards, probably on the back track, and after continuing his quest in a half-hearted manner for a few seconds, relinquishes his search and anxiously casts about to find his beloved master.

There is no secret in the development of a puppy's natural qualities or instincts beyond that one must give him unhampered opportunities to acquire knowledge through actual experience with game. Just as long as the trainer interferes in his earlier field work results will be unsatisfactory, no matter how bright the pupil may be. In order to thoroughly develop a puppy he must first be allowed a period of self hunting. This does not necessarily mean that he should be allowed to roam at will without being accompanied by his master. Undue liberty leads to the acquirement of many bad habits, which through frequent repetition becomes fixed and are hard to eradicate. The preparatory experience is acquired in the following manner: The trainer commences by taking the puppy afield either alone or in company with a natured dog of steady habits and conservative range and speed. When cast off the puppy is allowed absolute freedom and is encouraged to chase small birds until he shows a certain amount of independence when he is left to his own devices as far as hunting is concerned.

"ROADING."

"SELF-HUNTING."

At first the puppy will hunt by sight and will often fail to recognize the scent of game birds, blundering through a bevy with the utmost nonchalance and flushing birds right and left. When they take wing he will likely chase and behave generally in such a wild manner that the amateur trainer fancies he is worthless for field use and is inclined to get rid of him at any price. That is where the average wiseacre errs sadly, for a wire-edged, determined youngster makes the very best of field dogs, providing always that he possesses additional necessary qualities such as bird sense, a keen nose, stamina and a sufficiency of the pointing instinct. My advice to the amateur trainer who wishes to develop the highest-class shooting-dog possible out of the individual in hand is to leave him entirely to his own resources until he will hunt with determination and will road, point and flush in a manner which shows he understands the use of his olfactory powers. Of course, it is necessary to

"COMMENCING EARLY."

remember that if your dog shows an inclination to bolt he should be taken in hand before the habit becomes fixed, and be obliged to obey your command to come in whenever it is given. With such a dog it may be necessary to use a check-cord, or if the cord is not used he must not be allowed to range beyond the danger limit or distance at which he will heed your commands. The genuine bolter is met with so rarely, however, that you need have but little fear of securing such an individual. Not one puppy in one hundred will develop into a bolter, even when encouraged to range his widest, and as long as your dog keeps you in mind and view, and hunts you up after making long casts, you have no cause for worry.

The novice is greatly inclined to break up the range of a puppy and when he sees him making a long cast—is fearful lest the dog become lost. Likely as not, the dog scents birds or is at least working on foot scent when the unwelcome command to "come in" reaches him and he is forced to abandon his search. Such a course on the part of a trainer would be just about as sensible as that of a school teacher who would ask a pupil to work out complicated examples in arithmetic and then, just as the scholar had almost arrived at the solutions and was thoroughly interested in his work, would compel him to desist. One can imagine that the results in both cases would be far from satisfactory. Depend upon it there are methods by which the most determined self hunter can be forced to work to the gun, and what certain sportsmen may relate to you concerning the vanishing qualities of field-trial dogs is mainly due to a vivid imagination. The trouble with many fanciers who are prejudiced against the so-called "field-trial dog" is that they do not take into consideration the fact that the field-trial handler develops his charges with certain ends in view—viz., to develop to the highest possible degree the speed, range and brilliancy, as well as the finding qualities of the dogs in hand. The contestants in trials are trained to run short competitions at top speed and to range as wide as the nature of the grounds over which they are to run will admit without placing them liable to disbarment for bolting. Field trials are not intended to be comparative tests of thoroughly trained shooting dogs, but as tests of the natural qualities possessed by the competitors, consequently the wide-awake field-trial handler labors along these lines, and the result is shown in the work of his dogs. Their enthusiasm is unbounded, they hunt with great dash and brilliancy, and occasionally one will work out of bounds. Viewing trials for the first time, the average spectator is impressed with the belief that the majority of competitors are wild, uncontrollable animals, closely akin to bolters and valueless as shooting dogs. This fallacy has long since been exploded by the experience of field-trial handlers and owners who have had occasion to do much shooting over dogs following the trials. The well informed handler tries to avoid the excessive killing

WOODCRAFT
(Second P. C. Derby, 1900).

"BANG-UP" (J. W. FLYNN).

of birds over the points of his prospective starters in future trials, for the reason that it has a decided tendency to restrict their range and speed. This fact in itself offers a solution of the question, "How can a self-hunting dog be forced to work to the gun without resorting to harsh measures?" Furthermore, if the dog is worked all day, insteady of merely for a short sprint lasting an hour or so, and has been taught and allowed to retrieve, his desire to work to the gun becomes more pronounced and with one season's experience as a shooting dog the dashing, self-reliant field-trial dog, or his prototype the self-hunting "shooting dog," develops into a perfect worker to the gun.

The experience of handlers is that it is, almost without exception, an easy matter to restrict the range and speed of a dog, but that it is an utter impossibility to infuse vim and ambition into an animal lacking in determination and self-reliance: hence they are exceedingly anxious to secure individuals possessing a tendency to self hunt.

There are numerous reasons why a young dog should be allowed to run without restraint during the earlier field training. In these days of scarcity of game, which in spite of legal restrictions fails to increase or even hold its own except in a few favored localities, the need of a wide-ranging and thoroughly trained dog must be apparent to the majority of sportsmen who are devotees of upland shooting. The writer remembers well when it was no difficult matter for a skilled shot, shooting over dogs of average quality, to bag from forty to one hundred quails in a day's shoot in the vicinity of San Francisco, and yet to-day, after several successful breeding seasons and the protection afforded by revised game laws, the same shooter would find it difficult to bag the limit. In former years it was nothing uncommon to find a bevy of quails in almost every coulee situated in a good game territory, and if you failed to find birds in a certain swale you had but to walk a few hundred yards to the next and likely as not you would find a bevy.

To-day, the sportsman is confronted by vastly different conditions. The low price at which serviceable and I might say elegant weapons may now be purchased, places them within the reach of all classes and the ever increasing popularity of upland shooting has led to the evolution of two shooters to every one of five years ago. Consequently, the drain upon our game supply is ever increasing and in taking measures for its protection the remnant that remains is slowly but surely undergoing a change in habits. In place of frequenting grounds where short cover abounds and hiding in it when flushed, as was formerly their custom, the birds are now more often found in the vicinity of dense growths of chaparral or thickets, and the utmost vigilance is necessary if you wish to succeed in scattering them out in good cover. Where once four or five bevies "used" you will now more often find but one large band, which is easily overlooked in searching out a wide expanse of territory.

It is in such an instance that an experienced and well-trained dog accustomed to range wide and fast will demonstrate his

FANCIERS.

A GROUP OF "MEAT DOGS."

value. Not alone does he cover an immense amount of ground, thus saving the sportsman many tiresome steps, but he possesses the additional advantage of the possession of olfactory powers which enable him to recognize the presence of game by their foot-scent or body-scent, even when it is several hundred yards distant. An experienced dog will road with great rapidity until he locates the bevy and, if properly trained, will hold his point until the birds are flushed by his handler. It is then a comparatively easy matter for the latter to circumvent them and drive them to short cover. Such results could hardly be expected from the over-trained dog, taught or compelled to hang about your heels and whose every action must be preceded by a command. Aided(?) by such a mediocre field performer, the pursuit of quails loses much of its zest, as the very essence of the sport is obliterated by the indifferent work of the dog. The sportsman is compelled to find the birds himself, for the simple reason that his canine companion has been improperly developed and, therefore, cannot employ his faculties to any considerable extent.

There is another very good reason why a puppy's self-reliance should be cultivated. Not one dog in fifty which is constantly hampered while obtaining his primary field experience will exhibit the dash and style of the puppy which was given unrestricted liberty in his earlier training. It is true that we are not all of the same mind and do not go afield primarily for the sake of seeing a really high-class pointer or setter perform. Nevertheless, to the average sportsman the grace and agility of such a dog adds much to the pleasure of the outing and tends to detract his attention from the mere slaughter of game. The sight of a snappy, stylish dog drawing rapidly to a bevy with head and tail in air, or jumping into a beautiful point as he suddenly scents a single, is exhilarating to any save the most *blasé* Nimrod, and the man who cannot enjoy such a scene should seek relaxation in a slaughter-house, as his instincts are surely those of a mere butcher. Such a dog should cause the appreciative sportsman to consider the bagging of game as a secondary matter, while on the other hand, the slow, pottering, slouchy dog devoid of ambition and whose sole redeeming quality (if such it may be termed) lies in his ability to crawl through brush and heavy cover, occasionally making an indifferent, wiggling point on a single, but generally scoring five flushes to every point, is well calculated to cause the degeneration of his owner. Such a dog must always take a secondary position to the gun, and his work in the field leaves no pleasant remembrances. Given an opportunity to shoot over a snappy point made by the dog of quality and the average sportsman will record the image of the scene on memory's pages, while the meat dog's performances remain bedimmed in a mist of mediocrity. Therefore, make it your aim to develop your puppy's natural qualities to the utmost. Give him abundant opportunities to self hunt in a likely locality for game and when you cast him off *leave him alone.* He may do many things opposed to the code of ethics you have laid down for him and will, seemingly, be developing into a wild, uncontrollable brute, but all the while he will be acquiring knowledge of the haunts and habits of game. He may flush and chase game birds when he happens on them and raise Cain in general, but the experience will not harm him. He will learn to mark their flight and, furthermore, will not acquire that pernicious habit known as "blinking" or bird shyness. Allow him to handle birds as he sees fit, directing him only when you are certain that he is roading in a direction opposite to that taken by a running bevy of birds. Otherwise leave him to his own devices and finally you will be reward for your forbearance by seeing him stop to a rigid point on some bird that has blocked his way and is giving off the scent he will learn to love well. Likely as not he will repeat the performance a number of times if favorable opportunities are accorded him, but until he takes to pointing *leave him strictly alone.*

THE CONDITIONING OF FIELD DOGS.

VERY small proportion of sportsmen fanciers who are devotees of upland shooting give their dogs sufficient exercise during the close season, and as a result of this neglect the poor animals suffer severely when called upon to exert themselves.

As a rule the average sportsman possess but one dog, and he is prone to overfeed it during the long period of inactivity, and when the season opens the animal is in no condition to commence work. His muscles are soft and flabby, he carries an excess of fatty tissue, and his digestive organs from constant overfeeding no longer perform their functions in a proper manner and which in turn causes various derangements of the entire system.

The dog is naturally a carniverous animal and when kept in a state of activity thrives on a diet composed largely of meat, both raw and cooked. In order to continue muscular exertion and still retain his strength he must be supplied with the food naturally adapted to his cravings, and during this period the proportion of meat can be increased to fifty or seventy-five per cent. of the total amount of food given without any ill effects. However, the constant and excessive feeding of flesh during the sedentary period is to be condemned, especially if there is a tendency to constipation or irregularity of the bowels. For the average dog kept in confinement other than young puppies whose natural exuberance and rapid growth makes the use of highly nutritious food advisable, a diet composed of less than one-third meat is preferable to that possessing a larger percentage of flesh. To this may be added well-cooked oatmeal, toasted bread crusts, or bread made from rye or whole wheat flour, either baked a second time or thoroughly dried out in a dry, warm atmosphere. A broth made of meat scraps and bones and fed in conjunction with bread of the above varieties or thickened with well-boiled rice and vegetables, such as cabbage, turnips, beets and onions is always acceptable and beneficial. The bits of meat remaining may also be shredded and mixed with the food, and an occasional meaty bone should be given as an inducement to a copious flow of the gastric juices. Corn meal is to be tabooed, except in the instance of a dog in preparation for field work, as it is a very heating food, and also a great fat producer. To the dog accustomed to Spratts or other well-made dog biscuits an occasional meal of such food is a grateful change, and some animals thrive well on them, even when used as a regular diet. The biscuits should be fed dry, as they came from the box. An occasional meal composed partly of raw meat, either chopped fine or cut into small cubes, is also allowable, as is fish, when

HIS BEST FRIENDS.

fresh and perfectly free from bones. Table scraps have long been extolled as the very best of dog food, and are well enough in their way, providing the foods are not highly seasoned and the dog's owner uses reasonable care in selecting only that which is beneficial to the dog. A meal composed largely of sour or fresh milk, with an addition of crackers or well baked bread, may also be given with benefit to the dog, and by feeding a variety of foods instead of confining him to one particular preparation the dog may be kept in fairly good health, even when he receives but a limited amount of exercise. It is always advisable to underfeed rather than overfeed, as an excessive accummulation of fat diminishes a dog's ability to resist disease and makes him

peculiarly liable to affections of the digestive and respiratory organs.

A young dog—and a puppy especially, generally gets a reasonable amount of exercise even when confined in a kennel yard, providing he has companions with which he may romp. A matured dog, however, is not liable to exercise unless released from the yard, and whenever possible should be given a short run of three or four miles to keep his muscles firm and ward off an accumulation of fat. A month or six weeks before the season commences he should be given longer runs behind a vehicle or bicycle until he covers from six to eight or ten miles at a conservative pace. Upon returning he should be rubbed with a rough crash towel, especially his legs, shoulders, and loins. His feet should also be attended to and carefully washed, after which they may be immersed in a receptacle containing a weak solution of alum, which tends to toughen the pads and prevent foot soreness. If there is any tendency to inflammation witch-hazel may be added to the alum solution in the follow proportions: Alum, one-half ounce; water, two ounces; witch-hazel, two ounces. A combination of glycerine and tannin can also be obtained from the druggist, which is especially efficacious in conditioning the feet.

After exercising it is always advisable to house the dog if the weather is cool, or at least he should not be allowed to lie about in the cold after taking violent exercise. When he cannot be kenneled he should be led about until he has had time to cool off without becoming stiff, for a dog is very susceptible to cold or draughts when out of condition, and your negligence might cost you a valued servant. If you hunt in a mountainous country your dog should be given opportunities to range over hilly ground so that all of the required muscles will be brought into play and his wind become sound. Never feed your dog just before subjecting him to violent exercise, as digestion is retarded during that period and the food will ferment and produce troublesome irregularities of the bowels. When such is the case, two ounces of castor oil, followed by a second dose if necessary, will likely restore the intestinal track to a normal condition. The proper preparation of the dog for field service should engage the attention of every intelligent and humane sportsman, for not alone is the arduous work rendered less trying to the dog but his sound condition enables him to serve you in a far more satisfactory manner than would be the case if he were taken afield without preparatory conditioning.

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.

THE PACIFIC Coast Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials will commence at Bakersfield, January 11, and from present indications the splendid success scored in 1903 will be overshadowed by the coming event.

A kind Providence has seen fit to provide conditions which are all that could be desired, and the direct results of these are evidenced in the greatly increased number of birds and splendid condition of cover which presage interesting work when the high class pointers and setters are cast off in competition.

The selection of grounds on the Lakeside Ranch has met with the almost universal approval of interested fanciers, and it is conceded by eminent authorities that the territory secured for field-trial purposes is admirably adapted for the purpose in view. The distance of the new grounds from Bakersfield is no greater than that of last season's selection, and it is likely that the attendance will be larger than on any previous occasion.

Mr. W. S. Bell of Pittsburg, Pa., has been selected to judge the trials, and is certain to officiate with satisfaction to all concerned. Judge Bell is a veteran in the saddle, having officiated at the trials of almost every prominent field-trial club east of the Rockies, and certainly no fancier is better qualified to pass upon the merits of field-trial dogs. During the season of 1895, Judge Bell occupied the saddle at the meet of seven different field-trial clubs, and his services have been in demand ever since. The Pacific Coast Field Trial Club may well consider itself fortunate in securing the services of such a capable and conscientious judge.

The Pacific Coast Field Trial Club extends a cordial invitation to all sportsmen to attend its twenty-first annual trials, and nothing will be left undone to make their visit a pleasant and memorable one. Secretary Albert Betz, who is located in room 201, Parrott Buliding, will be pleased to answer all inquiries concerning the meet.

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DEATH OF IROQUOIS CHIEF.

Another good and faithful servant has gone the way of all dog flesh and is now ranging joyously over the velvety fields of the mystic Happy Hunting Grounds.

Afflicted with an incurable and painful ailment, it was deemed best to put an end to his suffering, and under the influence of chloroform the worn spirit of Iroquois Chief bravely plunged into the dark river which divides us from the dogs we once loved well.

Iriquois Chief was whelped March 17, 1893, and was therefore almost eleven years old at the time of his death. His breeding was magnificent, he being by the great Ch. Antonio (Roderigo-Bo-Peep) out of Can Can, she by Count Noble (Count Wildem-Nora), out of Belle Boyd (Gladstone-Kate Claxton). A dog of great individuality and courage, he commenced his career by winning the Monongahela Field Trial Club's All-Aged Stake in 1896, and soon thereafter was sold to the Verona Kennels, where for several seasons he was used for breeding purposes, and sired some splendid individuals, which unfortunately succumbed early to distemper and other diseases. Not until January, 1900, did one of his get receive an opportunity to compete in trials, when Crocker's Chief by Iroquois Chief out of May Lou won the Derby. The only others of his get which have been run in trials are Verona Chief, which ran a very creditable race in the Minnesota-North Dakota Derby, and Texada, winner of second in the British Columbia Derby.

Chief competed in the All-Age Stake at Bakersfield in 1898, but owing to overcautiousness failed to show to advantage on running birds, and ran unplaced in that stake. Fanciers who are easily influenced for or against a dog condemned him for his showing, and few bitches were bred to him on that account. When the Verona Kennels decided to dispose of all their stock, Chief, with a number of other dogs, was sent to Frank Richards, at Stewart, Minn., and later was sold to Charles Tway, who disposed of him to John W. Considine of Seattle. It was meet that in the evening of life and after being buffeted around the country he should again find a home within a few miles of where, when in the heyday of his career, he held sway over the inmates of what was at that time one of the largest kennels of setters in America. There will come a time when his blood lines will be held in higher esteem than they have been in the past, and the few individuals possessing his blood will be valued accordingly. One by one of the progeny of the great Ch. Antonio are vanishing from the earth, and with them will go much of the glory of the breed.

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NOTED POINTER SIRES.

NUMBER THREE.

Ch. Rip Rap was unquestionably the highest class American bred pointer that ever competed in field trials, and the only individual of his breed which has won a Champion Stake in competition with the best pointers and setters in the United States.

This grand dog was bred by the Charlottsville Kennels, which owned his sire and dam, and was whelped in May, 1888. As a puppy he was a favorite in the kennels, showing an unusual amount of quality and intelligence, so that his winning of second in the Eastern F. T. Club's Derby in 1899 occasioned no great surprise. In the All-Age Pointer Stake at the same meet he defeated a large field, winning over seasoned dogs, such as Lebanon, Count Fauster, and Woolton Garne. Several weeks later he won first in the Central F. T. Club's Pointer Derby and in the Absolute Winners Stake defeated the great Rowdy Rod. Two years later he won the Eastern F. T. Club's Champion Stake from a grand field of competitors, among which were Lora, Orlando, Maid of Kent, and Rowdy Rod, and in the Central F. T. Club's Free-for-All Stake in 1892 he won third to Orlando and Lora. His next win was in the Eastern F. T. Club's Subscription Stake, where he won third. His final appearance was in the same club's stake the following season, which he won handily. In this event Ch. Rip Rap's bird work was of a very superior order. In his heat with Chevalier, which was conceded to be the most brilliant competition in the stake, Ch. Rip Rap making eight bevy and six single-bird points during the two hours the dogs were down, Ch. Rip Rap's work on birds was always of the clean-cut order, and while he was seldom accused of a flush, he showed no hesitancy when working on birds, and went up to them in a bold, decided manner. Taken all in all, Ch. Rip Rap did not lack in one single quality that goes to make a really high class field performer, and it was almost impossible to pick flaws in his competition when running at his best.

As a sire, Ch. Rip Rap has made an enviable reputation, having to his credit such winners as Belle, Selah, Delphi, India, Nabot, Tippo, Rip Saw, Young Rip Rap, Ripsey, Warlock, Ranee, Nana, Khartoum, Zepher the Second, Mollie, and Kent B. A number of his daughters have proved themselves producers of the highest rank, notably Dot's Pearl, the dam of seven winners, and Florida, the dam of Cuba, Jr., and Petronella. Properly used, his blood will long be essential in the make-up of our winning pointers, for no sire has done greater service in elevating the class of that breed.

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ENGLISH SETTER SIRES.

Among the prominent setter sires now before the American public none deserve a higher place in the esteem of fanciers than the well-known Uncle B. Bred from a continuation of the best blood in America, his pedigree leaves little to be desired, and this, combined with his splendid showing in trials, where he won six places in the hottest competition, and his well-established reputation as a sire will make him one of the most popular stud dogs in the country.

Uncle B. is by Harwick, out of the celebrated winner and dam of winners, Dan's Lady. Harwick is by Topsy's Rod (Roderigo-Topsy Avent) out of Opal (Ch. Count Gladstone IV-Tory Diamond), while Dan's Lady is by Dan Gladstone (Gladstone-Sue) out of Lily Burgess (Gath's Mark-Esther). Uncle B. has sired a number of high class puppies, including Annie B., Speckle B., Carn's Pink, and Uncle Sam. The latter is one of the highest class derbies brought out this season, and the same may be said of Carn's Pink. Speckle B. will be remembered as the most consistent performer ever put down in trials, winning eight successive times in her Derby form. While not as brilliant as some, her steady, reliable, and "heady" work always landed her to the front. Her wins were not made on "class," but on actual performances on game, which speaks volumes for her consistency. Combining the very qualities we wish to perpetuate in our setters, Uncle B. deserves more than passing notice. While not a flashy dog in competition, his work was always meritorious, and he was especially strong in bird work, which indicates the possession of a keen nose and sufficient brains to use his olfactory powers to the best advantage. It is said of this dog that he could point birds at greater distances than any setter or pointer with which he competed, and he seemingly has not failed to endow his progeny with his own desirable qualities.

Another setter of much the same quality as Uncle B. is Sport's Gath by Ch. Marie's Sport out of Mark's Fleet.

Sport's Gath has a record of nine wins in field trials, besides many wins on the bench, and has defeated such great performers as Ch. Sioux, Ch. Geneva, Peg's Girl, Lady Rachael, and Oakley Hill. While falling a trifle short of brilliancy, his work was sufficiently high class to make him a dangerous competitior in any company, and being endowed with bird sense such as is the natural heritage of Marie's Sport's get, he rarely failed to make a highly creditable showing on birds.

As a sire, Sport's Gath is proving a success, and although his opportunities have been limited he already has four winners to his credit, including Portia, winner of the last Manitoba All-Age Stake.

IN THE EASTERN KENNEL WORLD.

(Special Correspondence.)

THE DOG Show season opened here with a vim, when the Atlantic Coast metropolis gave to dog lovers eight days of exhibits within a fortnight and thousands had an opportunity to see nearly two thousand fine dogs at their best. The Ladies' Kennel Association of America opened its third annual show at Madison Square Garden on November 3 and closed on the evening of the sixth. On the following Tuesday the Long Island Kennel Club opened its initial show at the Claremont Rink in Brooklyn, the former with eleven hundred dogs and the latter with six hundred dogs. It was Election Day when the ladies open the doors and there were a goodly number of visitors on hand, in the evening especially, as they could enjoy the show and at the same time keep advised of the election returns, which were displayed on a large canvas suspended from the Garden ceiling; but as a whole the show was not the financial success that had been anticipated, and the fact was clearly demonstrated that New Yorkers will not sustain two dog shows in the city during the winter and that the Westminster Kennel Club with its February show will suffice their needs for this class of entertainment. Then, the ladies have not realized that, with the rental of the Garden at $1,000 a day, $200 a day for a troupe of performing dogs, printing, advertising, superintendence, benching, feeding, cash prizes, ribbons and all other etceteras, that the entry fees and gate money will not balance the account and that the ladies who put up the "guarantee fund" must go down into their purses and make up the deficit. The show was an exceedingly good one and deserved better patronage, for the ladies worked faithfully and had the services of Harry Palmer as press agent, and there is none better, but the result financially was not up to expectations.

It is suggested, and we trust that the suggestion may be acted upon, that the Ladies' Kennel Association will confine its laudable efforts to mid-summer shows in the open, on say Long Island or even Staten Island at a place easy of access, where the rental would be nominal, and where canvas tents on the green sward would take the place of gilded halls, and with first-class management and a careful expenditure they would be able to provide a really fine exhibition on a green lawn, 'neath summer skies, where the sea breezes would be invigorating to both visitors and the dogs. The show at Hempstead last May was a pronounced success, and no one that went there but hoped that it would be repeated.

It was rather a surprise to me to find that San Francisco was so ably represented at this show by the Wandee Kennels, with eight entries of fox terriers, and their winnings will doubtless be read with interest by your readers. First: Wandee Kennels captures a cup for the best kennel of wire-coated fox terriers. In class 235 (smooth), limit, dogs, Wandee True, late Champion True won V. H. C. Limit, bitches, Wandee Seabreeze received third prize and Wandee Mayse V. H. C., and the same respectively, in class 241, open, bitches. Class 242, winners bitches, Wandee Mearns took first. In class 245 (wire), limit, dogs, Wandee Coastguard took first, and the same in class 246, open, dogs, Wandee Mearns taking second in this class. In class 248 (wire), novice, bitches, Wandee Manila took first and in class 250, limit, bitches, she took second, and second in class 251, open, bitches, and reserve in winners' class, bitches. Mrs. Charles K. Harley of San Francisco, with Ivel Damon, a fine bulldog, novice class, won third prize in class 156 and third in class 159, open, dogs, under forty-five pounds. These winnings must be considered extremely good, as the competition was made against a very long list of remarkably good dogs in these classes. The first prizes are $15.00 and a blue ribbon, second $10.00 and a red ribbon, and third $5.00 and a yellow ribbon; first, winners' class, a rosette.

Of St. Bernards there was a fine exhibit, and in keeping with political events Tammany, a rough-coated St. Bernard, won second in class 1. In class 4 that grand Alta Bruce of the Alta Kennels of Toledo, Ohio, won first, and had the show scored five points he would be the champion of St. Bernards in America. Jeanette B, from the Alta Kennels, took all the "firsts" in sight in her classes, and Queen Flora II, from the same kennel, captured all there was for her in the show, as well as the winners' rosette. Dr. Lougest, of course, took all there was for mastiffs and bloodhounds. In great danes there were some very excellent specimens and a very spirited competition, and comparatively new dogs carried off the prizes. Canada won out with Russian wolfhounds. Of deerhounds, the few shown were good. Greyhounds were in limited number, but fairly good. Of foxhounds there were only a few specimens. There was a nice benching of pointers and many of them were fine. English, Irish and Gordon setters were out in full force and made a fine display. Spaniels were well represented, especially cockers, and Canada was especially well represented with a lot of prize-winners. Collies made an excellent showing in all classes and the competition was very keen. This is the coming dog for the Northern Pacific Coast herder and will be much sought after in the near future. There were a few good English sheep-dogs benched, but our people do not seem to take very kindly to this breed. Naturally, there was a fair exhibit of toy poodles and Dalmatians, which are a ladies' dog. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston carried off a cup for the best bulldog kennel and there was a host of favorites of this breed on exhibition, and, as we said before, San Francisco captured one of the coveted prizes in the bulldog classes. Bull terriers were good, but not as many as it had been hoped to bench; owners are holding them back for the Westminster Club show. Airedale and Boston terriers were fairly well represented, while French bulldogs made a pretty showing. Of beagles there were few, but those present were good ones. Fox terriers were in great form and goodly numbers. Irish, Scotch, black-and-tan and Yorkshire terriers were an interesting grouping and some excellent dogs were shown. Of toy dogs it was the same old story, with but few new entries. The miscellaneous classes were quite commonplace and with nothing special to mention. Taken as a whole, it was an excellent show, far better managed than last year, much cleaner, and the ladies worked with commendable spirit, but made the mistake of holding their third annual show in Madison Square Garden. We wish them better luck next time, and hope to greet them "in the open" at their next show.

For a maiden effort, certainly the Long Island Kennel Clug acquitted itself nobly. The promoters were in the "novice class," but they came out with blue ribbons and are to be the "it" so far as dog shows on Long Island are concerned, and Brooklyn will now give New York a competition that will be healthy and of value to the fraternity. It was no insignificant undertaking to plan a dog show that should follow the ladies' show in four days, and that it should be an initial show in a city that was a mere suburb of the great metropolis, one that never in its history had indulged in this class of entertainment and it was a problem yet unsolved, and it took brave hearts to face the verdict; but the Brooklyn boys, led by Joseph M. Dale, resolved to try, and their maiden efforts have been crowned with a well-deserved success. It is no easy matter to bench six hundred dogs as a starter under the conditions that prevailed and the obstacles that presented themselves to the promoters, but the Rubicon has been crossed and the future seems assured. It scarcely could be expected that, with the ladies in New York a week ahead of them, a baby dog show could succeed, but it did all the same. The expenses were far less than the Madison Square Garden Show and the attendance was proportionately far greater, and hence the guarantee fund will not be called upon to make up any deficiency.

Wandee Kennels of San Francisco was in evidence here with seven entries, with Wandee True third in class 166, limit, dogs; Wandee Seabreeze third and Wandee Mayse V. H. C. in limit, bitches, and the same in class 171, open, bitches; and Wandee Seabreeze third and Wandee Mayse V. H. C. in open class, bitches. In the novice class, dogs, Wandee Mearns took first, and in class 176, limit, Wandee Coastguard took first and Wandee Mearns took second. In class 177, open, dogs, Wandee Coastguard took first, and in winners' class Wandee Coastguard took first and Wandee Mearns took reserve. In class 180, novice, Wandee Ramble got reserve and Wandee Manila second and second in class 182, open, bitches. Wandee Manila got reserve in wire-haired winners. If Wandee Kennels came East for ribbons and ducats its proprietor can go back to the Pacific Coast with the evidence that his trip was not in vain, and if he did not get all he wanted he is welcome to another try.

The miscellaneous class at this show presented some novel exhibits. For instance: Blue Blue, a Mexican Chihuahua dog, valued at $75.00; a couple of genuine German sheep-dogs; Kjawaw, the famous Eskimo dog which Lieutenant Peary presented to Mr. Rockefeller, but which proved so fond of dog-meat that he ate up eight puppies and was sold as a cannibal to Dr. Abkarian of New York. This dog is a beauty, if he is a beast.

"BOB," THE CADDY DOG.

MISS MAUDE B. POTTLE.

The drawing card of the show was Bob, a greyhound with no pedigree and the name of breeder and date of birth unknown. This dog is owned by Miss Maude Pottle of Brooklyn, who is an enthusiastic golf-player and who has trained Bob to be a golf-caddy, and he does his work exceedingly well and to the admiration of the Marine and Field Club, of which his mistress is a member. Bob has been brought into prominence by the press reporters of both Brooklyn and New York, and hundreds visited the show to see this wonderful dog, and scores of young ladies are training dogs to carry thier golf-sticks on the links. Bob can only be classed as a mongrel, but certainly he is a very knowing dog and probably has set the fashion for lady golfists who want to do the "proper thing" when on the links, and so we may expect to see in the near future that the progressive lady golf-player will be accompanied by her caddy-dog instead of that naughty little boy who gives her so much care and anxiety and has to be rewarded for his services. Of course, you don't have to pay the dog, only in caresses, which won't do for boy caddies, or at least that brand of boys that usually are to be found on the links. Miss Pottle has made herself famous with Bob, and is the daughter of Mr. James H. Pottle of Minneapolis, Wis., and the niece of Congressman J. Adam Dede of Wisconsin, and her name will probably be handed down in the pages of dog-history as the inventor of the dog-caddy in America. Bob is a peculiar dog and is about fifteen months old and a native of North Dakota, buff-colored, large expressive eyes, and stands about thirty inches in height. Last summer Miss Pottle tied her red golfing jacket on the dog's back so that it could be found when wanted and he performed this service so well that his mistress conceived the idea of having him carry the golf-sticks and it proved a success from the start. He will carry them to and around the links, but refuses to carry them home. He is fitted with a harness, as shown in the picture, and is to have a ball pouch added to his golfing outfit, so that he will be able to carry several balls for his mistress.

WHAT THE SHOOTERS ARE USING.

As a matter of interest to the trap shooters of the West we herewith append a table of the names of participants in the recent big tournaments held in Washington and Idaho, with the guns, shells, powder, and loads employed by them:

WASHINGTON STATE SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT.

(Seattle, October 29-30-31.)

L. P. Zimmers, Odessa, Wash.—Ithaca, Leader, C. P. W. 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, C. P. W. Load.

F. Logsdon, Odessa, Wash.—Smith, Leader, Hazard 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

E. A. Kimball, Tacoma, Wash.—Remington, Leader, E C. 3¼, 1⅛ No. 7½, Selby Load.

L. Irish, Chehalis, Wash.—Lefevre, Magic, New E. C. 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, U. M. C. Load.

Frank Everett, Chehalis, Wash.—Greener, Acme, Infallible 21, 1⅛ No. 7½, Kimball H. Load.

J. C. Inks, Whatcom, Wash.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

J. C. Hills, Vancouver, B. C.—Remington, Magic, New E. C. 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

C. W. McMeekin, Vancouver, B. C.—Greener, Magic, New E. C. 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

C. H. Colier, Whatcom, Wash.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No 7½, Selby Load.

J. E. Rice, Whatcom, Wash.—Pump, Arrow, New E. C. 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

Dell. Cooper, Whatcom, Wash.—Pump, Acme, Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

G. W. Miller, Whatcom, Wash.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½ Selby Load.

H. T. Denham, Tacoma, Wash.—Pump. Leader, New E. C. 42, 1¼ No. 7, Winchester Factory Load.

J. J. McLaughlin, Seattle, Wash.—Pump, Leader, E. C. 44, 1½ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

E. C. Garrett, Seattle, Wash.—Pump, Acme, Infallible 24, 1⅛ No. 7½, Selby Load.

W. A. Hillis, Portland, Or.—Automatic, Acme, Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 7, Honeyman Hardware Load.

D. E. McDonald, Harrington, Wash.—Pump, Leader, Hazard 3¼, 1¼ No. 7, Winchester Factory Load.

J. A. Forbes, Spokane, Wash.—Smith, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7, Ware Bros. Load.

Fred K. McBroom, Spokane, Wash.—Smith, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7, Ware Bros. Load.

Frank C. Stephens, Pomeroy, Wash.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Load.

G. E. Dickson, Ellensburg, Wash.—Pump, Leader, Dupont 3, 1⅛ No. 7½, Selby Load.

P. Shields, Harrington, Wash.—Pump, Leader, Hazard 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

T. P. Black, Seattle, Wash.—Smith, Acme, Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 7½, Hardy-Hall Load.

Pete Holohan, Wallace, Ida.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Load.

E. E. Ellis, Seattle, Wash.—Smith, Leader, E. C. 44, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

H. B. Kershaw, Walla Walla, Wash.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

P. A. Purdy, Seattle, Wash.—Pump Leader, E. C. 44, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

Hugh France, Wardner, Ida.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1⅛ No. 7½, Selby Load.

L. F. Hipkins, Seattle, Wash.—Smith, Leader, E. C. 44, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

A. O. Farnsworth, Tacoma, Wash.—Parker, Leader, E. C. 3½, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

W. F. Brown, Harrington, Wash.—Remington, Leader, Hazard 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

C. D. Ellis, Harrington, Wash.—Pump, Leader, Hazard 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

E. B. Lanning, Tacoma, Wash.—Pump, Acme, Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 7, hand load of Miller Bros., Tacoma, Wash.

J. G. Startup, Chehalis, Wash.—Parker, Acme, Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 7½, hand load of Piper & Taft, Seattle, Wash.

A. H. Hall, Seattle, Wash.—Remington, Leader, E. C. 44, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

R. L. Thielman, Seattle, Wash.—Parker, Leader, E. C. 44, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

W. B. Taft, Seattle, Wash.—Lefevre, Magic, E. C. 44, 1¼ No. 7½, hand load of Piper & Taft, Seattle, Wash.

L. E. Diller, Seattle, Wash.—Parker, Acme, Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 7½, hand load of Piper & Taft, Seattle, Wash.

W. F. Piper, Seattle, Wash.—Parker, Acme, Walsrode 30, 1¼ No. 7½, hand load of Piper & Taft, Seattle, Wash.

J. G. Bradhurst, Cosmopolis, Wash. — Lefevre, Leader, Dupont 3¼, 1⅛ No. 7, hand load of Hardy-Hall, Seattle, Wash.

H. C. Wilkins, Cosmopolis, Wash.—Pump, Leader, Dupont 38, 1¼ No. 7½, Honeyman Load.

W. A. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal.—Smith, Winchester and U. M. C., Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 8, Selby Load.

R. C. Reed, San Francisco, Cal.—Smith, Winchester and U. M. C., all powders 1¼, No. 8. Selby Load.

G. R. Wilson, Harrington, Wash. — Remington, Leader Hazard 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

William Hanson, San Francisco, Cal.—Smith, Magic, C. P. W. 3⅜, 1¼ No. 7½, C. P. W. Factory Load.

J. I. Carroll, Decorat, Ia.—Pump, Acme, Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

J. S. Ruppe, Seattle, Wash.—Greener, Leader, E. C. 44, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

Frank Howe, Portland, Or.—Remington, Magic and Acme, all powders 1¼, No. 7½, Selby and California Powder Load.

A. W. Lipsky, Seattle, Wash.—Baker, Magic, C. P. W. 3⅜, 1¼ No. 7½, C. P. W. Load.

J. L. Wheeler, Seattle, Wash.—Remington, Leader, E. C. 44, 1½ No. 7½ Winchester Factory Load.

A. G. Denner, Seattle, Wash.—Pump, Leader, E. C. 44, 1¼ No. 7½, Winchester Factory Load.

A. E. Guist, Portland, Or.—Remington, Acme, Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 7½, Honeyman Hardware Load.

HIGH AVERAGES.

1—E. E. Ellis, Seattle, Wash.....84 %
2—Dell Cooper, Whatcom, Wash.....83½%
3—Fred McBroom, Spokane, Wash.....83¼%
4—J. Forbes, Spokane, Wash .....81 %
5—P. J. Holohan, Wallace Ida.....75¾%
6—W. F. Brown, Harrington, Wash.....73¾%

GUNS.

Remington	8
Smith	9
Parker	5
Lefevre	5
Automatic	1
Ithaca	1
Winchester Pump	21
Greener	3

SHELLS.

Magic	17
Acme	14
Arrow	1
Majestic	2
Leader	24

POWDERS.

Dupont	12
Hazard	6
E-C	17
All Powders	2
Infallible	11
C. P. W	3
Walsrode	1

NEZ PERCE COUNTY SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT.

(Lewiston, Ida., November 4-5-6, '03.)

T. B. Ware, Spokane, Wash.—Smith, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7, Hand Loaded.

A. J. Winters, Portland, Or.—Pump, Leader, Infallible 24, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

C. M. Kepp, Kendrick, Ida.—Pump. Leader, Infallible 24, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

R. C. West, Moscow, Ida.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3, 1⅛ No. 7½, Self Loaded.

William Hunter Kendrick, Ida.—Ithaca, Leader, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

J. Forbes, Spokane, Wash.—Smith, Magic. Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7, Ware Bros. Load (Hand Load).

L. M. Knettle, Pomeroy, Wash.—Parker, Magic. Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Load.

Pete Holohan, Wallace, Ida.—Pump, Magic, Dupont. 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Hand Load (Spokane).

P. Frazier, Lewiston, Ida.—Lefevre, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

C. B. Green, Moscow, Ida.—Smith, Magic, Dupont 3⅛, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Load.

J. J. Hamley, Kendrick, Ida.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½ Ware Bros. Load.

P. T. Lomax, Lewiston, Ida.—Pump. Magic, Dupont 3⅛ No. 7½, Selby Load.

S. O. Tannatill (dealer), Ilo, Ida.—Pump, Magic. Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½. Self Loaded.

A. J. Turner, Grangeville, Ida.—Lefevre. Leader, Dupont 3⅛, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

J. S. Jent. Lewiston, Ida.—Pump, Repeatetr, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

S. P. Callison, Kendrick, Ida.—Pump. Magic, Dupont 3⅛, 1¼ No. 7½, Self Loaded.

William Porter, Clarkston, Ida.—Parker, Acme, Infallible 24, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

C. Cole, Culdesac, Ida.—Lefevre, Magic, Hazard 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

H. Cole, Lewiston, Ida.—Lefevre, Magic, Hazard 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

F. C. Stephens, Pomeroy, Wash.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Load.

Hugh France, Wardner, Ida.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Load.

C. E. Butler, Lewiston, Ida.—Lefevre, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Self Loaded.

J. W. Penfield, Spokane, Wash.—Smith, Magic, Dupont 3⅛, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

W. F. Brown, Harrington, Wash.—Remington, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Load.

S. E. McDonald, Harrington, Wash.—Smith, Magic. Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Load.

L. A. Smith, Wardner, Wash.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 3, 1⅛ No. 7½, Selby Load.

Edwin Leland, Lewiston, Ida.—Pump, Majestic, Dupont 3, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

Robert Smith, Lewiston, Ida.—Lefevre, Magic, Dupont 3¼, 1¼ No. 7½, Butler, Hand Loaded.

F. N. Shepard, Spokane, Wash.—Lefevre, Magic. Dupont 3⅛, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

C. N. La Fond, Asotin, Wash.—Greener, Majestic, Dupont 3, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

C. M. Day, Koaskia, Ida.—Pump, Majestic, Dupont 3⅛, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

R. L. Pennell, Lewiston, Ida.—Parker, Magic, Dupont 3⅛, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

W. A. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal.—Smith, U. M. C. and Winchester, Infallible 26, 1¼ No. 8, Selby Load.

R. C. Reed, San Francisco, Cal.—Smith, U. M. C. and Winchester, all powders, Selby Load.

M. M. Goodman, Dayton, Wash.—Pump, Magic, Dupont 27, 1¼ No. 7½, Ware Bros. Load.

H. C. Riggs, Lewiston, Ida.—New Erie, Majestic, Dupont 3⅛, 1¼ No. 7½, Selby Load.

N. S. Thurber, Lewiston, Ida.—Smith. Repeater, Dupont 3⅛, 1⅛ No. 7½, Selby Load.

Frank Howe, Portland, Or.—Remington, Magic, Acme and Majestic, Dupont, Infallible and Ballistite. 3½, 26, 26, 1¼, No. 7½, Selby Load, C. P. W. Load.

AVERAGES MADE.

J. Forbes	550	490
F. C. Stephens	550	479
T. B. Ware	550	479
P. J. Holohan	550	478
S. O. Tannatill	550	478
J. S. Jent	550	474
A. J. Winters	550	474
L. A. Smith	550	465

GUNS.

Remington	2
Lefevre	7
Smith	8
Ithaca	1
Parker	3
New Erie	1
Winchester Pump	15
Greener	1

SHELLS.

Magic	27
Majestic	7
Leader	6
Acme	5
Repeater	4

POWDERS.

Dupont	33
Infallible	6
Hazard	3
Ballastite	2

ADLETS

Advertisements of subscribers of For Sale, Wants, Exchanges, etc., will be inserted under this head at 15 cents per line for first issue, and 10 cents per line for each issue thereafter. Eight words or fraction thereof measured as a line.

Cash must be sent with order to insure insertion.

FOR SALE — Several high-class English setter bitches of all ages, suitable for breeding or hunting. The strain that wins. California Kennels, Del Rey, Cal.

* * *

FOR SALE — Game Heads, Fur Rugs, at low prices. Prof. Gus Stainsky, Taxidermist of world-wide reputation, Colorado Springs, Colo.

* * *

FOR SALE—Two Bedlington Terriers (male and female) about four months old. Best stock in the world, pedigree given. Price, $25 each. Julius Redelsheimer, 1218 Madison Street, Seattle, Wash.

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FOR SALE—White, black and tan English setter male pups; three months old; thoroughbred stock. Geo. E. Williams, 621 R. R. ave., Alameda, Cal.

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FOR SALE—3 English bull bitches; best of breeding; fit to win anywhere; puppies for sale. J. Ewins, 524 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

IRISH TERRIER—AT STUD—"Bolton Woods Despot." (Imported). Some choice pups by same dog, ex. "Brinsell Droleen," for sale. Grand specimens. Particulars, Ollard, Tacoma.

* * *

FOR SALE—Litter of evenly marked blue ticked English setter puppies; sired by the Imported Setter Rumney Ranger (Sir Bentinck—Lady Dorothy), dam Alberts Nora (Alberts Duke—Sapho). These puppies are of the best winning blood in England and are good ones; $25 and $35 each. T. P. McConnell, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

EXCHANGE—Foción Soto U., apartado 106, Bogota, Colombia, postage stamps and picture post cards collector. Exchange desired Send me your duplicates; I will send you same value in Colombian stamps.

* * *

FOR SALE—His Highness, the winning young St. Bernard, whelped August 10, 1902 This grand young dog has already won eighteen first prizes and four specials. One more win makes him a champion He has been judged by George Raper, Thomas Davis, Wesley Mills and Foreshaw; color, orange and white; dark markings; magnificent expression and heavy bone. His legs are a wonder in straightness, 33 inches at shoulder, and weighs 180 lbs. His pedigree can't be beat: fully extended, with 42 champions in it. He it registered in the A. K. C. S B., 69,399. Will send his photo and pedigree and full particulars to any one likely to purchases If I had this dog in the East or California where I could get bitches for him, I would not sell him for less than $2,000. As I cannot use him in Victoria, will sell him for $400. W. F. Hall, 47 Heyward avenue, Victoria, B. C.

* * *

WANTED—Position with hardware or sporting goods firm. Have had four years experience as clerk; can do all kinds of taxidermy work. J. Slayton, care Editor WESTERN FIELD.

* * *

KEEP YOUR DOGS in good health. Use Eureka Dog Remedies—chocolate-coated tablets—worms, distemper, etc., 25 cents. Circular on diseases mailed free. Roach Manufacturing Company, 391 Kosciusko street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

FOR SALE—Korona Long Focus 6½x8½ Camera, series VI, 31-inch belows, rapid rectigraphic convertible lens, "C" shutter, list $65.00; five extra plateholders, list $8.00; tripod, list $3.50; leather carrying case, list $5.00; total $81.50; in perfect condition; will sell for $30.00 cash. Address Arthur Inkersley, 508 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Reference—Editor WESTERN FIELD.

TRADE TOPICS

A POPULAR CONCERN.

The Skinner Company, at 801 Market street, San Francisco, is after the athletic business. They knit to order sweaters, jerseys and tights in any combination of colors, and carry, besides, a large assortment of these goods ready-made.

A new game, patronized largely by handball players, is known as "Punchball." While the play is similar to handball, it is much faster. The ball used is nearly as large as the Association football, but lighter and more lively. The Skinner Company are the "originators" and selling agents for these balls, and are doing a big business in them, as well as in the numerous other devices for light home exercise which are just now in such popular favor. A specialty of this firm is their exquisite line of athletic and other sporting clothing for both ladies and gentlemen. Here may be seen, in all shades, tints and weights, the most beautiful Bedford cords, whipcords, corduroys and other fabrics, as well as a complete line of dainty leathers of most approved shades. Their leather clothing for automobilists is something worth going far to examine. In outdoor footwear, also, they show as fine an assortment as any house in this county.

A special feature with the Skinner Company this season is its introduction of the celebrated "Peters" shotgun shells and rifle and pistol cartridges. This product is too well known to require further comment than merely to say that the Skinner Company are offering it in all gauges, calibers and load combinations, and at prices that would sell even inferior ammunition. Among other novelties on exhibition at their big store is a new, pure-rubber, light-weight raincoat that is selling like the proverbial hot cakes. New decoys of several styles are also in evidence and—but why attempt to recapitulate the thousand-and-one sportsmen's desideratum that are to be found here in profusion. Better go and see—and buy—for yourself.

* * *

A DESERVED POPULARITY.

The California Powder Works have achieved in their excellent "Patent Load" shotgun cartridges a success as well deserved as it is spontaneous. From all over the West are daily coming glowing reports of the wondrous efficiency of these cartridges, both at the trap and in the field. The now famous "C.P.W." powder, with which these shells are loaded, combines in itself the almost paradoxical properties of cleanliness, freedom from smoke or noxious vapors, exceedingly great quickness and strength with very much diminished breech pressure, light report and almost imperceptible recoil. It has no corrosive effect on the barrels of the gun, does not pit or stain the metal and has a perfect combustion, no residuum or unburned grains being left to clog the action of the gun or entail laborious cleaning.

In short, this excellent home product has at once jumped into the premier rank of explosives, and we unhesitatingly recommend all our readers to give it an extended and fair trial. It makes as good a

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pattern as we have ever witnessed, gives tremendous velocity and penetration and is an all around powder which can be depended on in all temperatures and places. The "C. P. W." powder and "Pattern Load" shells are all right!

* * *

NEW BULLETS.

Much has been said and written for and against using cast or leaden alloy bullets in the modern quick-twist rifles. The manufacturers of ammunition generally instruct their patrons that they cannot be used. Of course, any one knows that if he is required to purchase a new cartridge every time he shoots, his sport must soon become very expensive. Many who desire to economise and at the same time convert their high-power rifles into less dangerous weapons for short range armory work and small game shooting at distances of two hundred yards and under, will be interested in the new bullets here illustrated. They were designed by Mr. Barlow of the Ideal Manufacturing Company. They have proved to be wonderfully accurate. With bullet No. 308241, Lieutenant W. C. Gannon, of Company "C," Fourth Regiment of Infantry, New Jersey National Guard, made ten consecutive bullseyes at two hundred yards, Creedmore target, at the regimental range at Marion, N. J., on October 3, 1903. This shooting was done standing, off hand, with regular military sights. Again on October 10, 1903, at the regimental armory indoor range, eighty yards, he, in a standing position, off hand, made five successive bullseyes; afterward in the prone position he made nineteen successive bullseyes, the other shot being a four, scoring ninety-nine out of a possible one hundred, which is believed to be the highest indoor score ever made with a military rifle (30-40 Krag-Jorgenson). There was no cleaning and no leading.

The information relative to this wonderful shooting, Lientenant Gannon gives as follows: For the 200 yards range sights were elevated for 600 yards; for the 80 yards the elevation was 415 yards; shells used were U. M. C., primers U. M. C., No. 8½. For the 200 yards the charge was nine grains of Laflin & Rand's "Sharp-Shooter" powder, and for the 80 yards eight grains of the same powder. The bullet was cast from Hudson's alloy, sized in Ideal lubricator and sizer. left .312 inches in diameter. It was seated in shell with Ideal No. 3 tool, forward band projecting beyond the muzzle of the shell, shell not crimped but indented with Ideal shell indentor. This combination of bullet, powder, shells, primers, firearm and "man behind the gun" seems to demonstrate without a doubt that shells may be reloaded advantageously with lead bullets and smokeless powder for use in modern quick-twist rifles.

We are informed by the Ideal Company that bullets Nos. 308241 and 311243 will hereafter be cut in the moulds attached to No. 6 tool for all of the 30-30's and 303 Savage rifles respectively, and that these bullets may be seated with the same chamber that seats the regular metal-patched bullets for these arms. In that case, the chamber will crimp the same as it does with the metal-jacketed bullet, but there must be extra chambers with no crimp for seating the bullet same as Lieutenant Gannon's. For the 303 British and 30-40 Krag there must be an extra chamber, as these bullets are shorter over all than the regular metal-covered bullets.

If our readers are interested further information may be obtained by writing Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

* * *

BETTER SEND FOR THIS.

The world-wide reputation Glover's Imperial Dog Remedies have acquired; the most thorough satisfaction with which they are used by the very large majority of dog owners; and the steady yearly increase of sales is the best indorsement these preparations can possibly have as to their merits and virtues.

Dr. H. Clay Glover has practiced veterinary medicine for over twenty-five years, making the treatment of sick dogs his specialty. His very extensive prac-

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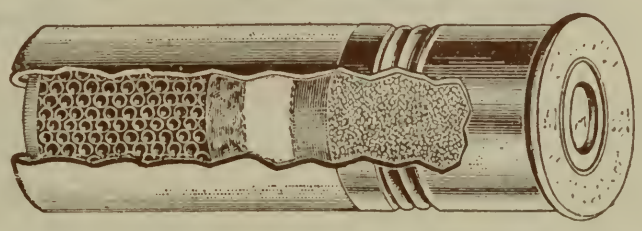

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tice, and the fact of his standing at the head of his profession, would alone be a sufficient guarantee that the Imperial Remedies do benefit dogs. Dr. Glover's medicine business is not confined to the United States alone, but his remedies may be found in Canada, Australia, Hawaiian Islands, and even South Africa, which must be a great satisfaction to a man who has labored so many years to preserve the health of our friends and companions—our dogs.

A very useful little book on the "Disease of the Dog" will be mailed to any one, anywhere, upon application to the author, Dr. H. Clay Glover, 1278 Broadway, New York City.

* * *

SOME WINCHESTER WINS.

At the recent Washington State Sportsman's Association Tournament, which was held at Seattle, Wash., Winchester goods carried off the honors by winning four of the five trophies that were shot for. The Three-Man Team Trophy was captured by the Seattle team, composed of E. E. Ellis, "Mac" and "Steel," on the score of forty-eight out of a possible sixty. Mr. Ellis used a Smith gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, while both "Mac" and "Steel" used Winchester pump guns and Winchester "Leader" shells. The Smith Cup was won by Mr. Dell. Cooper of Whatcom, Wash., with a Winchester pump gun, on the score of thirty-six out of a possible forty. The Hunter Arms Company's medal was captured by Mr. F. W. Brown of Harrington, Wash., with Winchester "Leader" shells, on the score of twenty-three out of twenty-five. The Live Bird Championship Medal was won by "Mac" of Seattle, with a Winchester pump gun and Winchester "Leader" shells, on the score of twenty straight. The highest general average of the tournament was made by Mr. E. E. Ellis of Seattle, with Winchester "Leader" shells. Of the first ten men on high made by Mr. E. E. Ellis, of Seattle, with Winchester average, seven used Winchester products either in the way of guns or shells.

INFALLIBLE WORK.

The high amateur average at the New London, Ia., tournament was won by Mr. Russell Klein, breaking 565 out of 600 targets. Mr. Klein shot "Infallible." This gentleman also won high amateur average at the Illinois State shoot at Pekin, using twenty-five grain loads of "Infallible." At Paducah, Ky., the first four high amateur averages were won by Messrs. C. O. Le Compte, M. Starr, B. Starr and A. Mercer, in the order named. All of these gentlemen were using "Infallible." At Newark, N. J., Mr. H. H. Stevens broke 163 out of 180 targets, using twenty-five grains of "Infallible."

* * *

A WORLD'S RECORD.

Adolph Topperwein recently broke the world's record with a rifle on flying targets, he hitting 1,500 straight. His weapon was a Winchester .22 caliber Automatic rifle, using the celebrated Winchester .22 Automatic greaseless bullet cartridges. This shooting was done in San Antonio, Texas, November 6, at blue rocks, one thousand of them being thrown at a distance of thirty feet and five hundred at distances of thirty-five and forty feet. Most of them were hit inside the center ring. Not a miss was made, and Mr. Topperwein might have kept on indefinitely but for the darkness, which compelled him to stop. It was remarkable shooting, not only because of the high score made—the highest by far on record—but also because the rifle used was not cleaned once during the entire exhibition, which proved in a practical manner that the Winchester .22 caliber Automatic rifle is reliable in action, accurate and very serviceable. It was also a good test of .22 Winchester Automatic greaseless bullet cartridges, and showed that they are sure-fire, accurate, strong shooting and exceedingly clean. Winchester greaseless bullet cartridges are made in .22 short, .22 long, .22 W. R. F. and .22 Winchester Automatic. These cartridges, as well as the .22 Winchester Automatic rifle, are for sale by all dealers.

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AMMUNITION

Out of 43 contestants, shooting through all the events at the Marysville Blue Rock Tournament, Oct. 11, 1903

37

USED U. M. C. SHELLS

Those used were Acme, Magic, Majestic, Monarch.

Out of 37 contestants, shooting through all the events at the Helvetia Rifle Club (Sacramento) Tournament, Oct. 18 and 19, 1903

27

USED U. M. C. CARTRIDGES AND PRIMERS

The cartridges used were 32-40 and 38-55.

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